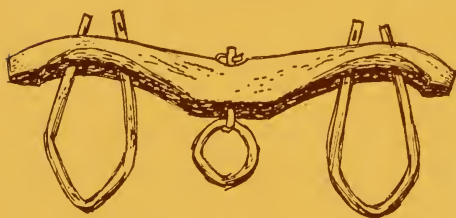


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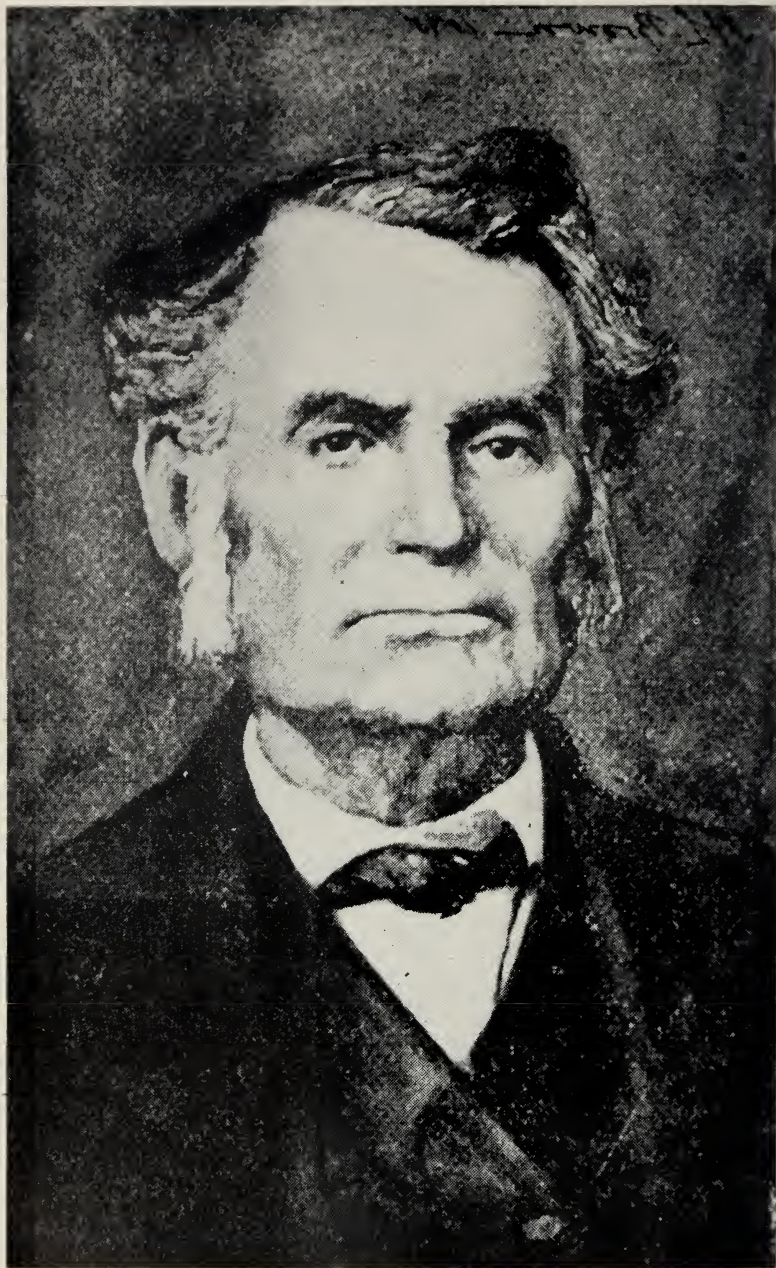
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By JULIA A. DRAKE

FROM MILL WHEEL TO PLOWSHARE

RED GLORY

FLAME O' DAWN



Rev. John M. Camron

FLAME O' DAWN



The Story of Reverend John M. Camron

Who Boarded Lincoln at New Salem



By JULIA A. DRAKE

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B
C199d Lincoln Room

To
MARTIN BOGARTE DRAKE
a jolly Scot
whose faith has inspired youth
through the years

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1960 Mar 60

When Dogwood Blossoms

How softly now the dogwood branches lean
Above the Southern wayside's misty green.
So light each bough, it seems an outspread wing
Poised briefly for some far adventuring.
And, as the mockingbird, swayed like a flower,
Changes his melody from hour to hour,
The gold that brings the dogwood grails at noon
Is changed to pearl and silver by the moon.

Each starry chalice like a candle flame
Suggests a mystery, a holy name.
And yet, no legend and no parable
Can make it purer nor more beautiful.
The lovely Southland has no other tree
That in its candor and simplicity
Sends down such roots to search the heart's deep loam,
Nor haunts the exile with such dreams of home.

—INEZ BARCLAY KIRBY

To My Father's Portrait

A man of God thou surely wert,
Thyself behind the Cross kept hidden.
Thy faith was steadfast so no hurt
Could reach thy soul, that ever bidden
Did God's will, with joy unending
For His cause thy talents spending.

* * *

In face of Paul, that noble saint,
Where gentle lines with strong ones gather,
Devoid of greed or passion's taint,
I trace resemblance to my father,
Whose strong lines made, with deep love blending,
Rare beauty o'er thy face extending.

The "thorn endured to win the prize"
No longer at thy power I wonder.
That power that sought no worldly favor
But ever draws men to the Savior.

—HENRIE POMFRET ANDERSON

(Mrs. Anderson was a devout Cumberland Presbyterian poet who went from Illinois to California.)

THE INTRODUCTORY poem "When Dogwood Blossoms," by Inez Barclay Kirby, is reprinted from the *Washington Evening Star*, April 12, 1948, by kind permission of Mrs. Kirby.

The poem in section 4 of Part Five, "Behold the Great Peaks," by Virgil A. Kraft, is reprinted from the *Christian Advocate*, September 22, 1955, by kind permission of Mr. Kraft.

PREFACE

This is the life story of John Miller Camron, the Scotch Presbyterian minister, who was closely associated with Lincoln for six years, and whose deep spiritual faith made a lasting impression upon young Abe. His wife, whom Lincoln affectionately called "Aunt Polly," also played a vital role in Abe's life. Lincoln's heart was warmed by her genuine hospitality, and he greatly enjoyed her fine pies and biscuits. The family records reveal that she also helped him financially early in his career. Andrew McNamor, who played marbles with Abe, was in this inner circle. He later was a Presbyterian minister in Iowa and California.

FLAME O'DAWN, the name of a popular Irish song at the time of the Gold Rush, is especially appropriate for the Presbyterian minister, who arose each dawn to pray. He carried his Flame of Faith from Georgia to California, touching the life of Lincoln and countless other youth.

Land Patents on file in Washington, D.C., give his signature—JOHN MILLER CAMRON.

In letters, journals and manuscript material of all kinds, in both the Rutledge and Camron family files, this shorter Scotch spelling is used.

On his tombstone in Sebastopol, California, we find: JOHN M. CAMRON. His son's name in Cypress Hills Cemetery in Petaluma, is THOMAS CAMRON. His grandson, Hon. William Camron, always used this shorter spelling.

Lincoln is known as the champion of the common man, because he was one himself. In his New Salem years, he was studying men—sturdy, stalwart intellectuals. Abe was also intrigued by women, as youth often is. He humorously tested their reactions and was challenged by each in turn!

But there is nothing strange about this. Doesn't everyone size up both sexes as he meets them?

So sharp a mind as Lincoln's would react actively, with seriousness or drollery, as the occasion demands. The clever nicknames Abe gave Betsy and her sisters show his appreciation of their individual and different personalities.

Lincoln especially enjoyed Vian's wit. Her clever interpretations met the challenge of his questions, giving him a special preparation for his later courtship of Mary Todd.

I

THE HILLS near the Savannah River had scarcely been touched by the scarlet rays of the warm spring morning. Yet swinging his ax, the tall lad John Camron was making rapid progress toward the center of a great oak. The woods were fragrant with honeysuckle, and on the slopes beyond, white blossoms on the dogwoods rustled in the breeze.

A twig snapped near by. James Rutledge, a meditative youth in his early twenties, approached, smiling at the boundless energy of his friend.

"Which way will it fall, John?"

"Toward Beaverdam Creek. After a mighty splash, the logs will be on their way to Father's mill. We need strong spokes for our wagon wheels when we pull out for Kentucky."

"Why are you so eager to leave this paradise for the cold North? Listen to the song of the cardinal. You'll miss that!"

As John gave another swing with his ax he said enthusiastically, "I've never seen what's beyond the mountains. But traders who stop at our mill tell about many strange and large birds that drift in great clouds through the Mississippi Valley on their way to New Orleans and beyond. We'll see not only the cardinal but thousands of geese and other wild fowl."

James Rutledge loved those Georgia hills. As he picked up some arrowheads that lay at his feet he said, "The Creeks and Cherokees were clever craftsmen in chipping out their weapons. How they must have hated to leave the Savannah River Valley when our Scotch kinsmen were granted the ceded lands."

John Camron, twelve years old and ready for adventure, replied, "I expect to find arrowheads of many tribes. Some day I may go on farther and farther across the wide plains, where great herds of buffalo roam. . . . But take a hand with the saw. This oak has a hard center."

There came a shout from below. Uncle Robert Hawthorn and three of his brothers were coming up to prepare the logs. They, too, were greasing their wagon wheels for the overland trek to Kentucky.

Robert and Joseph Hawthorn had been born in county Monaghan, Ireland, but their father had not tarried long in the Emerald Isle. When word came from across the seas that there were vast woodlands and fertile valleys in America, with other bonny Scots Robert Hawthorn had brought his bagpipe and the great family Bible across the Atlantic. After many long, hard weeks of sailing, the Camrons, the Hawthorns, and the Rutledges had entered Charles Town Harbor. Soon they had pushed into the hills to build homes near the Broad River.

These Scottish Covenanters were strict, liberty-loving Presbyterians who believed in the Westminster Catechism and taught it to their children. With John Knox, they thought that the king derived his authority from the people, who might rightfully resist and even depose him, if his tyranny made it necessary. When the American Revolution broke out, Robert Hawthorn had joined the March of the Patriots and served from November 1, 1776, till the evacuation of Charles Town. In June, 1783, he had married Mary Camron and built their house near that of her brother Thomas in Elbert County, Georgia.

That evening John Camron took down Grandfather's well-worn Bible from the shelf by the fireplace. One day when he had carefully examined it he had discovered that their Bible had been printed by Adrian Watkins, His Majesty's Printer in Edinburgh, in 1756. As the oldest child,

John had often read Bible stories to his brothers and sisters and had memorized favorite Psalms.

Thomas Camron was a devout man. Three times a day he knelt in prayer, blessing the food before they ate. To-night with his wife Nancy he proudly drew his small lads and lassies near the fireplace for evening devotions. He made a fervent appeal for God's continued guiding hand in their next long trek into the western wilderness.

When her father rose from his knees, Susan, noticing the seriousness in his face, asked for her favorite story—the trip across the great ocean.

"That I'll gladly tell, for I was divinely saved by God's Providence. I was a wee, wee lad and wore warm kilts. I loved to watch the high waves that tossed our boat about. One day heavy waves encompassed our boat. Suddenly a great wave swept across the deck and lifted me into the rolling sea.

"Mither, ever watchful, with a superhuman effort reached out to grab my kilt. Then grasping my big toe, she pulled me back to safety. Mither had a deep faith in the power of the Almighty. She believed that a divine hand had steadied her arms as she reached far outward to snatch me from the boundless deep. Father knelt on the deck with his Scotch friends a long time as the sun set in the West that night, deeply grateful for God's protecting providence.

"My sister Mary, who married your Uncle Robert Hawthorn, has always had a deep affection for me. She has persuaded Robert and his brothers to join us in the next hazardous adventure."

"Grandfather didn't find living in South Carolina much easier than in Scotland, did he?" John asked.

"That's right, my lad. Father had harvested only a few crops of rye when the British, who had harassed us in old Scotland, again threatened our liberties. The royal governors knew not the way of free men; and our Scotch friends kept coming across the ocean. Boat after boat landed at

either Philadelphia or Charles Town. The Carolina hills rapidly filled up with stalwart men who made the forests ring with their joyous voices. One cabin after another was built as a bulwark against tyranny. The Redcoats, with all their bravado, were weak men. Our Scots, alert to the grave danger, cleverly outwitted them.

"The women, too, were fearless. Nancy Morgan Hart captured Tories at the point of her musket above our ford on Broad River. While Nancy cooked breakfast for the soldiers, she whispered to one of her wee lads to slip out and tell his father that bad men had come. Father dropped his milk bucket, gave a signal to his neighbors. Soon brave men came running. Meanwhile Nancy had grabbed a musket from the wall and stood in front of the firearms that the Redcoats had piled on the floor and gave them a rousing speech on freedom.

"The Scots rushed in with ropes, tied up the officers, and led them over long, rocky trails before releasing them. Defeated on Kettle Creek, the Tories ever after avoided us. Soon the Redcoats left our hills forever, hurrying into ships to escape to Canada and safer moorings.

"For years I carried supplies from the boats in Charles Town Harbor to the new settlements. The valleys near the Broad and Savannah rivers were beautiful, and your mither loved to ride horseback through the great forests. When Father built mills on a 1,850-acre tract on Beaverdam Creek, I thought we would live here forever.

"Yet since I heard about the Louisiana Purchase along the Father of Waters, there has been a great urge in my soul to push westward and carry the flame ever onward."

Opposites in physical vigor, James Rutledge was strangely akin in spirit to John Camron. Both loved to sing the great hymns of their faith, and on the Sabbath John sang with the group of boys that Rutledge led in an inspired choir.

On their last Sunday together, James and John slipped

away after the service to their favorite rendezvous, where on neatly sawed-off stumps of fragrant pines they sat on the hillside watching Beaverdam Creek wind into the valley. James quoted his favorite Bible passage, the opening of the twenty-fourth Psalm: "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart."

John added, "'Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.' James, you will have to join us in Kentucky before too long. When enough of our Scottish friends settle in the West, you and I can build a city on a hill."

"And you'll be the good dominie," James said, smiling. "The way your voice reverberates through the hills, you'd make a foine one!"

"No, I would rather build. On the northern frontier carpenters are needed to build strong houses against the cold winter's blasts."

As John added the last spoke to a wheel of the great covered wagon, he heard Aunt Mary Ann Miller galloping in. She was his favorite aunt, a very attractive Scottish lassie just four years older than he. She had romped with him as a child. Later they had gone nutting together in the Georgia hills, bringing back large sacks of nuts or luscious papaws. Today, as Mary Ann drew rein on her swift roan pony, John noted how softly her auburn brown hair fell over her shoulders. Her dark eyes had an unusually happy twinkle.

"I have brought you a lively pup, the best one in the litter. I thought you could use a dog in your hunting trips."

John was pleased and reached for the puppy swinging from Aunt Mary's saddle. "Oh, thank you. He is a fine dog! What shall I name him?"

"Skippy. He's full of mischief."

"Quite a dog," remarked James Rutledge as he strode out of the mill.

"Strange how you always turn up whenever Aunt Mary rides in."

"The verra lassie and a bonnie one. It's a wee bit lonesome when there's nae lassie around."

Mary Ann blushed and turned to look at the long, heavy wagons, well loaded for the long trip. "Come on, James; let's see what we can do to help."

Four Hawthorn wagons were lined up behind Camron's two well-filled prairie schooners. There was a brisk farewell, as all felt the long separation that lay ahead. John lifted his mother up to the rocking chair he had placed in the front wagon near the cradle, where the twins James and Tom were rolling sleepily. With a lump in his throat, John waved good-by to Mary Ann and climbed into the second wagon. He would drive the quiet oxen hundreds of miles before reaching Kentucky.

After long, hard weeks of travel through mountain passes, John sighted the pioneer town of Nashville in the distance. Father made camp overlooking the settlement, then went in to buy supplies. Next morning their wagons turned into the Red Banks Indian Trail. Panthers and wolves howled through the long nights. At the Salt Licks Father shot a buffalo. Finally their permanent camp was made near the mouth of Green River.

Next day Uncle Robert asked John to go with him to the top of a hill to see the place he had selected for his round log cabin. "This picturesque spot reminds me of a delightful scene in Ireland. Although only a wee lad, I'll never forget the beauty of the lakes." He pointed out a herd of buffalo on a distant stream and deer poised on a near-by slope.

John, more practical, remarked, "You do have a fine view here, but is there a spring close at hand?"

As Uncle Robert searched for one, John discovered a great Indian burial ground near the spot where Hawthorn wished to build. "There is a stream trickling down the neighboring hill. It will be easier to climb too," John said.

While barbecuing venison, John noticed a large double cabin not far away where children were playing. The owner, Dr. Rankin, a fine-looking man, came over to their camp. "I'll appreciate having neighbors. Each year I cultivate a few more acres of my plantation, Meadowbrook," he said.

Great flocks of geese suddenly darkened the sky, then dropped gracefully into Green River.

"Every fall millions of waterfowl, flying down from Canada, drop into our Kentucky streams while winging their way southward." Dr. Rankin noticed John's exhilaration as he watched a cloud of wild ducks flying over. "This is a fine region to study natural science. I have a small library of books. You are welcome, John, to borrow one any time you wish."

The youth thanked the friendly doctor and told him that after their cabin was completed he would enjoy reading on long winter nights. That evening at their campfire John told his father that he was surprised to find a well-educated man like Dr. Rankin in the wilderness.

"Yes, my lad, in every American frontier you'll find men who love knowledge."

As the weeks sped by, John helped his father complete a strong, well-built cabin with a windbreak of logs to protect their livestock.

On a warm Indian-summer day, John and his Uncle Robert got out their saddlebags at dawn, mounted horses, and rode to Henderson ten miles away to buy needed supplies. Men representing the Transylvania Company had gone down Green River in canoes and discovered the Red Bluffs on the Ohio River. The town had been laid out there with a common and streets one hundred feet wide.

John had noted heaps of mussel shells and several Indian

mounds, and after making his purchases, he decided to select some arrows. He had just picked up some banner stones from a funeral pyre, when he noticed an alert old man dressed in homespun jacket and moccasins gliding toward him like an Indian. Daniel Boone, watching from a distance, had been reminded of his own youth. He had just crossed the river from Missouri to revisit his early Kentucky haunts.

John looked into the piercing steel-gray eyes of the friendly old hunter and felt that he could answer many of his questions. Boone pointed out the thunderbird skillfully cut on the hard stones. He told John that the Algonkin tribes had loitered for years at the Salt Springs a few miles away and had carved the stories of their hunting trips and life, using always the mystical thunderbird.

John sat on a log with Boone and listened to strange tales of the Algonkin tribes, of Mohicans, Shawnees, and Cheyennes, who roamed between the Carolinas and Hudson's Bay. Boone told of some of his encounters with the savages. One day when fierce Indian warriors had crossed in front of him, he was fortunately near a cliff and quick as a wink had leaped into a maple tree and slid down sixty feet to safety on the other side. Another time he was held captive by some Indian squaws, but he had cleverly foiled them and slipped away during the night.

Suddenly Boone gave a fierce Indian war whoop, and he chuckled as John jumped up in alarm. Then he continued. "Once vast herds of buffalo thundered down to the Salt Licks. The earth rumbled like a thunderstorm with the bellying of the great shaggy buffaloes. As you have noticed, the roads to the Blue Licks are worn down several feet below the surface. Now the buffalo are moving into the valley of the Missouri, roaming the plains far to the westward.

"Judge Henderson was a mighty shrewd man. When Virginia failed to pay the Indians for their land, Richard Henderson wrote to Lord Mansfield in England and se-

cured his permission to buy twenty million acres of land from the Cherokees. Henderson hired me to explore Kentucky and locate a suitable place for his friends in Hillsboro, North Carolina, to settle. This spot on the Ohio River seemed ideal."

Entranced by the tales of the old Indian-fighter, John was surprised to see the sun slipping behind the trees. Uncle Robert, who had joined them, thanked Boone for his fascinating stories. Quickly they mounted and urged their horses down the winding trail. John could almost feel the hot breath of an Indian warrior driving him onward.

On nights that followed, the eyes of Susan and the other Camron lassies were like saucers as their brother related true tales of old Kentucky.

The days were growing colder, and late one afternoon a snowstorm blew in from the North. A piercing wind struck John's face as he milked. As he hurried into the cabin he heard a horseman riding down the trail and went out to welcome him. He observed a broad-shouldered visitor with a deep, penetrating voice and weary from his long ride through the storm. Quickly John reached for the heavy saddlebags as Father came out with a lantern to put the horse in the warm shelter and give him an ample supply of grain.

A thrill went through John when he discovered that their guest was the Rev. James M'Gready, the great Presbyterian divine. He took a well-worn Bible from his saddlebag and read a chapter from Romans before accepting the warm food Mother offered him. Later Father asked M'Gready to give the blessing as they drew up to the table for the evening meal. John was strangely moved by his fervent prayer and ate little that night. The spiritual food that came from the lips of the devout man of God kindled the fires of faith in his soul.

M'Gready quietly studied the ardent enthusiasm in John's face. Here was a lad who would be a spokesman for

the Master when the time was ready. He took out a Greek grammar and handed it to John.

"Six years ago, in 1798, I organized an academy in Logan County for young men. In my home at Russellville I have enjoyed the inspiration of our discussions of the Scriptures. Now I am moving to Henderson, where I will be nearer the Ohio settlements. Can you come up once a week to study with me?"

John, looking to his father for approval, saw a gleam of happiness flashing in his eyes. "Nancy and I will be happy indeed for our son to study in your home. We have been so busy building a home that there has been little time for pursuing knowledge."

The months rolled by. The great fireplace needed many logs to keep the cabin warm. Wild game had to be prepared for food. One evening John wrote a long letter to James Rutledge, which he knew would be shared with Mary Ann.

"Father has completed his mills. Another field has been cleared for wheat. Corn grows luxuriantly in Green River Valley. Deer and wild game are very plentiful. I took a fine roast of venison to Rev. James M'Gready yesterday, when I went in to study with him. . . . I hope the rest of our clan in Georgia will soon cross the mountains."

On a bright autumn day in 1807 John went on a hunting trip with his father. The trees, in all their varying shades of red and orange, glowed brilliantly. John lifted a deer to his saddle, then stood listening to the deep and gentle sounds of the forest. Hickory nuts were lightly dropping from the trees.

"If Aunt Mary could only see Kentucky in all this grandeur of autumn! What fun we would have gathering butter-nuts and walnuts!"

Far down the trail came the sound of horses neighing. Cattle were lowing too . . . then the sound of wagon wheels rolling in the sand. Quickly John mounted, spurred his horse, and sped through the woodlands. Joyfully he saw

James Rutledge and his Aunt Mary riding toward him. He could hardly believe his eyes as he waved his hand, calling out a welcome.

As James and Mary Ann dismounted in the clearing, James explained, "We inquired at the last cabin and learned that the Camrons were only a few miles down the trail. So we decided to ride on ahead and announce the coming of the Miller, Rutledge, and Mayes wagon train. My sister married a brother of James Mayes, the new elder in our church and a member of my choir. Your last letter was a turning point in my life. I couldn't resist Kentucky any longer."

John smiled wisely. "Did Aunt Mary Ann give the final boost?"

"I told her we would be married as soon as our cabin is completed."

"I'll help you carry her across the threshold."

John proudly led the Mayes, Miller, and Rutledge wagon train to his home. Four Rutledge brothers and Uncle Peter Miller—plenty of hunters! There was a fine feast that night around huge bonfires. As a crescent moon sailing high in the sky cast a bright reflection in Green River, John noted how pleased Aunt Mary was as James told her "good night."

After several houseraisings, cabins were snug against the winter's snow. John helped James Rutledge build shelves and pound in wooden pegs for Mary Ann. Rutledge became a member of M'Gready's church and asked him to marry him and Mary Ann on January the seventh.

During a very cold week the wedding feast had been prepared. Robert and Joseph Hawthorn had provided plenty of firewood and had a warm fire blazing in the fireplace for the happy couple. John again felt the close presence of the Master as the Rev. James M'Gready performed the wedding ceremony.

After passing generous slices of wedding cake, James and Ann mounted horses and rode over to their new home.

But John reached there first. After the smiling Mary Ann had been carried across the doorstep, John kissed the bride good-by.

"But not for long," he warned. "Uncle James and I are two mighty close Scotch friends."

Spring opened with a flash of color as myriads of wild flowers blossomed in all their gay beauty. Thousands of long-legged birds drifted gracefully in the Kentucky streams, and many strange birds intensified nature's bright hues. Dr. Rankin pointed out a roseate tern with a long, pure-white tail, deeply forked. Its bill was black, with a red base, and its breast rose-tinted. Then a green-winged teal dropped into the river, a male with bright yellow coloring under his tail. Next came a tern whose wings were dark till the sunlight transformed them into an iridescent green patch with a brown edge.

One afternoon Aunt Mary Ann galloped in at high speed: a huge panther had crossed her trail. The men built great bonfires and hunted late that night. Finally Skippy led John and James to a rock near the den, where the panther had just pounced on a bear and was caught off-guard. One shot brought down the beast. Before the week was over, Uncle Peter brought in a couple of smaller pelts.

On a bright autumn day in 1810 John Camron and James Rutledge were out hunting. Suddenly thousands of birds winging their way southward darkened the sun, then gracefully dropped into Green River.

"A goose dinner would please Mother. Let's get several."

James pointed out a bright-colored bird. "I wish Mary Ann could see that beautiful bird."

Then he noticed a stranger riding up, a foreigner with long curls hanging over his shoulders and an elaborate mustache. He had spied the bird, brought it down, and dashed over to examine it.

"Oh, this is a different species from any I have ever

seen! I must draw it, with all the varying shades of color. A rare bird indeed!"

He turned to Rutledge, his striking dark eyes flashing. "I am James Audubon. My wife Lucy will stay at Meadowbrook this winter, while Rozier, a merchant, and I sell goods through the Indian Country. In the spring I will open a store in Henderson and would like to have you trade with me."

He took some sketches out of his saddlebags and in a charming dialect began spinning fine tales of how he had acquired the lovely natural colors. James Rutledge admired the fine shadings, very like the originals. Audubon smiled. "Yes, I love to make my birds as beautiful as they are in nature. When I have my home in Henderson, you must come in and see them."

After a long, hard winter, another spring rolled in. Nature always brought new beauty. One day John stood watching a flock of blue herons as they gracefully waded near the edge of a stream, gathering insects. He aimed carefully and brought down a heron with colors that blended perfectly. Father had said that the bird man had opened his store in Henderson.

Taking to his mother three white ducks that he had bagged earlier, he told her that he would give the heron to Audubon. Nancy carefully wrapped freshly churned butter, to be exchanged in Henderson for spice. John put the blue heron in the other saddlebag. He stopped at Aunt Mary's and James Rutledge joined him.

At Henderson, Audubon invited them to his near-by home to see his stuffed birds. James marveled at seeing a piano there and told Mrs. Audubon that he had never seen so much music. Would she play for them? Lucy was pleased and sang a gay little song. How different it was from the spiritual hymns of M'Gready, but lovely, the way she sang it.

Audubon picked up a flute and began to imitate bird

calls. Soon he changed to the flageolet, spinning out more exciting bird notes from the long instrument. James Rutledge noted the lovely coloring of the wood in the violin on the piano. Audubon, tuning it up, asked Lucy to play his favorite waltz, a delightful one.

Riding home, John remarked that the Audubons had an entirely different existence from that of most frontiersmen. He knew that he would never have a library with so many well-bound, illustrated books. That evening as the Camrons sat around the fireplace, John told about the Audubon home—the lovely pictures, the silver candlesticks on the cherry table—but most interesting of all were the bright stuffed birds on the piano and over the doors. Yet he believed that he preferred the birds singing in the meadows.

II

At dawn one fall day John rode to Hopkinsville for needed supplies. There he met two tall youths, William and John Orendorff, whose wagon train had come in recently from Franklin County, Tennessee. Before that they had lived in Wilkes County, Georgia.

"Wilkes County? Then we were old neighbors! I was born in Elbert County, not many miles north of your settlement. I'll ride back with you and see if there is anything that I can do."

Their camp overlooked a fertile valley. John was greatly impressed by their father, Christopher Orendorff, a fine-looking man with stately bearing. The mother, a highly refined lady, Elizabeth Phillips, he later learned was of English heritage. The daughter, Mary, whom everyone knew as Polly, was the most beautiful, charming young lady John had ever seen. Like her father, Polly had an air of aristocracy about her, with a soft, musical voice. Indeed, she was strikingly different from the plump, talkative girls he had known.

Immediately John offered to return on the morrow to help lay the floor of their new home. Heavy autumn rains or snow might fall any day now, and they would be fortunate to get a roof over their heads before the week was over. Orendorff took to the serious-minded youth. With his baby Rose and half a dozen small boys, he would need to get his house built as soon as possible. He would certainly appreciate John's help, he said.

The twins, Benjamin and Joseph, waved energetically as John rode away.

The nights grew colder. John had always prepared the

logs for the fireplace and had done all the heavy chores for his mother. When he rode off one morning with a jaunty air, not noticing that her supply of wood was getting low, Mother began to wonder. Thomas told her that John had been working late at the mill, polishing a fine door he had made. He had not known their son had it in him. When his father asked why he had put so much time on a cabin door, John was noncommittal, saying only that the Orendorffs were superior to most pioneers. Their chests were hand-carved, as well as their chairs and tables.

The air was chilly, as they completed the puncheon floor. The well-baked venison was mighty tasty as they gathered near the campfire. Polly gracefully served John, then sat down on a stump near her father. Mr. Orendorff considered her "the apple of his eye," as well he might. Her lovely dark tresses, in natural waves above her forehead, fell in ringlets over her shoulders. Her lithe figure, gowned in dark homespun, was accented by a gold chain.

Her father watched Polly affectionately and observed John's admiring glances. "Our people are High Calvinists, who came to America before the American Revolution. My great-grandmother, Elizabeth von Mueller, was a princess who lived in a castle not far from the Rhine." He chuckled. "Now we are happy in the wilderness, where we can carve out our own destiny."

"I am descended from Sir Roderick Camron of Scottish fame," John remarked proudly.

Polly's father liked the spirit of this youth. Mr. Orendorff was a quiet man who had won the friendship of the governor while pioneering in South Carolina.

A few days later, as John was laying clapboards on the roof, the boy preacher, Peter Cartwright, rode in. When John joined him for the noon meal, he observed that the youth possessed a deep spiritual philosophy, like M'Gready's, and enjoyed talking with him.

As John told Polly good-by he thought, "A princess, and I am only a knight." Then he smiled into her eyes. That

doesn't mean a thing in America, he decided, as he rode home.

On the Sabbath he usually did little work, but today John was busy until one o'clock, caring for the stock and piling up an extra supply of logs on the porch. The wind howled around the corner of the cabin, and snow drifted down in great swaths. John dropped down exhausted by the fire.

He was hungry, and his mother watched him as he ate. She was very proud of her broad-shouldered son, who shared the hardest tasks with his father. He was usually very serious, but today there was a subtle difference. As he handed over the empty plate, John smiled.

"Mighty foine food, Mither. I haven't had much of your good cooking the past week. But I have been eating corn bread made by the descendant of a princess, a might pretty one, too."

Mother put the plate down quickly. "What can you mean, John?"

"You know that first evening I told you that Mr. Orendorff had a stately bearing, and a gracious, pleasant manner of speaking. His great-grandmother was a German princess. In America he is a free man and the master of his own destiny."

Father remarked dryly, "Well, at last the light has begun to dawn. That is the reason you left the hard work for me to do the past week. You were following a dream."

"Not a dream, Father, I hope—but a reality. Before too many months I am building another round log cabin."

"A few years, you mean. You are still a lad. When you are a man, you may find a more sensible wife."

"No, Father. God being willing, Polly is my true mate. No other lady in all eternity for me."

One cold December day when John was riding through the woods, Skippy began barking in high fury. He had treed a bear. As John hesitated, the bear turned and began slid-

ing across to another tree. After John's quick shot, the bear, caught on an overhanging limb, came bouncing to the ground with a big thud.

Uncle James Rutledge and Aunt Mary were invited over for a feast. Their little daughter, Jane Officer, named after her grandmother, said happily, "I like bear meat."

Soon another spring, with thousands of beautiful birds dropping into the Kentucky streams. John with his Uncle Peter brought down a few large ducks; one shouldn't kill for the mere sport, but just enough for food. Then John saw that Uncle Peter had an unusual blue-winged duck, and Audubon was riding toward them, eager to see the strange fowl. Delighted, he exclaimed, "This is a blue teal. May I have it?"

John returned with Audubon to Meadowbrook and asked Dr. Rankin if he had a book on surveying. "Yes, just the book you need, if you plan to homestead a farm. *The Art of Surveying and Measuring Made Easy*. This is a popular text by an English author, John Love." When John returned home, he told his mother that Lucy Audubon was a charming lady, but not nearly as beautiful as the brown-eyed belle from Georgia. Father became interested in Love's drawings and explained the details of surveying.

Once when John was fishing in Green River, he saw Audubon sitting on a log, thoroughly engrossed in calling turkeys. The Rankin children were listening in. James and Tom Camron, playing near by, ran over to join the group. Audubon, pleased by his growing audience, made many different bird calls as a cloud of redbirds fluttered above his head. Next he took up his flute to mimic the orioles. A vast number of winged messengers added their merry melodies.

Another time, just as Skippy ran out a raccoon, Audubon rode up. He blithely inquired, "Do you know that during the winter a raccoon will sit beside a stream with its tail hanging in the water so that crabs will nip it?"

"An easy way to catch crabs," John agreed.

In July John told his father that he would go to Hop-

kinsville for supplies. He took two sacks of flour over his saddle and was able to sell them for a reasonable price to a pioneer on the way down. Then he turned his horse toward the Orendorff home.

He was more fortunate than he expected, for on a cross trail he met the lovely maiden riding on a fine black horse. She stopped, waiting for him to ride in closer. John was pleased. Birds were merrily singing on the boughs above them, and he told Polly how the bird man whistled their gay tunes. Then he told the raccoon story and other yarns the humorous Frenchman had related.

Polly suggested that John ride back with her and see the progress that her father had made with their new mills. Young Camron had a very pleasant visit and promised to return on Tuesday and do some carpentry work on the mill.

Father was waiting for John and pointedly asked the reason for his delay.

"I met Polly riding through the woodlands on a black horse, and rode home with her." Although Father suggested that corn should be planted, John replied that he could spare one day helping his friends. He would work extra-long hours the rest of the week.

Later that summer, extensive plans were made for a neighborhood barbecue near Green River. The Rutledge brothers were busy preparing venison, and John went down to Highland Creek to invite his friends. He told Mr. Orendorff that he would return early in the morning, and hoped that Polly would go as his special guest. Christopher looked toward Polly to see her reaction. There was a faint flush on her face as she replied, "I could ride up on Black Prince."

Riding together toward Green River, Polly and John were alert to the vibrant colors of the wild flowers. When they reached a spring sparkling in the sunlight, John assisted Polly to alight. Lingered for a few blissful moments, John spoke of his great love for her ever since the first day that he had known her. He would select a tract of land

near her father's. There would be a house-raising—this time just for two.

As John lifted Polly to the saddle, there was a close embrace. The rest of the way to Green River their horses' heads were close together; then the soft, pleasant conversation that only lovers know.

A large crowd had gathered and there was much excitement by the time John and Polly rode in. Everyone was busy filling his plate for the outdoor feast. John was mighty proud to introduce Polly to his parents. He noticed the happy approval in Mother's eyes as she and Mary Ann put spoons of freshly churned butter on dozens of sweet potatoes that had been baked in the coals.

William Orendorff rode in with his sweetheart, Sarah Nickolls. Polly told John that William had his home almost finished and would be married soon. He was only eighteen, but he looked older.

The crowd was enlivened by Audubon, who darted here and there playing merry tunes on his flageolet. Eager to please everyone, he would stop for a while to tell tall tales about the Indians with whom he had hunted the past winter.

A few days later John went into Henderson with James Rutledge to study with M'Gready. There were inspiring discussions on the Bible and on the great need to spread their faith to distant frontiers.

When they entered the Audubon store, the artist invited them to go with him to see the blue teal he had sketched. Rutledge was amazed at Audubon's skill and praised him highly for his ability to get just the right shade. That pleased Audubon, who picked up the flageolet and said, "Listen to the mockingbird." The variations were lovely. Little Victor, sitting on his mother's lap in the cherry rocker, hummed the tune.

John asked her to play for them. Audubon was delighted and picked up the violin and began playing chords. Quickly

he swung into the air of the French song that Lucy had chosen. Suddenly Audubon stopped.

"I make little profit on the goods I sell. After a long, hard trip to the East, I spend months selling them. I have decided to build a mill on the high clay banks of the Ohio, an ideal spot for a mill. With my profits, I can buy plates for a book of birds."

John replied, "There are not many grain fields near Henderson, distant from world markets. It takes lots of hard work to build a mill. But now that pioneers are crossing the Ohio, demand for flour should increase."

Riding back to Green River, John, the practical carpenter, told James that he didn't see how Audubon could ever complete a mill. He spent all his time roaming through the woods and sketching birds.

One Sunday morning, John rode down to Highland Creek to ask Mr. Orendorff if Polly could attend the afternoon service in the woods. The Rev. James M'Gready was preaching. Polly's father cordially gave his consent and asked John to join them for dinner.

William scoffed as John assisted Polly in mounting Black Prince. Who was interested in listening to a stuffy old backwoods preacher?

John replied, "M'Gready does not belong to the old school. He believes in a personal religion. Great feeling is always present. He has a virile message that makes you think as well as feel."

All of John's thoughts were on Polly as they rode away. "My princess for a day," he told her. Her white dress, with a full skirt of soft material, was enhanced by her poke bonnet with a wreath of tiny rosebuds, and dainty white mits on her lovely hands.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they;
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me;
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
Yet it seemed not so to me;
For in my heart I prayed with him,
And still I thought of thee.

LONGFELLOW, *A Gleam of Sunshine*

In the meantime, William told his father, "You'd think Camron was ninety instead of just turned nineteen!"

"John is the only youth in Kentucky with whom I would trust my oldest daughter."

That fall John selected a fertile tract of land and carefully surveyed it. Polly's brothers helped prepare logs for the round log cabin.

One morning in December while John was fashioning a hand-hewn table, Uncle Peter rode in, all excited. "The first steamship is coming down the Ohio! The unusual miracle has caused a commotion in Louisville. Jump on your horse right away, and we'll hurry down to Henderson. Maybe we can get there in time to see it."

As John rode toward the wharf, a huge crowd was gathering; the whole county had come to see the *New Orleans*. John slipped in close, eager to see how the engine worked.

Suddenly the strange bird man leaped into the Ohio and dived under the steamship. The crowd grew quiet, fearing the worst. Audubon arose on the other side and swam back across the Ohio.



The Camrons built this mill and dam on the Spoon River, at Bernadotte, Ill. It was very likely the first mill on the river.



Covered bridge and dam on Beaver Creek,
site of the oldest mill in Elbert County.

John was amazed at the unusual feat. What if the engine had exploded? Some day he would like to examine a steam engine and see how it worked. The owner of the *New Orleans*, Mr. Roosevelt, wouldn't let anyone aboard.

It was a jolly holiday season as preparations were made for John's marriage on January 12, 1811. The Rev. James M'Gready rode over to perform the ceremony, and his great spirit proved a benediction on that special occasion.

Polly was surrounded by a group of admiring brothers ready to play tricks on the groom. Yet John's heart was warmed by Polly's deep affection for all of them. He noted the special smile she gave to Thomas, only ten years old but already shooting up to the six-foot mark.

Snow made the valleys a scenic wonder, and after the chores were done, John enjoyed the warm fireplace.

In late February a warm breeze with the first touch of spring gave Polly the urge to plant a peach and apple orchard. Wild fruit, although it was abundant, was sour. John prepared the trenches for the seeds and dug deep holes for the young trees that Dr. Rankin had offered him. Polly pointed out the murmuring creek winding through the forest and said wistfully, "What a lovely place to live forever!"

As they completed their task, a cold rain brought Old Man Winter back again, but Polly was happy to know that their orchard had been started.

"Now," she told John, "by the time our children are old enough to run around, they can play in the orchard under fragrant peach and apple blossoms."

"March likes to come in like a lamb and go out like a lion," John told Polly as he piled logs on the fire one blustery night.

Suddenly there was a heavy knock on the door. A trader with a pack of goods asked for food and shelter. Polly had

prepared a duck dinner, with potatoes and whole-wheat biscuits, and the trader was very effusive in his praise of her fine cooking.

Then he turned to John. "You do have it warm and cozy here. But if you want a real farm, go up to the wide prairies of the Illinois Country. The rich, black loam has scarcely been touched. The government is making treaties with the Indians, and it will soon be opened to homesteaders."

Polly heard the enthusiasm mounting in John's voice as he talked on and on with the trader. "There will be many men going in from Tennessee and Kentucky!"

After he had left in the morning, John kept talking about the Illinois Country. But Polly argued, "You wouldn't move north, into a land with long, cold winters? We have a fine orchard started. Our grain will yield a hundredfold in this rich loam."

"We *are* well located here, near your father. But your brothers will want farms."

"Not for years! The twins are only seven. There is still much vacant land in this fine blue-grass state."

One warm spring Sabbath, John and Polly attended the Presbyterian service. Later baskets of food were shared in the adjoining woodland.

Father Camron waxed enthusiastic about the Illinois Country across the Ohio. "The Grand Prairie, with its fertile black loam, is the Garden Spot of the World. The few peaceful Indians wandering along the streams have scarcely made a dent in the vast herds of deer. Why not leave at dawn on an exploring trip?"

Polly was sad as John filled his saddlebags with provisions. He thought they would be gone ten days, because their clan wished to select the most fertile prairie. Polly threw her arms around John's neck and reminded him that their farm, near her father's, would always be the best. John was silent for a time; then he promised that they would stay in Kentucky.

But he returned wildly enthusiastic. "As we rode northward two hundred miles, we found one lovely valley after another. Swaying willows along the streams, with thousands of great oaks, hard and soft maples on the verdant hills. Father selected land on a wonderful seven-mile prairie. James Rutledge found an ideal mill site and blazed trees for his homestead. Uncle Peter Miller and James Mayes discovered near-by locations."

Polly's eyes misted as she looked into John's. "I want our son to be born in Kentucky, not in a northern wilderness!" She was beautiful this morning, with soft ringlets hanging over her shoulders.

John was deeply moved. "You shall have your wish. I'll help Father build his home but will wait a year or two to homestead land."

III

Thomas Camron, in 1811, was captain of the first wagon train into Seven Mile Prairie, a vast hunting preserve of silent beauty and serenity with pleasant streams in the Illinois Country.

Ere long, couriers came through urging volunteers to join Andrew Jackson on the Gulf of Mexico. The English were again stirring up tribes of war-minded Indians.

James Rutledge told John, "I am leaving at dawn, with my brothers Robert and William. This will be a heroic struggle, like King's Mountain, where Scotch-Irish patriots defeated the crafty English fox Ferguson after his cavalry devilishly rode through the Carolinas."

Hawthorn proudly said, "Andrew Jackson, God bless his soul, is the one man who has no fear of the British. He well remembers that crusty old officer he challenged in his boyhood, and will defy them now. I was glad to equip my son and send him south with our Scotch cavalry."

That spring as Polly planted gay forget-me-nots in her garden she realized that John would not be content to stay on their fertile acres. The northern prairies were calling to him. She sadly walked through her orchard. She would never pick one peach from the branches of these trees! As many another woman has discovered, you have to follow your man. The next week their covered wagon crossed the Ohio into Seven Mile Prairie, and soon their new home was built on the edge of a deep woodland in Illinois Territory.

On John's last trip through Henderson, he had found the bird man really stirred up. Although Audubon had installed expensive new machinery in his mill, he couldn't

make it work. "This infernal, intolerable mill! I'll sell it to the first buyer! You know how to run a mill, John. Why don't you buy mine?"

"When Rutledge returns from service with Jackson, he will build a mill in Enfield Township. I plan to help him."

"How I hate milling! I need to sketch birds in the woodlands. I must sell this infernal mill!"

On February 25, 1814, a son was born to Polly and John, who was christened Thomas by the Rev. James M'Gready.

Shortly after Rutledge returned, a horseman rode in from distant Elbert County, Georgia. Rutledge's sister had married a brother of James Mayes, and both had recently died, leaving five small children, four girls and Samuel. A conference was held. James Rutledge had four small children, but Mary Ann said that she would take the baby, Minerva.

Quickly they fitted up a great prairie schooner. William Rutledge and Mayes left for faraway Georgia. Months later the five little orphans were heartily welcomed into new homes. Mary Ann took tiny Minerva Mayes into her home and into her heart.

The Rev. James M'Gready came up from Kentucky to organize the Sharon Presbyterian Church, the first one in Illinois. Uncle Peter Miller had built a wide platform under the trees at the edge of a dense woods a quarter of a mile from his home. He, with James Rutledge and James Mayes, were the elders.

The winter winds were cold. That fall they built a snug little chapel with a clapboard roof. In the center of the floor a round hearth of flat rock was laid for the charcoal fire. John Camron put a window on the right of the pulpit, while the Rutledge brothers hung a door on the south side. Split-puncheon benches were made for the congregation, and a pulpit for the pastor.

Illinois Territory was a wild but a beautiful land. One afternoon Polly counted two hundred deer as they moved

toward a stream. Prairie chickens were so numerous that one could have chicken pie every day of the year.

One spring day as Polly combed the soft brown hair of her tiny daughters, Elizabeth and Vian, she heard horses approaching. She recognized her brother William's voice whistling a familiar air. An hour later, as the men ate heartily of a juicy venison roast, John turned to Polly's father and said, "I've been hoping you'd come up for a visit. I understand that there are many fertile acres in St. Clair County, west of us. We'll ride over in the morning." Polly's heart sank. If John went riding forth again, he would locate a new homestead.

Sure enough, when John rode in a few nights later, he told Polly that he had staked out another farm on Looking Glass Prairie twelve miles east of Belleville.

"Why do we have to move so soon?"

"Soon? Your father and William are selling their land in Kentucky. We'll work together grubbing out stumps on Looking Glass Prairie and build our homes near each other."

The months rolled by. Again cabins were built near virgin woodlands. It was a dry fall, and one had to be careful with fires.

Her brother Alfred rode over to tell Polly that many Indians, who had returned to their favorite hunting rounds, were roaming through the woods. "Pretend to be a heap-brave squaw if a dark face looks in at the door or stops you when you go to the spring."

Polly was thoroughly frightened by the time John returned from Belleville. She could see that he was disturbed too. He had passed heavily painted Indians, who had scowled ominously at him.

At noon the next day as Polly stooped to take loaves of brown bread from the oven, she heard a knock on the door. What could she do? Betsy was crying lustily in sudden

fright. Polly was galvanized by fear; then she heard M'Gready's welcome voice.

"The lassie is unhappy."

Smiling a welcome, she breathed more easily and replied, "So glad you came in time to enjoy my hot bread."

"Smells foine indeed, and the catfish too."

She gave him a plate heaped high as he sat down by the fireplace. The baby began to coo.

Suddenly there were stealthy, guttural sounds. Two fierce-looking Indian warriors pushed on the door, gave a fierce war whoop, and dashed in.

M'Gready, whom they had failed to notice, stood up quietly and eyed them sternly. "For shame. Why frighten the foine lady?" As the Indians turned and fled, M'Gready chuckled. "I gave them the surprise of their life. God works through silence, as well as loud thunder, his wonders to perform."

John urged their friend to share their food for a few days. As M'Gready accepted another piece of turkey from Polly, a heavy cough racked his body. "These long, hard trips over broken trails have not bothered me so much till of late weeks. This may be the last time I'll ever come to the Illinois Country."

"Oh, no, Brother M'Gready," Polly protested. "We'll be expecting to see you again when spring opens up."

M'Gready shook his head. "The years have been long and hard, but God has helped me bring many precious souls into His kingdom. John will take my mantle when I am gone, and carry on the great work of the Master."

Camron was deeply moved. "I am not worthy to follow in your footsteps. I have not your great power of touching men's souls."

"But you will, Brother Camron. I have listened to your sincere prayers and have heard the ringing quality of your voice as you exhorted. In His own good time, you will heed the Master's call."

Camron brought in the last pumpkins and corn. If Indians stole their grain, winter would be hard indeed. Little was said about the Indians, but one sensed them stealthily moving around the cabin at too frequent intervals.

Suddenly it was Indian summer, and shrubs and trees burst into flaming colors, with the bright flashes of the maples and the oaks in their last breath of red, yellow, and orange beauty before winter gales blew off their leaves.

Why were the Indians building such huge bonfires? All at once the prairie was ablaze for miles in every direction. William rode in at great speed. "Come on over to our house until the danger is over. We have a wide girth plowed around our houses and farm buildings."

William took Thomas on his saddle. Polly threw a warm blanket around Elizabeth and Vian, and mounted her horse. They stopped on an elevation to watch a real prairie fire. The Indians thought it great sport to set the high grass ablaze. Then the frightened deer and other wild game, quickly trapped, would not know which way to turn.

What an awesome sight! Polly had never seen anything like it. For miles and miles to the north the prairies roared. The flames went higher and higher, and the wild life screamed in agony as their great fear grew. The red flames had a fierce, savage beauty silhouetted against the mighty trees of the forest.

"Polly, do you remember the spectacular forest fires in the piny woods of South Carolina? The great fires always terrified me as a small lad, when the resinous flames lit up the highest vaults of heaven."

All at once little Tom was enjoying the excitement. His exclamations released the tension for a moment. "See heap big Indian shoot deer! Look, little papoose shoot bow and arrow! Hit big deer! Look at arrows fly!"

Christopher rode toward them and took Vian and Betsy. "The girls have the same beautiful brown eyes and hair that you have, Polly," he said.

There was little sleep for anyone that night. The men carried water to put out the fires that crept up to their rail fences. Toward morning it began to rain. Later the rain came down in torrents. John, who had been fighting fires all night, came in contented but with a good drenching. Now their cabin was safe, he told Polly. It would suit him fine if it rained all day.

Polly never forgot that Illinois rain that lasted for three days. The streams overflowed their banks, and the prairies became a vast, dismal swamp, the high prairie grass gone, the wild game bewildered. All were depressed; John confessed he was sorry that he had ever left Kentucky.

The nights grew colder and colder. Polly wrapped up her little girls until they looked like Eskimos. Constant application of bear oil was the only thing that saved their lives, when they came down with heavy chest colds.

The snow piled higher and higher, carried by strong winds into great drifts. Then a cold rain covered the snow with a sheet of ice. A beautiful picture, with icicles glistening in the sun; but how terribly cold were the nights!

The damp logs burned slowly and fitfully. One had to melt ice for the coffee. Polly never knew how she endured those cold winter months in a wild country.

Then April . . . The prairies were carpeted with Dutchman's breeches, dogtooth violets, fragrant and colorful pansies. Among the green leaves were masses of purple violets. Pink and lavender hepaticas sprang up in small nooks on northern slopes. During warm May days corn came up as green blades where for ages there had only been prairie sod.

When the sad news reached them that M'Gready had been called to his reward above, Camron was thankful for his blessed years of association with that fine man of God.

Moving to St. Clair County was a vital phase in the religious conversion of Polly, for it was there that she had her mountaintop experience in spiritual life. The time when

she embraced religion stood out like a signal light. A personal friend who wrote her obituary for the Cumberland Presbyterian paper of June 3, 1875, says:

The author has often known Mother Camron to deprive herself of many comforts that her husband, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, might travel and preach to the perishing, always urging him to faithfulness.

In Sonoma County, California, she fell asleep in the arms of that dear Savior, whom she served faithfully for fifty-seven years. She embraced religion in St. Clair County, Illinois, in 1818, under the ministry of Green P. Rice.

Rice was a convert of the Rev. James M'Gready in the Great Revival of 1800, and was ordained as a Cumberland Presbyterian minister in Kentucky. Indians and wolves were plentiful when the Rev. G. P. Rice came to Hill's Fort in the Illinois Country. It was renamed Greenville in his honor, because in 1815 he opened the first store northeast of Belleville.

In 1817, on his return from the Missouri Presbytery, Rice stopped at a new settlement. His friends from southern Kentucky, some of them original members of M'Gready's Red River Church, were living near Edwardsville. He suggested that they join him and take up land near Greenville.

Robert Paisley, a spiritual leader in this group, like Rice had been converted in the Great Revival of 1800 and had been ordained an elder in Kentucky. One of the founders of the Second Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Illinois, he wrote to the Rev. Robert Ewing and asked him to send another minister.

When the Rev. William Barnett arrived, the Rev. Green P. Rice joined with him in organizing the first camp meeting in Illinois, in 1817. Great spiritual power developed there. John M. Camron and Polly often went up from their

farm to hear Mr. Rice preach. At one of these meetings Polly had her great spiritual experience. John, moved deeply by the faith of this group of men and inspired in past seasons at the fine camp meetings of M'Gready, was now consecrated an elder.

John read from the Gospels with great depth of feeling, and gave a long, earnest fervent prayer. After the Candle-light Service, as Polly dropped off to sleep, she decided, "John does have a growing power of the spirit. The boundless energy he reveals, in everything he undertakes, gives vital life to all he does. Youth will respond to him devotedly when he enters the ministry."

The rich loam of the farm east of Belleville produced many bushels of potatoes. But there was no market, and little cash return for any of his farm products. Polly's careful thrift did little, for instead of buying spice, John brought home a ponderous book, *The Theory and Practice of Surveying*, by Robert Gibson. "A new book, just off the press, Polly, which gives all the details of surveying."

Every night for a week John pored over the book, studying the different instruments used in making a land survey. Then at dawn on Monday, he announced that he would have to go to Belleville again.

The evening shadows grew longer. Fragrant bread was cooling on the table. Polly gave the children their second slice of bread and butter, with mugs of creamy milk. Then she lit a candle and put it in the window so that it would shine far down the road. What was keeping John?

Suddenly she heard a horse galloping in. Tom put his hand in hers as she went to welcome his father; but it wasn't Father; it was her brother Alfred.

Polly was alarmed. Had something happened to John?

"The men didn't come back tonight, so I thought I had better come over and tell you what probably happened. When John came over this morning, he suggested that

Father go with him on an exploring trip into the Sangamon Valley, which he had heard is the most fertile spot in the world."

Polly was speechless. Their orchard had been started, yet John had slipped away to locate another farm!

Alfred added, "John asked me to come over and stay with you if he didn't get back, as it might take several days to explore the Grand Prairie."

"A great swamp most of the year! Oh, why can't men be satisfied in improving a fine farm, after it is prepared for living? I can't understand why John is so restless!"

"A lot of men are now, Polly. Illinois has so many fine prairies, a man can't be satisfied until he is sure he has built his home on just the right one."

When the men returned four days later, her father as well as William and John had decided to locate new farms in the Sangamon Valley.

Early the next morning Polly took John out to show him the peach orchard she had planted. "Little Tom, with his small hands, dropped the peach stones."

John admired the straight rows. "Some pioneer will certainly appreciate your peaches!"

"But when will I ever be able to make a peach cobbler from our very own orchard?" Camron was silent, wondering what to say. Polly looked into his eyes sadly. "The farther north we go, the more warlike, treacherous Indians will surround our cabin."

"According to the peaceful Pottawatomie Indians, 'the Sangamo is a country where there will always be plenty to eat.' As your father and I plow deep into the black loam of the Sangamon Valley, our crops will be abundant."

Before new houses were completed, the fall rains came down with a vengeance. Overnight the Sangamon Valley was a vast swamp. John was ill with ague, and the children were fretful. Dirty Kickapoos often stopped to ask for salt or some other item. The men built a boat and established a ferry across the Sangamon.

Here the low, flat prairie stretched on and on. Their clothes were always cold and damp. Ere long, winter broke through in all its fury, and they were icebound for weeks. Nancy, another daughter, had arrived January 7, 1818.

Polly, sensitive to John's boundless energy and restless moods, watched him one August afternoon as he paced the floor during a heavy thunderstorm. Electricity popped through the woods and great flashes of lightning crossed the sky. Mary Jane, who had arrived on January 20, 1820, was asleep in the cradle. She awoke when a near-by tree was hit by a bright flash of lightning and split with a sudden crash. Camron picked up the crying Jane and bounced her across his shoulder.

"You are a right perky little girl," he whispered as he lifted her high in the air. After a while, when she was cooing, John put her back in the cradle and sat beside Polly, who was mending.

"Your father and I are leaving at dawn on an exploring trip." She lifted her eyes, waiting for further explanation. He remarked only that higher land would be better.

When he returned he was enthusiastic, as usual, over their new homesite.

There was a strong attachment between Polly and her brothers. She invited Thomas to dinner on his twenty-first birthday, August 14, 1821. Six feet four and a half inches tall in his socks, he was a jolly fellow whose laugh moved into his chin, exceedingly amused, as he watched Betsy and Vian playing with Tinker, the pup.

The next spring Thomas rode in to tell Polly about their exploring trip into Indian country sixty miles distant. Riding north they had met Judge Lathom, an Indian agent, who warned them not to settle near the Kickapoos. There were a number of Delawares, too, camped on a near-by stream, who were under the leadership of Machina, the Kickapoo chief who had threatened to kill any white man who tried to take out a claim.

"When we reached a beautiful grove of tulip poplars, William was delighted with the surrounding country. He took an ax from his saddlebags and began chipping off the trees around his claim. Suddenly Machina leaped from behind a tree, shouting in broken English, 'Leave or perish!' As we built our campfire, an Indian called Turkey slipped up and warned in awesome tones, 'Leave Kickapoo country! Machina will kill you!' I handed him a twist of tobacco as I grinned and advised 'Give this to Machina.' We have christened our land Blooming Grove, for the beautiful tulip poplars, fragrant in the spring breeze."

Another exploring trip convinced William of the fertility of the soil there, and he moved his family there, arriving May 2. Chief Machina came up shouting, "Too much come back, white man, 'tother side of the Sangamon!" Thomas noticed that Machina was watching for his grin out of the corner of his eye, and gave him an extra large one that galloped into his chin. Little Oliver was curious and walked up to the chief. That pleased Machina, who loved children.

Two Delaware squaws who could read and write were camped on the stream that ran through their farms. The children were never allowed to say "that old squaw," but were instructed to call them Aunt Nancy and Peggy. Peggy, a fine-looking Indian six feet tall, taught Oliver to count to ten in the Delaware language. Attending a church service in the grove, she laughed at the preacher's grammatical errors, but she liked the Presbyterian minister and became a member of that faith.

The Indian men were lazy, but Moonshine was fond of tobacco. He agreed to split a great oak and make fifteen to twenty rails for every twist of tobacco. After he had earned nine twists, he felt quite rich and quit splitting logs.

The new town of Springfield had been laid out near the Camron farm by the time John's fifth daughter, Martha, was born July 16, 1822. That fall the Rev. John M. Berry built his house near a grove of giant oaks on Rock Creek. It happened that Polly's father had been his neighbor in

Franklin County, Tennessee, and she always welcomed him. John often rode up to commune with Berry, who, like the beloved M'Gready, was a Cumberland Presbyterian.

He told Camron: "When the War of 1812 broke out, I volunteered and served under Col. Robert Ewing, whose youngest brother, Finis, was our chaplain. Both men were deeply spiritual. We had prayers morning and evening. Our company marched across the vast prairies to Fort Clark, the present site of Peoria. I had my first view of the Illinois Country. There were no settlements where we could procure food. We were starving when we returned to Kentucky.

"Our last terrible battle was at New Orleans. I'll never forget that morning of January 8, 1815—four thousand frontiersmen behind the breastworks, facing twelve thousand British veterans.

"I knelt with our chaplain, the Rev. Finis Ewing, and promised God that if my life was saved, I would return home and serve him in any position to which he called me. Many of our boys, as well as their fathers and mothers, must have prayed fervently that January of 1815. For only six were killed and thirteen wounded, while the British suffered great losses.

"Returning home, I studied for the ministry. When I was ordained by the Logan Presbytery in Tennessee, my thoughts turned to the Illinois prairies, where I felt that God had called me for a special mission.

"Robert Paisley, a Presbyterian elder, and a true missionary of our faith, had settled with my kinsmen, near Edwardsville, holding the first camp meeting in Illinois. The Bear Creek Cumberland Presbyterian Church was established, with William Kirkpatrick, an enthusiastic lay leader.

"In his home this May of 1823, I was moderator as we organized the Illinois Synod of the Cumberland Presbyterian faith. After a deeply spiritual camp-meeting service in the woods, followed by Communion, we completed our organization on May ninth.

"My brother, Samuel Berry, who homesteaded land near me on Rock Creek, is an exhorter. Although we are only a small group, the power of God is with us as we carry the faith across the Grand Prairie."

It is noted in the *Session Record*: "Elder John M. Camron was absent from the May, 1823, Meeting of the Illinois Presbytery in the home of John Kirkpatrick."

Polly's brother John had located a farm in Fulton County, recently cut off from Pike County and opened for settlement.

Camron's father, with Thomas Junior and James, stopped on their return from the Spoon River Country. With them was a neighbor, Joel Harrel, who was a slaveholder from the South who had brought indentured servants with him. This action was legal under the Illinois Constitution of 1818 and the statutes of the following year. His daughters, Clara and Betsy, were to marry Thomas and James Camron.

When Father Camron urged John to join them in Fulton County, John replied, "These vast primeval prairies that extend northward and westward from the Sangamon Valley will soon be dotted with happy homes. Our family has played a vital role in making this dream come true; but I love the people in the Sangamon Valley and am needed here."

Then John Camron went down to Enfield Township to persuade James Rutledge to join him on Rock Creek. Rutledge now had eight children, the youngest, William Blackburn, a bouncing boy. Rutledge's niece, Minerva Mayes, whom he had adopted as a baby, remained in White County with a married sister.

Neighbors told Camron that they hated to see James Rutledge leave their community. His mill in Enfield Township was the best place to hold elections. John took back to Polly pink-cheeked peaches and apples from her old orchard.

By the time the holiday season rolled around, the Rock

Creek community was a contented circle of friends. Samuel Berry's son James was immediately attracted to Rutledge's oldest daughter, Jane. Baxter Berry preferred the well-poised Elizabeth Camron.

After Rock Creek froze over, there were gay skating parties. Bill Berry, an expert skater, spun first Vian and then Ann Rutledge around the other couples. Vian, bubbling over with energy, sometimes took a sudden swing, landing in a snowbank. Adroitly picking herself up, she would be on her way at the flick of an eyelash. Ann, graceful and nimble, could spin very well with Bill over a long stretch of ice swept clear by the wind.

After a brisk spin on Rock Creek, they ran into the nearest house to warm their tingling toes and fingers. James Rutledge suggested they dramatize one of Shakespeare's plays. Ann had a resonant voice and read with much feeling. Vian, the wit of the crowd, turned to humorous poetry. When Bill suggested that their group act out *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Vian agreed to take the part of Puck, and right merrily she handled the dialogue and soon had everyone laughing.

At times Camron tried to subdue some of Vian's fire. He carefully admonished her that she should be more of a lady, like her cousin Ann. But Vian, bubbling over with life, could not be subdued for long.

After the arrival of the twins, Solena and Sorena, in 1827 Camron had eight daughters (Sarah having been born in 1824). He was fond of all of them, especially Elizabeth, the oldest. She had the same regal bearing as the girl he had fallen in love with in the Kentucky hills.

When the Rev. John M. Camron was consecrated for the Presbyterian ministry April 20, 1827, he preached his first sermon in the home of Samuel Berry. Many of his friends gathered to hear his fine spiritual message. His clear voice was deep and sincere, and he was mature in his thinking yet young in his appeal for growth and development in Christian living.

In December, 1827, John Camron sold seventy-two acres on Rock Creek to Elihu Bone, a wheelwright, who built a cotton gin for custom work as pioneers from the South planted cotton. Young Tom Camron, with a mechanical turn of mind, often dropped into Bone's shop to see each contraption that he built. Bone spun many a yarn about his early life in North Carolina and the Battle of New Orleans; like Berry, he admired the forthrightness of Jackson.

There was a jolly houseraising on his new farm when James Berry married Jane Rutledge on February 28, 1828. Her father was then busy selecting the site for a mill.

At last the men decided to build a town on an elevation two hundred feet above the Sangamon. John told Polly, "No more swamps for me. I am tired of doctoring sore throats for eight girls on a cold, blustery night." He preempted 154.4 acres and platted New Salem. Lots were sold at five and ten dollars each.

James Rutledge built a comfortable house large enough to accommodate travelers passing through. Bill Berry also bought a lot and built a house. Samuel Hill, a bachelor, bought a lot and opened a store and, in December, received his commission as postmaster. Well-built houses went up fast as tradesmen came in. Dr. John Allen, from Vermont, a spiritually minded physician, hung out his shingle. New Salem was on the map.

David Rutledge was a keen-minded lad. His father thought he would do well in either the ministry or the law. Elizabeth Camron was the perfect grammarian, not daunted by the complicated sentences in *Kirkham's Grammar*. But her father suspected that Betsy kept the text near her sewing basket while she busily stitched tiny pinafores for the twins.

Ann Rutledge often brought over her sewing. She was clever in making tiny buttons of contrasting colors from bits of cloth to add little touches to the dresses she designed.

Studying literature and grammar, Vian, with her quick

wit, made light of the tangled sentences. Why be pestered with all the details? Just express yourself in clear, concise sentences. That expressed it in a nutshell, her father thought, yet he kept his wisdom to himself. Kirkham's drills and difficult sentence structure made good mental training that all youth needed.

Bill Berry often dropped in with books from his father's library. His cousin, Baxter, usually came with him, as he welcomed any excuse to spend an evening with Betsy.

Heavy snows came sooner than usual that winter of 1830-31. One snow after another piled up in drifts ten to twelve feet high. Tom Camron and David Rutledge worked long hours trying to keep the paths open between the two houses. There was great difficulty in getting wood for their fireplace. Often they were forced to cut trees twelve feet or more above the ground. Ice formed, and they skated from one house to the other.

IV

LINCOLN—THE RAIL-SPLITTER

Every morning lean thine arms awhile
Upon the window-sill of Heaven,
And gaze upon thy God.
And with the vision in thine heart, turn,
Strong to meet thy day.

—*Selected*

AT LAST the long winter was past; the deep snow melted, making a swamp of the Sangamon Valley. Polly was very glad that their home was on a hill high above the mill.

One April day Vian watched the four-year-old twins romping with Tinker. Sorena had picked an extra-large dogtooth violet and was holding it up for Solena to admire when Vian noticed a flatboat coming down to the mill. Boats were not very numerous on the Sangamon, but she had heard David say that small craft made the trip from Springfield to Beardstown, where there was a junction with the Illinois River. Trade should develop with St. Louis and New Orleans, when steamships became more numerous.

The flatboat floated closer. Oh, it was going toward the mill dam. Vian tripped down the path to the mill. Then she saw an extremely tall youth, his trousers rolled up high, who seemed to be doing most of the work in trying to lift the boat over the dam. David stepped up to her side. "That is Abe Lincoln from Kentucky," he said. Abe looked in her direction just then and smiled.

"The homeliest Kentucky youth I ever saw!" Vian whispered to David. "But his crooked smile gives him a droll touch."

At sunrise on a vibrant morning in late July the Camron house on the high bluff above the drowsy Sangamon made a pleasant picture, with its background of great oaks. A gay hummingbird glided in and out of the bright-orange blossoms of the trumpet vines on the long porch. Blue and pink morning-glories glistened in the latticework over the windows.

On the knoll beyond his house, the devout Presbyterian divine, the Rev. John M. Camron, knelt with deep serenity, his stalwart son beside him. A gentle breeze from the Sangamon below stirred through the leaves. Thomas arose and grasped his father's hand. "Today the first wheat comes in from the valley, much delayed on account of the late spring."

As father and son took the sharp incline to the mill below, the twins frolicked with Tinker around the circular beds of phlox. Then Tinker gave the girls a merry chase through the trees. Finally exhausted, Solena dropped into a patch of red clover. Intrigued by the activities of the busy bees that hummed about them and a large butterfly that hovered near, the girls were amused for a while. Then Sorena noted Tinker's ears and gaily wagging tail.

Jumping up and running over to the bluff, she saw coming up the path the funny tall youth whose homespun pantaloons didn't reach his shoe top by six inches. Yesterday she had heard Uncle James call him Abe as they had sat talking on the banks of the Sangamon. Later, when the odd-looking stranger strode through the high grass, he had reached out surreptitiously and pinched Solena's ears, as she had romped with Tinker.

Sorena stood on tiptoe, hoping Abe would notice her today. Sure enough, as Lincoln came slowly up the path, he quickly reached down to pull her ear. He caught her hand, holding it tight as he cheerily marched over to the steps where Mother stood waiting to welcome him.

"Here's a nymph ready to have her ears tweaked." Then Abe turned and gave a light twitch to Solena's right ear as

she brushed past. He smiled at Mrs. Camron capriciously. "I came up to meet another Kentuckian. I reckon you don't mind if I call you Aunt Polly, as the rest of the village does?"

She smiled. "No, indeed. I spent my girlhood in the Kentucky hills. My brother, William Orendorff, is quite tall like you. An auctioneer, he sold lots for the new town of Bloomington on July fourth. My brother Thomas, six feet four and one-half inches tall, is the first assessor in Mc-Lean County."

"I reckon there would be an advantage in being a tall auctioneer. An assessor might need to swing his strong right arm too, in demonstrating the tax value of a horse." As the porch filled up with girls, Abe added, "It looks as if you-all were expecting me."

"We find it difficult to keep so many girls out of sight for long. Meet my oldest daughter, Elizabeth."

The dark-haired beauty of sixteen, well poised and courteous, quietly welcomed Lincoln, took her sewing from a basket on the table, and dropped to a low stool. Vian, with coal-black hair and flashing brown eyes sparkling with mischief, curtsied. Nancy, two years younger, was having difficulty suppressing a giggle as she noted how poorly Abe's jeans met his shoes. Mary Jane, with a piquant, glowing face and reddish-brown hair, scampered past him into the yard, and Sarah, seven, primly ignored him and began playing with her doll.

Just then nine-year-old Martha appeared around the corner of the house, panting. She was carrying a heavy bucket of water, sparkling cold, just drawn from her father's deep well. Lincoln reached over with a look of appreciation, took the pail and its gourd dipper, and placed it on the step. He took a couple of deep draughts. He looked into Martha's deep-blue eyes. Dark curls hung in profusion over her shoulders and a smile played around her quiet lips. She was the one who said little, but was always there ready to serve.

Meanwhile the Rev. John Camron, broad-shouldered and with a firm, decisive step, had climbed up the path from the mill. "Well, Abe, it looks as if you came up because you were thirsty. This breeze on the hill is a relief after milling since sunup. How about a slice of pie, Vian? I believe Abe would enjoy Polly's pie too."

Eating crusty brown pie, full of juicy red cherries, John told Polly that one of the new pioneers coming in had asked him to help build his house. "Since I prefer using a hammer and saw to milling, I might call on you, Abe, to use your powerful right arm at the mill."

"I haven't done much of that sort of thing, Parson. But if Denton Offutt doesn't come soon, I might help you out for a spell, if Vian would bring down a big slice of pie every day."

"Not much time to idle while milling, Abe."

Lincoln watched the dark-haired Vian as she turned away with a questioning look in her brown eyes. Her hair, combed high in broad waves, was mighty attractive, he noted. She certainly piqued his interest by her alert, up-and-doing air.

As Camron got up to return to the mill, Abe also arose, saying, "So long, folks. I'll be seeing you again soon. The parson suggested that I serve as election clerk."

"Election?" asked Aunt Polly.

"Since there are not many voters, I said the election could be held here," Camron said.

The twins, delighted that the "funny man" would be back tomorrow for a longer visit, hopped off to play under a big elm.

When Lincoln arrived for his election duties, only Martha was in evidence. She was sitting on the step, weaving a daisy chain from wild flowers. Elizabeth and Aunt Polly were busily making soap in the back yard.

Lincoln picked up a well-worn volume from the table, *Kirkham's Grammar*. He turned through the book and noted Vian's name. He smiled to himself, musing, "I'll have

to ask the good parson to teach me how to parse. I'll need more knowledge of grammar, to match her wit!"

A couple of men dropped in to vote and talked for a while about their crops. After they had gone, he picked up the *Missouri Harmony*, a green-backed book published in Cincinnati in 1829. "The parson's up to date with his songbook." Abe turned to "Legacy" and in a loud voice began repeating the words, with an improvised tune of his own:

When in death I shall calmly recline,
Oh, bear my heart to my Mistress dear,
Tell her it lived on smiles and wine,
Of brightest hue, while it lingered here.

Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and bright;
But healing drops of red grape borrow
To bathe the relic from morn to night.

Vian laughed at his elbow. "Is that the only tune you know?"

Abe turned at the sound of her melodious voice and admired her gay sunbonnet and the basketful of crab apples. "Poaching apples? I wondered where you were."

"Here, take a handful. They're riper than they were last week. Ann and I have been down on the Sangamon, where the crab apples are plentiful this year. Ann stopped at the store, with Mary Jane. You'll like Ann, she's your type. Fair and auburn-haired and easy to look at."

"You're not so bad yourself, Quinine!"

"Quinine! How dare you!"

"I'm fond of spice and vinegar. They complement each other." He turned to the door, ignoring Vian's outraged exclamation. Dr. Allen was coming in to vote.

After he had voted, Abe returned to the porch. For a time he stood meditating, watching the bees buzzing over

the bright yellow nasturtiums. He was aroused by a soft, pleasing voice. Ann Rutledge was talking to her cousins as they came down the path.

Elizabeth, the soap set to cool, had changed to a light-blue dimity. Her long, heavy hair was combed high and braided in a coronet that looked like a crown. As she came out to greet Ann, Abe gave a deep bow, saying emphatically, "Queen Isabella, Your Honor!"

Betsy blushed but paid little heed, for she heard a strong, deep voice, whistling in the distance. With a joyous cry, she ran down the path.

"That's Baxter Berry," Vian explained, "Betsy's favorite beau. He's been serving in the state militia this summer. Half a dozen young men have tried to date Betsy, but she prefers Baxter."

Aunt Polly pressed forward to welcome Baxter, asking him about his leave.

"The Indians have quieted down again. I have a furlough until further orders," he replied.

Lincoln in an impressive voice closed the election. "Hear ye! Hear ye! The polls are now closed." As he stepped off the porch, young Thomas Camron, who had been doing some carpentry, was returning home with an adz under his arm. As he brushed shoulders with Lincoln, Abe cried out in a bit of drollery, "How's Tam o' Shanter? The one brother in a wilderness of girls! Hail, Tam o' Shanter!"

Some days later when the twins were playing along the Sangamon, they saw a tall, distinguished-looking stranger riding down the road. He had great bulging saddlebags and looked as if he might have come on a long journey.

Sorena shouted gleefully, "Come on, Solena! Let's be there when he opens his bags." Peddlers frequently spent the night in their home. Although Father had no money to buy the trinkets they desired, the twins often received a small kerchief or other trifle in lieu of payment for a night's lodging.

Uncle James Rutledge had come out to welcome the traveler. The twins, awed by his unusual manners, quietly waited to see what would happen.

Dismounting, the newcomer shook hands with their uncle and said, "I am Dr. John Marsh, Winnebago agent from the North, but now a merchant from St. Joseph, Missouri. What's the Indian situation in central Illinois?"

"Pleasant. Black Hawk and his braves do target practice on the farm adjoining Camron's brother's in Fulton County. The blockhouse, built as a refuge in case of an Indian uprising, has never been used. William Tottem, the first settler on Tottem's Prairie, a hale, hearty man, has advised, 'Just hunt deer and wild hogs with them, and the Indians are your friends for life.' Where do you hail from, Dr. Marsh? Your speech flavors of Boston."

"I am a Harvard graduate, class of 1823. I was offered a teaching position among the Indians of the Far North. Although hired for the instruction of the children of the government post, I soon found ample opportunity for medical work. Spanish California, with its warmer climate, would suit me better, however. I understand that thousands of cattle roam through those western valleys. I plan to get a Spanish grant before too long.

"But who have we here?" he asked, turning to Solena and Sorena, who had drawn closer. "Twins!" He chuckled. "As alike as two peas in a pod. I know what you want!" He opened a bag and pulled out two odd-looking dolls. "These dolls were made by two Winnebago Indian girls with dark eyes and hair like yours."

Delighted, the twins thanked Dr. Marsh and hurried up the hill to show Nancy their strange dolls.

In the meantime, Abe had been playing marbles with a twelve-year-old lad, Andrew McNamor, whose father was a minister who had recently moved to the Sangamon. Andrew had been born in New York and had lived for a while in Ohio. Abe had just won all the marbles again and Andrew's blue eyes were troubled.

Looking up, Lincoln saw the stranger give the dolls to the twins. "Here, keep your marbles. I will win them back tomorrow. The parson's daughters get rewarded for standing around with longing eyes. Let's you and me try that game." Hand in hand, Andrew and Abe trudged forward to find out if the trader's bags contained any more trifles.

Marsh saw the lads coming and laughed. "The short and long of it!"

"Abe's right good with the marble game, often playing with small boys, who enjoy his droll ways."

Denton Offutt finally reached New Salem. In early September he bought a lot from Camron for ten dollars, and Lincoln helped him build a cabin for a store. But Lincoln didn't take carpentry too seriously; he would stop and chat with the young men who came to the mill and the women who stopped at Hill's Store.

William Graham Greene, more often called "Slicky Bill," frequently rode into town. One afternoon he noticed the graceful, dark-haired Elizabeth coming out of the store. Slicky Bill edged up to her and offered to carry her groceries home. Abe, standing by, noticed the dark look that she gave Bill as she primly drew away, thanking him curtly, but telling him firmly that her package was too miniature for a man to bother with.

Greene nudged Abe's shoulder and fell in step with him as he returned to help Offutt lift some logs. "Elizabeth would have let Baxter Berry carry the tiniest of packages," Greene muttered morosely.

"Baxter Berry?"

"He is the nephew of the Rev. John M. Berry, whom you talked with yesterday. He has been serving in the militia."

"So you thought Elizabeth might be lonesome for male company?"

"I sure thought she ought to accept a friendly turn and not be quite so icy. Maybe when the Sangamon freezes over

solid this winter, I might have a generous hug when the crowd pushes in."

"Suggesting that I might be part of the crowd?" Abe asked.

"That might help."

"I'll do all I can to speed up your courtship, Bill, as you seem quite fond of Betsy."

At dusk one chill, rainy night there was prolonged knocking on the heavy oak door of the Camron home. When Thomas went to open it, he saw Abe shivering in the cold, with his spare clothes done up in a big bandanna.

"Want a boarder, Aunt Polly? I am getting a little cash from Offutt now and I can pay one dollar a week board."

Aunt Polly was flabbergasted. What should she say? There were already eleven in their cabin. How could one manage an extra man, with eight girls?

"I know your home is pretty full, but one more shouldn't make much difference. I can just park here by the fireplace." He had sprawled on the floor. My, he was long! It would take several comforters to bed him.

Vian was having difficulty suppressing a giggle. Camron cleared his throat, waiting. Maybe it was his duty to explain to Abe that a twelfth member added to their growing family would make for very close quarters.

"Well, Parson, I'll have to explain myself further, I reckon. Election day I was looking over your books and I saw *Kirkham's Grammar*. If I ever am a lawyer, I'll need a lot of grammar. I figured that if I was under your roof for a few weeks there would be plenty of time for grammar on cold, rainy nights like this."

"Let him stay, Father," said Vian, coming in and sitting on a stool by the fireplace. "We need a good review on grammar."

"I reckon the chief reason I came to board with you is because I'd like to have all the pie I want, for once in my life."

Camron looked over at Polly and replied brusksly, "I believe we can manage." He asked Thomas, who had been sitting by the fire, to bring in another log.

As Tom came back with the log well balanced over his shoulder, Abe spread out his hand, saying, "Prithee, Tam o' Shanter, we welcome thee!"

Soon the family circle was engrossed in the fine art of parsing. The twins, who had been sent to the kitchen, were sitting on the floor acting out in pantomime the argument with Father as they had observed it before being whisked into oblivion.

Elizabeth was the expert grammarian who knew all the answers. Abe challenged "Queen Isabella" from time to time. But it was Vian, with her rapier-like mind, who threw the light on particular uses of words that had been bothering Abe. She loved to say the wrong word or to give an adverse interpretation, just to be different. Thomas would argue the question. Abe would throw in a humorous idea, which was tossed back by "Quinine," always in a different mood or fashion.

Time was too short. Camron stopped abruptly, looking at the clock. "It is far past our usual bedtime, but prayers as usual."

Every night before retiring there were devotions. Elizabeth or Nancy would read from the Psalms or the Epistles. Then the Rev. Mr. Camron began a long prayer. As Abe sprawled before the fire, Camron looked sternly at him and said, "We all kneel for prayer."

The prayer seemed endless. Martha, who was kneeling beside Abe, slipped her hand in his and smiled up into his face. Then, as her father's eyes opened and looked around appraisingly, Martha quickly withdrew her hand.

Abe unbent his long legs and pulled one of Martha's curls. "How often do we wear out our knees thus?" he whispered in her ear.

"Twice a day. Father never forgets."

Next evening as the candle was lit for devotions, Vian

slid to her knees beside Abe. The prayer was longer than usual, and Abe slipped a big bolster off the bed and rested his long legs. He had straddled it well when Camron seemed to be closing. Then he pushed the long pillow toward Vian. Her chuckle would get him into trouble, he feared; but Camron, oblivious to all worldly matters, prayed on in deep earnestness for ten minutes more.

"Whew," Abe whispered to Vian. "Do they get longer every night?"

She nodded teasingly. "They will if you don't keep a pillow handy."

Next morning Nancy reported to her mother that she had seen Abe take the grammar off the table and make off with it as he left for the grocery store.

"There isn't very much business. I expect he thought he would study the parts of speech so he can play some more pranks on us tonight," Vian suggested. "But I'll be ready for him!"

Vian watched Abe when she saw him coming down the street that night. He was striding steadily but unhurriedly toward her, his great shoulders stooped, his shaggy head bent, his eyes glued to the open grammar. Vian slipped behind a tree and, as he approached, reached out and lifted the grammar out of his hands.

"We have been wondering who stole our grammar," she said impishly. "Now for this you can't have it tonight."

"Well, I reckon it is your time to study. I used it considerable today."

The following evening Lincoln brought home a heavy lawbook he had borrowed. As he lay quietly reading before the fire, Camron came in and sat down in a chair beside him.

"Rutledge and I have been talking it over, and we decided at the town meeting tonight that we would elect you justice of the peace."

Abe shook his head. "You had better not."

Aunt Polly asked, "Why not?"

"I haven't any money to set up an office and buy books."

"Oh, is that all? I have a little money an uncle left me in his will. I can give you that," Polly said.

So, encouraged by all his friends, Lincoln was soon a justice of the peace. He began thinking long, long thoughts that would lead him to become a member of the legislature, then a lawyer, and later a member of Congress.

Abe awoke one morning full of aches and pains. He turned over, shaking like a leaf. What could be the matter? He pulled up another comforter; it was certainly cold. All at once he was burning up. Aunt Polly came in to wake him, for he had never been so late before. When she heard him groaning, she bent over to touch his brow. It was hot; Abe must have the chills and fever that had been going around the past week.

"Am I going to die, Aunt Polly? I feel as if I would burn to tinder any minute."

"You'll soon be feeling better if you take a good dose of sarsaparilla." In a few minutes she was back with a big spoon of bitter medicine and a cup of hot sassafras tea.

The fever raged on for several days. Nancy and Sarah came down with it; then the twins had a touch of it. Aunt Polly couldn't get around to Abe as often as he wished, and he kept calling for something to drink. Martha took over the task of keeping water by his bed.

Suddenly one afternoon, feeling better but still thirsty, he called Martha. "Please get me just one more drink of water, and when I am the President of the United States I'll see that you are not forgotten."

Martha, cheered by the fact that his eyes looked so bright and jolly again, ran out to replenish her supply. Vian was just bringing up a brimming bucket from the deep well. "Abe's going to be all right now," Martha said. "He told me that as soon as he gets to the White House he'll remember to send me something."

Thomas, coming across the yard, heard her. "He's a Whig. How can he ever hope to get to the White House? There are too many Southern Democrats in Illinois."

"But if he ever does, he'll forget about us," remarked Vian.

"Not you, Quinine," said Lincoln as he came around the corner. "Maybe you'll be living with me in the White House."

Vian countered with, "I believe you still have a fever and are out of your head."

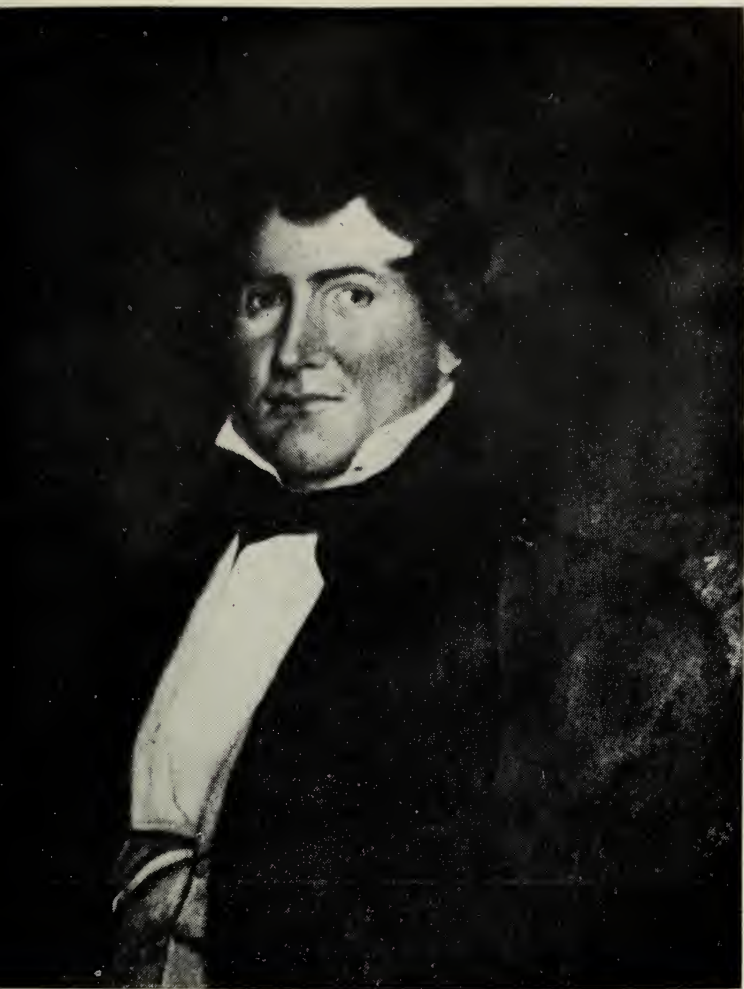
One afternoon Lincoln was in an especially roguish mood. Looking out the window, he noticed that Slicky Bill Greene was coming down the graveled path. Greene smiled broadly and turned into the house. Abe, remembering how very much enamored he was of Betsy, remarked impishly, "Queen Isabella, here comes Greene, your favorite beau."

"I don't want to have anything to do with him, and you know it, Abe." Quickly Betsy slipped into a rocking chair on the other side of the room.

Pompous and loquacious, Greene walked in without knocking. He jingled some silver coins in his pocket and proclaimed loudly that he had chosen his new cabin site. He reminded Vian of a rooster as he strutted across the floor boasting of what a good trader he was.

With a sly wink at Betsy, Abe led him on, and Vian was highly amused at the tirade of the fellow. Greene, noting her sparkling eyes, edged over to Vian, complimenting her. Just then Abe saw Baxter Berry coming toward the house. This was his opportunity to have some real fun. He took Greene's arm and led him over to where Betsy was sitting. As Baxter stepped onto the porch, Abe pushed Greene into Betsy's lap, then turned to greet Baxter.

Bill was delighted. He hadn't screwed up his courage to suggest sitting on Betsy's lap, but he had anticipated the pleasure. He had turned to give her a good squeeze when



MATHIAS MOUNT
split rails with Abe Lincoln



Rutledge Tavern: The dining room and kitchen
New Salem State Park, Lincoln's New Salem, Ill.

Betsy violently thrust him out of her lap and rushed over to give Abe a resounding slap.

Observing the fires of disgust in the eyes of the blushing Betsy, Baxter quietly took her arm and led her outside.

October days were short, but the evenings were long. Bill and Baxter Berry rode up to the Camron home late one afternoon. Baxter always welcomed any excuse to chat with Betsy, but his cousin had something else on his mind. Life was primitive and hard on the farm. The life of a merchant or a lawyer would be less hazardous. While Baxter was engrossed in conversation with Betsy, Bill talked to Camron.

"Bowling Green and other young men in our community have been thinking it would be a fine idea for you and Rutledge to organize a literary society. Debate and other forms of oratory would prepare us for public office or the law."

"You are right, Bill. David Rutledge asked me yesterday about organizing a society in their home. Let's go over to the inn and draw up our plans."

Next evening a dozen or more youths organized the New Salem Literary Society. Even on cold nights, a brisk ride of three or four miles was exciting, if followed by plenty of hot oratory. Rutledge and Camron, with contrasting personalities, each had much to contribute. David, fifteen, loved to debate and argue the question with Abe. David wanted to be a lawyer, hoping to enter the new Illinois College at Jacksonville in a couple of years. He had begun the study of Latin with his father.

Long years of exhorting had prepared Camron for flights of eloquent speech. But Lincoln thought he took life too seriously, and often broke up a grave discussion with a joke and a passing flash of humor. Camron, although outwardly solemn, enjoyed Lincoln's apt repartee and often chuckled in spite of himself. Earnest endeavor was stimulated by James Rutledge, a thoughtful man with a keen

intellect; he could be whimsical at times, often with a quaint reference.

Andrew McNamor, a quiet lad, dropped in occasionally. He listened intently to the long debates on public roads and other vital issues. On blustery days Andrew sought out the Presbyterian minister at the New Salem Mill, who assigned him chapters to read in the Bible. The deep sincerity of the lad and his eager desire for knowledge was inspiring.

Some afternoons Andrew would drop into the Camron home with Bill Berry. As Camron told Polly, after Andrew had reluctantly left to join his uncle, John McNamor, "In some ways he's like Baxter. He likes the companionship of the female sex. Did you notice how he smiles every time Sarah swings into the circle?"

"But Sarah is only seven!"

"Just the same, Andrew thinks she is the prettiest girl."

The devout minister continued the role of the good "dominie." There was little opportunity for wasting time. *Kirkham's Grammar* had been written for the purpose of making students think.

Abe managed to be near Vian as often as possible. He loved to test her skill in handling complicated sentences and clauses. Her keen wit kept his mind active in finding the right answer. Camron, seeing how intrigued Lincoln was in sitting close to Vian, bought another grammar. He pointedly told Abe that he could consider that grammar his own, for as long as he studied with his daughters; then there need not be "any crowding."

The days slipped merrily away. Abe looked forward to the candle-lighting, with its changing pleasures, the surprises that came each evening as he tried new pranks, more than once outflanked by jolly Scottish lassies who had their own methods of retaliation.

Grammar was a game and a delight. He was becoming more proficient than he realized, for he found simplicity and short, to-the-point sentences more desirable than the

florid style practiced by some politicians. These staunch Southern Democrats upheld the strong points of their convictions. But Lincoln, developing his own ideas, became more convinced in the Whig philosophy.

Abe now accepted long prayers as a part of the day's schedule. The Presbyterian divine, a deep thinker, challenged his own beliefs. His simplicity and profound faith were making a deeper impression than he realized. Both he and Polly had been well rounded in the faith, inspired by M'Gready and intensified by their association with the Rev. John M. Berry.

Polly made things run smoothly on a very limited purse. The ministry, unlike the law, brought few fees on the frontier. Often there was no visible remuneration. People accepted easily the gifts of love and service; even an expert carpenter received little cash for a long day's work.

One evening, Martha slipped two pillows under Abe's knees, for his eyes had lost their mischievous sparkle and were strangely sad. He slumped on the pillows. The next thing he knew, Vian was lustily shaking him.

"For shame, you slept clear through the whole prayer!"

He rubbed his eyes sheepishly. "I woke up too early this morning with some deep, deep thoughts."

Vian wondered all the next day what was weighing on Abe's mind. As they drew around the fireplace that night, Lincoln called Aunt Polly to his side, then waited, as if loathe to go on.

"I don't know how to tell you, Aunt Polly, but I don't have a dollar in my jeans tonight. Offutt hasn't been getting much cash of late, and he hasn't given me a penny, either last week or this. I ought to hunt another job. But who has cash this time of the year? The pioneers put every cent they can get into land and then go on credit, as long as the storekeeper will give them groceries."

"The dollar would have paid for the spice in the pumpkin pies I planned to bake. But it isn't the first time I have managed on pennies," Aunt Polly said. She looked very

tired tonight, and her clean apron was ready to fall apart, although cleverly mended.

"When I do make some money," Abe mused, "I'll buy calico for a couple of aprons."

"You can work at the mill, Abe, until your luck improves," Camron suggested as he opened his grammar.

Vian, her eyes sparkling with laughter, almost ran into Abe as he stood by the path reading from a large volume.

"Halt, Quinine! I wish to ask you about an obscure passage."

Vian looked over his shoulder and gave an interpretation that amused him greatly.

Later, as a new moon came up over the ridge, Lincoln stood on the porch with Vian. The air was warm and pleasant. Indian summer was here again, in all its beauty. The trees in their last glory of red and yellow were rapidly shedding their leaves. There was a rustle tonight, as of a maiden's flounces, dancing softly over the hills.

The usual disagreement and banter were gone. Lincoln realized that of all the girls he had ever known, Vian's mind best complemented his own. He put his arm around her and drew her toward him. She pulled back lightly, not like her usual perverse self.

"Vian, I like you. Your rapier-pointed mind might help to make me a famous lawyer. Will you be my wife?"

Vian sighed. "I like you heaps. But I need to think that over for a while."

On the Sabbath, an all-day meeting was announced for the Cumberland Presbyterians. Pioneers within a radius of fifty miles had been invited. As the Rev. John M. Camron gave out his text, he noticed a tall, broad-shouldered young man dismounting from a very fine horse.

"A Kentuckian," he mused.

Abe slipped over to shake hands with the stranger and discovered that he was Mathias Mount, from Shelby

County, Kentucky. At sixteen he had gone with his father to Washington County, Indiana, where he helped his father clear land and build a home. On his twenty-first birthday in August, he had come to Illinois to make his fortune.

John Camron's forceful message lasted for an hour. He prayed fifteen minutes longer. Abe nudged Bill Berry. "How long do these prayers last?"

"Till eternity."

James Rutledge arose to announce a hymn. Abe's glance passed on to where Betsy and Ann stood. He slipped around the tree to hear them sing. Then he saw Vian, demure as a dove, whose mischievous eyes gave her away. He took her songbook in his hands and began singing lustily. Ere long, he had drowned out Rutledge with a voice not too melodious.

Camron looked over, daggers in his glances. "The impertinence of the young scamp, flirting with Vian in God's holy temple under the arching sky!" his eyes seemed to say.

For Abe had stopped singing to watch Vian. Quinine surely had the sparkle and vim he liked! Looking across the crowd, Abe saw a handsome, broad-shouldered youth, eying him with suspicion.

Lincoln nudged Vian. "Who's that young man?"

Vian blushed deeply. "One of my friends."

"Friend? What's his name?"

Vian hesitated. "William Prosise."

"Where does he hail from?"

"He has a large farm near Uncle John at Canton."

"That's it, is it? He's prosperous. I'd not bother with him. A lawyer's who you want."

"Lawyer?" asked Vian with a lifted eyebrow that was most provocative.

As soon as the meeting was over, Mathias Mount went up to tell the Rev. John M. Camron how much he had enjoyed his sermon. His uncle, William C. Stevenson, who owned several tracts of land east of Jacksonville, had hired

him for a year to build fences to keep in his large herds of cattle as well as to keep out the deer. In fact, his uncle needed another rail-splitter who could swing his ax fast and true.

Camron looked at Abe, who had joined them. "How about it? Want a job?"

"I'd like to maul rails for a spell, since business is poor at the store."

"That's fine, Lincoln. You can return with me later in the afternoon. Two years ago my uncles sold out in the Lexington area and came up to Morgan County with a company of over sixty kinsmen. They brought three hundred sheep and one hundred cattle, which are increasing fast. You must come down and hear Dr. Edward Beecher some time, Brother Camron. My uncle, William C. Stevenson, is elder of the Presbyterian Church that Dr. Beecher organized in his home a few months ago."

Elam Brown, who lived near Jacksonville, came up to introduce his two sons, Allen and Warren, and his adopted son, Matthew Barber. Abe remarked that his adopted son looked more like a brother.

"That's right, Lincoln. As a lad our folks lived along Lake Erie in Ohio, a cold wilderness full of savage Indians. One day Indian warriors swept down on the lonely cabin of Matthew's father. He told Matthew to run over to the settlement for help. When we returned, we found that both his father and mother had been tomahawked by the Indians. Sadly we buried them, while little Matthew wept.

"At twenty-one, I set out for the French trading post at St. Louis, five hundred miles distant, walking all the way. Matthew accompanied me. I homesteaded land west of Jacksonville, adjoining Thomas Allen's. When I married his daughter, Sarah welcomed Matthew as our adopted son. He's a fine carpenter, like I hear you are, Brother Camron."

"Everyone is forced to learn that craft on the frontier."

Brown told Abe that he would be welcome to ride to Mr. Stevenson's on Allen's horse, as the brothers could double up.

Polly came to announce that dinner was ready and invited Mount to share the big turkey with them. He accepted the generous invitation, saying jokingly that this wasn't the first time he had listened to one- or two-hour sermons by Presbyterian ministers.

"Long prayers too?" suggested Abe, who noticed that Camron was joining their circle. "The parson's prayers wear out your knees."

"The time may come, Abe, when you may need to pray long and fervently. Yet I warrant that you'll never complain that Polly made too much pie."

Elam Brown brought a large ham from his saddlebags and carved it efficiently. Abe drew near, saying "It looks as if you were providing generously for the parson's repast."

"Yes, and for yours too." He grinned. "Young men never lack for an appetite. Hand out the pound cake, Allen, and the rye bread."

Others joined the picnic party. Andrew McNamor sat beside Brown, and told him that he had lived in Ohio too.

Allen's pony wasn't too many spans high. Vian told Abe that he reminded her of a man who walked with a horse under him. "At least there will be no danger of falling off, Quinine. I don't always have a horse under me. Mighty handy to have one on a twenty-five-mile jaunt. So long; I'll be missing your spice, but I'm coming back for more."

Mount and Abe rode off together, exchanging yarns. The narrow trails had deep ruts, for Indians had always gone single file through the high prairie grass. In many places two horses could not move together on account of the deep ruts.

"These old narrow roads are no good for speed. No wonder the farmers have such a hard time getting their grain to the mill. If I am ever elected to the legislature, I sure am going to talk long and hard for widening and improving Illinois roads."

"You can't get into the legislature any too soon, Abe."

Mr. Stevenson welcomed Lincoln. Early next morning Mount and Abe went out together to build rail fences.

Mount had built fences in Indiana for his father and well knew the art of handling an ax. Abe was almost winded keeping up with him. Dinner was welcome that day.

The days grew suddenly colder. Mr. Stevenson provided Lincoln with warm gloves and a heavy coat and a muffler, but Abe was very glad when the Sabbath came, so that he could relax by the warm fire. His muscles were sore from six long days of strenuous exercise in lifting heavy logs after rapid strokes with the ax. Mount was speedy and never seemed to get tired.

Mr. Stevenson had arranged for Dr. Edward Beecher, the new president of Illinois College, to hold the Presbyterian service in his home. It was a bitter cold winter day, and few came to the service. Stevenson was director of the choir and sang in the quartet. The others were college students who enjoyed going to the country for an excellent dinner of roast beef and mutton.

As they ate, Lincoln listened in, enjoying the Yankee flavor of Dr. Beecher. He told Abe that he had resigned his pastorate of Park Street Church, overlooking Boston Common. His brother, Henry Ward Beecher, had encouraged him to come west to establish a men's seminary.

"I find the youth on the Illinois prairie very poorly prepared for the study of the classics and science. But in a new country one finds the potential leaders of tomorrow."

Mr. Stevenson said, "There are no public schools as yet, as you have in Boston. We have to teach our own children. I have just built a log schoolhouse, hoping that some young man will come in to teach a few weeks next spring or summer."

Stevenson paid Abe generous wages, but when a heavy snow came, Lincoln decided he would rather work indoors. When a man came through with a wagon going in the direction of New Salem, Abe told Stevenson that he might be needed at the store. As Dr. Beecher had intimated, Illinois youth didn't have much book learning. Abe would enjoy studying grammar with Vian again.

Mount told him that he could come back any time he wished, as there were still many fences to build. Stevenson thought that he and Mount made a good team splitting rails. He would be welcome whenever he wished to return.

That evening, when Abe arrived at the Camron home, he found a cocky young preacher who called himself the Rev. Nehemiah Wilson seated by the fireplace. He was expounding at length on the needs of baptism to save one from the eternal fires of perdition. The Rev. John M. Camron, looking terribly disgusted, had excused himself from further discussion by working testily on next Sunday's sermon. Abe sought out Vian in the kitchen and asked how long the windy person had been talking in that fashion.

"For nearly a week. He casually dropped in one afternoon, saying vaguely that he came from Ohio. But when I innocently asked him some pertinent questions, he avoided answering and began to discuss perpetual prayer. Once he got me on my knees before I realized it and would have kissed me, but I smacked him one. He has left me alone since, but he has been making Martha miserable. Martha looks so thin and solemn, she worries me."

Abe slipped back to watch the antics of this impostor who was getting free board from Aunt Polly.

Little Martha, looking like a cherub, with her blue eyes reverent, sat on a stool listening intently to every word that Wilson uttered. Lovely curls, long eyelashes raised in petition—she hadn't even noticed Abe's return! The silly young chap wasn't going to get away with this, if Abe could help it.

"You have sinned very deeply in not taking religious matters seriously. There is only one way of salvation left. You must pray constantly. Get off alone, no one near, for a half hour each morning, afternoon, and evening."

"But where could I find a place to be alone, with a dozen in this cabin most of the time?"

Glancing around, trying to think of a corner where the twins wouldn't bounce in on her, she spied Abe. Her eyes

filled with sudden joy. That stony glare of perfect gravity that Wilson had evoked from her was gone.

Abe smiled, then put on a long face.

Wilson called Martha back to her severe mood, saying in a low, moaning voice, "You must find a secret place of prayer at once."

Nonchalantly Abe caught Martha's eyes as she looked around in desperation. Soberly he explained, "I know just the right spot. There *is* a prayer log! I'll help you find it." He took Martha around the house. Near the back door was a big log. "See, there's your log!" Then he gave a hearty laugh. The spell was broken, for there were always logs at hand, ready to use.

As the family group sat around the fireplace that night, Abe quietly watched Nehemiah Wilson. Then Lincoln stretched out on his stomach by the fireplace "a good long way." He placed his big foot over his knee as with a droll face he sang, "Why should the spirit of mortal man be proud?"

Ingenuously he rose to play his favorite trick on Wilson. Nehemiah was loudly proclaiming the absolute need of two essential practices, baptism in the river and prayer, to save one's self from the devil and endless perdition. Abe broke in with his favorite story. Just at the point where Nehemiah Wilson's hair was ready to stand on end, so shocked was he at the absurdity of this untamed youth, Abe stretched out his long right arm and plucked Wilson's ear.

The twins laughed in glee as Abe reached out to pinch his other ear. Wilson never regained his equilibrium, for Vian accepted Abe's antics with sheer enjoyment. Next morning Nehemiah packed his saddlebags and departed.

A horse-trader came by who wanted to trade off a miserable old horse. The men kept joking about the ribs of the lean old nag. None offered to buy. Finally Abe stepped up, saying, "I'll trade my horse."

"Where is it?" the man asked.

"I'll bring it around in the morning," Abe replied.

The next morning Abe walked around the store with a wooden shaving horse under his arm. He gravely explained that this was the only horse he had.

On a crisp, clear morning in late November, Father went out to Samuel Berry's and returned with a fat turkey and a number of prairie chickens. Late that afternoon, as the chicken pie turned a warm brown and the turkey tender, Vian heard the neighing of horses in the distance. Tinker barked a hearty welcome as Grandfather Camron and Uncle James hurried in. The bright eyes of the older man twinkled as he took the hands of Solena and Sorena.

"Mighty pretty dark-haired lassies, Polly. Fine cooking too. That delicious scent appeals to hungry horsemen who have been in the saddle since dawn."

Soon Grandfather launched into the real purpose of his visit. "Our crops of rye and wheat are abundant, but it takes us a whole day to carry our grain to the nearest mill. One should be built on Spoon River."

James broke in. "I found an ideal location. John, you can homestead one hundred sixty acres adjoining mine and build the mills on your farm. The Spoon River flows just right at that spot. You can lay out another town!"

Polly knew that she would soon have to pack again as she saw John's eyes sparkling with eagerness. But she protested the issue with his father. "John has built a new cabin every two years since our marriage. With eight daughters, why must we keep on moving?"

"I appreciate your deep feeling in the matter, Polly. But this should be John's last move. I'll enjoy having my foine granddaughters near enough to bounce on my knee. Your mills on the Sangamon have not been profitable. Near the Spoon River one finds the best loam that a plow ever furrowed."

Snow was falling the next morning, but Polly couldn't persuade John to wait for warmer weather, as she put an extra muffler around his neck.

"Why worry, Polly? If the weather is too severe, I'll stay over for a week's visit. Tom and Abe can keep plenty of logs ready for the fireplace."

John returned enthusiastic over his projected mills. As soon as he secured buyers, he began selling off his land. According to the Menard County land records:

On December 9, 1831, for \$200, 40 Acres in Section 28, bounded on the South by land owned by James Rutledge. Signed A. LINCOLN (*Witness*).

On May 9, 1832: John M. Camron and wife sold for \$10 Lot No. 5 in New Salem to John McNamor, Jr., adjoining on the East Lot No. 6, owned by James Rutledge, in the presence of Bowling Green and Denton Offutt.

In December Ann with Bill and Baxter Berry were invited to a goose dinner celebrating Vian's sixteenth birthday. As they finished the jolly feast, Abe handed Vian the wishbone, with the challenge that she break it at the right spot. With a quick, firm pull Vian won.

"Let's hope, Quinine, that your wish and mine crossed."

"That's a mystery one dare not tell!"

Father said pointedly, "Since the grammarians are all present, our class opens at once." Desperately serious, he endeavored to keep everyone engrossed in the deep problems of syntax. But youth, ever spontaneous, burst forth in arguments that had an undertone of gaiety.

Promptly at nine, the teacher became the theologian. Closing his grammar, he took down the family Bible and handed it to Bill. Bill chose the fifth chapter of Matthew and in a clear, strong voice read the Beatitudes with feeling. Then each one in the circle quoted a passage.

As Ann reached for her cape, Bill helped her put it on, suggesting that she mount his horse and he would take her across the hill.

In early March, Lincoln went down to Springfield to have his political circulars printed, very optimistic over his

prospect of becoming a member of the Illinois Legislature. After talking with friends on Whig policies, he felt that his emphasis on roads and education should please the voters.

He was in a pleasant frame of mind as he returned to New Salem. "Vian is clever," he mused. "She has given my intellectual powers a stimulating boost." As he crossed the Sangamon, he looked up to the village on the hill. Then he saw Vian lightly skipping down the path. She was watching Sorena, who was playing with Tinker too near the stream.

Abe decided to take Vian by surprise. Quietly dismounting, he slipped through the underbrush. How he would like to take Vian to his bosom! Just at the moment he pressed forward to take Vian in his arms, she turned. Quick as the flick of an eyelash, she blithely stepped to one side, skipping clear around Abe.

He reached out to touch her ear, saying fervently, "You aren't going to escape me so easily the next time! Just wait until I get into the Illinois Legislature. Then you will snatch the opportunity to be my wife. Other girls have changed their tune, with a successful male."

That spring Captain A. Vincent Bogue of Springfield employed Lincoln and Rowan Herndon to bring the steamship *Talisman* from Beardstown to his home town. It proved to be no easy task to take the little steamship through the winding Sangamon. Although the speed never got above four miles an hour, the *Talisman* ran into the Rutledge mill, causing considerable damage, an unfortunate accident that further delayed the sale of their New Salem Mill.

Then came the rumblings of Indian drums in northern Illinois. Land-hungry white squatters had gone fifty miles beyond the spot reserved for the Indian cornfields. Black Hawk was angry at white traders who had given the braves liquor. Full of firewater, crazed Winnebagos and Kickapoos had burned a few of the squatters' cabins.

Black Hawk told the big white chief that he had only wished to visit the grave of his lovely daughter, who not many moons before had ridden her Indian pony along Rock

River as he watched his crop of maize grow tall in the hot summer sun. But pioneers who had pre-empted land too near his cornfield were galvanized into sudden panic and loudly declared that Black Hawk had come back to restore the Sacs to *all* their former grain fields. They demanded immediate action by the government. There was enough vacant land for everyone, but Governor Reynolds, eager to get the Indians removed, issued a call for the state militia to rendezvous at Beardstown on April 22, 1832.

Sergeant-General Berry dropped by the Camron home to tell Elizabeth that if this was like the last Indian uprising, it would soon be over. At least he hoped so, for he planned to build their house the last of the summer. Bill Berry was helping Lincoln organize a company. David Rutledge, sixteen, with his older brother, John, joined Lincoln's company on April 21. Camron, who had been working on the Spoon River Mills, returned on the Sabbath to tell Polly that his brothers, James and Thomas, had re-enlisted in the state militia for service in the Black Hawk War.

The air was heavy with the scent of purple violets as Polly sat on the porch busily sewing on new calico dresses for the twins. She was also making some tiny garments. Would their next child be a son? That would please John. She looked down regretfully on the silent mills. The men had spent long, tedious months building them. She well remembered that cold, blustery night in January when a heavy cough shook the frame of Uncle James as the wind howled around the corner of the house. He had sadly remarked, "The Sangamon lacks the power our fathers enjoyed in Georgia. Milling was fairly profitable in White County too. I hope we can sell the New Salem Mills, as I plan to do more farming."

The mills remained unsold. Little grain would be harvested this year, with the youth engaged in a strange Indian skirmish over the grain fields of Black Hawk.

The sky suddenly grew darker as a great cloud of geese flew over, gracefully settling in the stream below. Orioles were singing in the maples. Vian was humming an old Scottish tune as she returned with the twins, carrying a basket overflowing with wild strawberries.

That afternoon Ann dropped in with her sewing. Her father was worried lest the Black Hawk War last all summer. The grain must be harvested. Betsy felt gay as she made pillowcases for her new home. The New Salem youth should soon return, for Black Hawk had sent a message to Fulton County that no battle would ever be fought near his favorite hunting grounds.

One Sabbath in June, the Rev. John M. Camron held services in the home of William C. Stevenson, who had furnished his nephew, Mathias Mount, and a son with horses and equipment for the Black Hawk War. The day before there had come through from Mount a message that this was indeed a minor Indian skirmish. However, he was one of the business young officers, as he served with General James D. Harris of Springfield, a physician. When a soldier came down with smallpox, he had helped Dr. Harris remove the scales and put them in tin boxes. Then they lined up all the soldiers and vaccinated them. His hand was almost paralyzed by the time he got through. The only wounds he anticipated winding up with were swollen arms. He expected to be home soon, as the Indians had kept out of their way very well.

Most of the volunteers mustered out at Ottawa on May 26 after thirty days' service in the Black Hawk War. When Bill Berry returned, he stopped at the Rutledge Inn and told Ann that he planned to become a resident of New Salem. He owned a lot with a building on it, and had enough cash in hand to buy out James Herndon.

"If I can persuade Captain Lincoln to buy out his brother Rowan Herndon's interest in the partnership, it will be the Berry and Lincoln Store. How does that sound, Ann?"

"Honest Abe should make a fine partner. He may not have any money, but he would be a popular merchant. Your business should be successful, Bill."

One Monday morning in July, Vian rode up to the Spoon River with her father to see the first grain go through his new mill. Although it was incomplete, the machinery was in and grinding could begin. The thrill of activity around the mill on Spoon River was spontaneous. As Father proudly watched the flour flow into the new barrels, Tom was ready to hammer the head on swiftly. During a lull in the grinding, Father took Vian over to see the beans and pumpkins he had planted in his garden. There would soon be a houseraising for their new home.

Next morning as Vian rode with her uncle to Tottem's Prairie, she met William Prosise on a cross trail. Vian's heart gave an extra beat as she suddenly realized that Prosise was just the opposite in every way to Abe. Prosise seemed equally delighted to meet Vian in this silvan setting. Her poise and beauty, enhanced by the unexpectedness of the encounter, brought the suggestion that he join them. When Vian said that she planned to ride over to see her Uncle John Orendorff the next day, Prosise offered to be her escort.

"John has a fine home; his fields are well fenced, and he owns the best stock in the county."

The following morning Vian and Prosise followed a cross trail through the deep woodlands. There was a rustic bridge over a narrow stream and a winding road through the open prairie and into the hills beyond. Stopping on the knoll above to get a better view of Spoon River, William commented, "No month is as lovely as July, when you are by my side, Vian. Then all nature is alert on the prairie or, when taking a siesta, so relaxed and contented. I plan to build a home on this elevation, where we will always have a fine view of Spoon River." A strong masculine embrace on

their home site assured Vian of his deep feeling: a quiet man, who loved deeply.

Arriving at Uncle John Orendorff's, they were heartily welcomed. Muskmelons were served on the wide veranda. Returning to Tottem Prairie at sunset, Prosise told Vian that the weeks until her folks moved to Fulton County would be mighty long ones for him.

A few days later, on an extremely hot afternoon Ann was sitting in the shade chatting with her cousins. She hoped that Abe would return soon.

Vian laughed. "Lincoln is as ugly as a scarecrow, thin as a beanpole, with his straw hat awry! He sure gets himself up in the queerest outfits. He'll probably turn up in his short pantaloons!"

"You are right this time, Quinine," said Abe, laughing as he stuck his head around the corner of the house. "But it's wise not to say too much against the other fellow. He might turn up."

Vian blushed crimson. Betsy could hardly keep her face straight.

Sure enough, Abe was a sight. He was dressed in a short-sleeved homespun shirt. One suspender held up his short flax pantaloons. He had lost his hose, and a ragged straw hat sat at a queer angle on his head. A long knife hung at his waist.

Ann came to the rescue with the comment, "Just the same, I think Vian was hoping you'd come today. For she had a watermelon cooling in a tub of cold water all afternoon, and wouldn't let us cut it."

"Lead me to it, Quinine. I hope it's a whopper!"

"The largest one in the patch. Let me borrow your sharp knife."

The watermelon, red and juicy, began to disappear rapidly. When the twins bounced in for their share, Abe tweaked their ears, laughing at the gay retorts of the girls. Then all at once he became serious. "Time I was getting

down to real work on a political speech. Peter Cartwright has all the thunder. He'll probably defeat me for the Illinois Legislature on election day, August sixth."

"I hope you win," said Ann quietly.

Abe looked at her. "For that speech, Ann, I'm sure going to try." Then he went on to the harvest fields to help his friends.

When he returned Saturday evening, he stopped at the Camron home, hoping to find Vian outside enjoying the cool evening breeze. Everything was strangely quiet. What could have happened? Lincoln strode up to the door and knocked. Martha opened the door quietly.

How strange! Usually the twins were there, ready to pop out to get their ears tweaked. Then he saw the tiny mite in the cradle by Aunt Polly's bed.

"A boy?"

"No. As usual, another girl."

Abe stepped softly over to examine the tiny infant. "Jehosophat! She sure looks like you, Parson. Eyes the same and the dark frown. I'd call her John. You expected a boy this time!"

Polly smiled. "We have names for two more girls, in case our family rounds out to a dozen. This young lady will be christened Eliza Arminda."

"Whew! What a long name to burden any baby with! I'll call her Johnny. That's the name for her. She sure looks like a chip off the old block."

Abe heard a good-natured chuckle and turned to see who the visitor might be.

"That's foine. It might help Providence."

Abe reached over to shake hands with Thomas Camron, Sr., a broad-shouldered Scot with only a few gray hairs in his heavy brown locks.

"Arminda will soon be near enough to carry over to her father's mill on Spoon River. A foine thing, indeed, to have the Camron clan together again. Nine foine granddaugh-

ters—a great many females for sure! New Salem has proved a financial mistake all around. John will found a better town.”

“Not a mistake! Our little town on the hill may still find a place in history. Many fine people have lived here, and I plan to stay. I’ll be around again to taste your pie, when Johnny gets a little older, Aunt Polly.”

Arminda put up a lusty cry as Abe slipped away. Grandfather lifted her from the cradle, energetically patting “Johnny” as she lay against his shoulder as he sang an old Scottish air. After Arminda had dozed off, Grandfather told Polly that he thought Johnny was the liveliest female of all, though still a tiny mite.

When Lincoln was defeated by Cartwright in the August election, Bill had no difficulty in persuading Abe to buy out Rowan Herndon’s interest in the store to become his partner. Since Abe didn’t have any cash, he borrowed the money, signing notes that later involved Bill, who was surety for most of them. As merchants left the small village for larger towns, they blithely sold their stock of goods to Abe and Bill. As much of the merchandise was unsalable, Lincoln acquired little cash to pay off his notes.

That fall the chief item of conversation at New Salem was the marriage of Elizabeth. As Abe told Bill, “Queen Isabella is joining up with Sergeant-General Berry, expert carpenter on the Sangamon.” There was a gala houseraising as the young men in the community turned out to finish Baxter’s new home on his farm two miles from New Salem.

Baxter asked Abe to serve as best man. The wedding took place on October 2. Lincoln selected a matching berry set decorated with roses. When Vian met him at the door, Abe handed her the dishes, saying, “These are for Queen Isabella to dine with, in fine style.” Then in a quiet aside, “When is ours coming off, Quinine?”

"Not until you are elected to the legislature," Vian replied, her eyes twinkling.

Immediately after the wedding, Polly prepared for the move to Fulton County. Abe helped Tom pack a prairie schooner. A chill wind was blowing as he lifted up the last chair. Lincoln with a heavy heart waved good-by to Aunt Polly and the girls. Aunt Polly had been like a mother to him; she always sensed his changing moods.

"Bernadotte Township isn't so far away," she told him. "You'll need extra cash to pay off your notes. We'll be glad to have you spend the night any time you are up our way splitting rails."

As evening drew down, a chill rain began. The store was a desolate place, with Bill gone to the country. Abe would go over to the Rutledge Inn. How dark and empty the Camron house was tonight! Abe shivered in the cold and hurried toward the inn. The candle in the window beckoned him. Ann heard his step and opened the door.

"You are real wet, Abe. Let me hang your coat by the fire."

Lincoln noticed that a book of poetry lay open on the table. "Read some of your favorite poems for me, Ann."

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village,
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice.
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

(LONGFELLOW)

One pleasant day when there were no customers, Abe told Bill that he was going out under the trees to read. As he walked down the path, he saw Ann sitting under a large oak, sewing while glancing at the book by her side. Abe hesitated. Her straight auburn hair glistened in the sunlight. Then he noticed that she was reading aloud.

What a lovely, vibrant voice! Then Ann saw Abe and smiled. Expressive large blue eyes, too. Scottish lassies like Martha and Ann have blue eyes from heaven. Ann was thinking, "No one could be truly ugly with that honest, wholesome face." She invited Abe to sit beside her. With a droll smile he accepted. "Now I know that you can help me read this old dry lawbook and interpret the special meaning." While she read, he lay back against the tree trunk, listening to her salient emphasis and correct phrasing.

As the sun was setting behind the distant horizon, Abe grabbed Ann's hands and gaily pulled her up. "You've helped me a lot. Let's begin an hour earlier tomorrow on this same spot."

"All right. But I have promised Mother to make Sallie a dress. I may bring her with me tomorrow."

Sallie, Ann's youngest sister, proved no trouble whatever, for the happy child played under the trees, picking up acorns, bright autumn leaves and twigs. She amused herself so well that Abe was soon engrossed in explaining difficult phrases to Ann.

The auburn-haired maiden often added a new interpretation that easily cleared up the text. Her father, James Rutledge, over the years had given Ann a broad philosophy of life and a knowledge of the classics.

Lincoln would often stop at the Rutledge Inn, pick up Sallie, and toss her under one arm while giving the other to Ann. Sallie liked the lanky Abe and the way he frisked her under his arm on pleasant Indian-summer days. Of evenings he sometimes held her on his lap, while he told funny stories to Father.

Too soon the cold rains of winter began. There were fewer customers at the Lincoln-Berry Store, not enough muslin or molasses sold over their counter to keep even one clerk busy. Coin was scarce; too many did their trading by barter.

Lincoln had plenty of time to read law. Bill was studying Latin and Greek, preparing for entrance into Illinois College at Jacksonville. Bill's father, the Rev. John M. Berry, devoted many evenings in the counsel and direction of his studies. Lincoln often went home with Bill. There were deep and sincere discussions on the problems of their day. Berry lent Abe books that Bill carried back in his saddlebags.

When James Rutledge decided to move out to his farm, Abe missed the inspirational chats with his devout Presbyterian friends. On long winter evenings he could no longer watch the firelight play on Ann's burnished hair.

The last afternoon before she moved into the country, Abe asked Ann to meet him at their rendezvous near the great oak. When Abe arrived with a lawbook under his arm, Ann was sitting on the roots of the forest tree with a book of poems.

"After you have read your favorite poem, I wish you would read some passages from this dry lawbook and interpret their special meaning." While Ann read, Abe lay back against the tree trunk, quietly listening.

As the sun slowly dipped behind the maples, Abe gaily

pulled Ann to her feet. "You have helped a lot. I will certainly miss you. How did you acquire a knowledge of legal terms?"

Ann's answer came in a tinkling silver voice in gay repartee. "The love of knowledge is deeply instilled in our Scottish clan. The Rutledge name stands high in the annals of colonial history. Father's kinsman, Edward Rutledge, signed the Declaration of Independence. Edward's brother, John Rutledge, was the first governor of South Carolina. The Rev. James M'Gready early appointed father an elder in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Father served as elder and chorister of Sharon, the first church of that faith in Illinois.

"As a small child, I listened to many inspired sermons by seminary students who frequently visited southern Illinois. One of the very sedate ministers, B. F. Spillman, always took a big silk handkerchief from his pocket and carefully spread it on the floor before he knelt to pray."

Abe decided to go up to Fulton County and find a job splitting rails. He ought to pay his share in their stock of goods, and payment was coming due on his notes. As he crossed the Spoon River, he met Vian galloping in. She was glowing from her brisk canter. As Abe dismounted, Vian handed him a bag of Jonathans.

"Take a couple, Abe, and carry the rest into Mother. Perhaps she will make you an apple cobbler, with plenty of cinnamon and spice. Uncle John's orchard would be a good one to drop by, when you are splitting logs up that way."

Lincoln selected a rosy-cheeked apple, saying blithely, "I'll hurry in with these to Aunt Polly, as apple cobbler sure would taste good. But I'll be right back for another brisk gallop with you."

Momentarily the forest seemed afire with the gorgeous flame of the sunset. Fifteen minutes later a crescent moon and the evening star sailed high in the sky, casting their reflections in Spoon River as Abe and Vian turned in to the Camron home. Lincoln drew closer to Vian, taking her hand

in his for a brief moment. Quickly Vian withdrew it and rode to a near-by stump, where she dismounted gracefully. She gave the reins to Tom, who had come out to welcome Lincoln, and called back to Abe to come in to supper.

Abe's heart was warmed by the cordial welcome of Aunt Polly. As he ate heartily, his plate was refilled by Martha. They all made one feel at home, even Vian, who could be very aloof at times.

Camron spoke fervently about the opportunities that lay ahead in carrying the Presbyterian faith to neighboring counties. He had spent last Sunday with the Purvines in Morgan County. Their teen-age son Charles had said that he had been born in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Several Presbyterian families from the South were homesteading near-by farms.

Camron told Lincoln that their family had played an important role in the organization of Fulton County. His brother Thomas and John Orendorff were grand jurors. John was also a road commissioner and had petitioned for a new road from McNeil's house to their mills on Spoon River.

"John McNeil likes to build houses and move about almost as well as I do. He sold his first house, on the public square of Lewiston, to the county commissioners for the courthouse. He is very shrewd and got \$649 for it. Now he has been hired to build a larger courthouse. . . . How about some grammar, Abe?"

"Sure would be all right with me. For I plan to keep on running for the legislature until I am elected."

Camron was very serious as complicated sentences in *Kirkham's Grammar* were parsed. Then he took down Gibson's surveying text. "Illinois is filling up fast. Why not stay a few days and survey with me?"

Lincoln agreed. He needed more dollars in his pocket.

Eli Blankenship, a harsh, determined man, came to the Berry-Lincoln Store in the late spring to collect his note of

\$250, a part of Lincoln's transaction in buying out Rowan Herndon. Eli agreed with Abe that hard money was scarce. "But, Lincoln, you own a half-interest in this store, at least on paper. You pay me, or I'll close your store!"

Thus on a blue Monday Bill came to the rescue of his friend by signing a mortgage on his property:

WILLIAM F. BERRY

To ELI C. BLANKENSHIP

THIS INDENTURE made this 29th day of April in the year of our Lord, 1833, between Wm. F. Berry of the County of Sangamon and State of Illinois of the first part, and Eli C. Blankenship, of the County and State aforesaid of the other part:

WITNESSETH: that the said Wm. F. Berry for and in consideration of the sum of two hundred and fifty (\$250) dollars to him in hand paid, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, has given, granted, bargained and sold . . . all his right, title, interest and estate in . . . the West ½ of Lot 1, South of Main Street in the town of New Salem . . . to Eli C. Blankenship . . . with the buildings. . . .

(Signed) WM. F. BERRY

The condition of the above deed is such, if Abraham Lincoln shall satisfy the demands of a note by him executed and endorsed by J. Rowan Herndon bearing date of April, 1833, payable to Eli C. Blankenship, the above to be null and void . . . but if said Lincoln shall utterly fail to discharge said note, said deed to remain in full force.

Lincoln was unable to raise the \$250 and on July 1 Bill lost his property.

After Bill Berry was elected constable on August 5, 1833, he was one of the first officers to ride down to Springfield to get a copy of the *Illinois Statutes*. But since his

duties were light in a rural community, his Uncle Samuel Berry, also a constable, would handle the cases, sending for him when needed.

David Rutledge and Bill, their saddlebags full of clothing and books, left in early October to study law at the men's seminary in Jacksonville. Slicky Bill Greene, also attending Illinois College, told Rutledge that he would need all the knowledge he had acquired in the New Salem Debating Club to meet the challenge of those stiff Yale professors.

The president, the Rev. Edward Beecher, brother of Henry Ward Beecher, had given up his church on Boston Common to train Illinois youth for the ministry and the law. He was pleased that his enrollment had gone over a hundred students.

Stately elms stood out like sentinels along the empty streets, for there was only one house between the new Female Academy and Illinois College a mile west. Dr. Beecher had brought a piano from New England. The Music Department of the small academy boasted having one from London.

Lewis and Harvey Ross, law students from Lewiston, became David's best friends. Their professors, Dr. Jonathan B. Turner and Dr. Julian M. Sturtevant, gave clear although profound interpretations of science and philosophy.

David and Bill felt at home with Dr. Beecher, a deeply religious educator who said grace at every meal and prayers morning and evening. With the increased enrollment, more tables and chairs were needed in their classrooms. Dr. Beecher was pleased to learn that David was a good carpenter. Cash was scarce for both students and professors. David earned part of his tuition by making furniture.

On a winter day as Vian took a fruitcake out of the oven, she heard a horseman riding in and hurried to the door to welcome their visitor. A tall man was tying his

horse in the dusk. Then she heard the familiar refrain as Abe turned toward her.

"How's Vinegar this cold December day?"

"Sweet with brown sugar. Christmas is around the corner."

"Good. How about wafting a kiss this way?"

"I don't have any to spare."

"Now, Vian, I rode all day to find a different answer this time."

Just then Tom came in from the mill. "Glad to see you, Abe. Seems like old times. How's business?"

"Slower than molasses. I sure have missed you all, especially Vian's spice."

There was a lively conversation as they sat around the table. Abe especially enjoyed the pumpkin pie. "Aunt Polly, it was worth a long ride just to sample your pie again."

"Sample?" asked Vian as Abe took another big slice.

"Best not to watch too closely, Quinine; maybe the next one will be baked by you."

After finishing a surveying job near New Salem, Abe again rode up to the Spoon River country. He had a warm spot in his heart for all the Camrons. Tam o' Shanter always kept plenty of logs rolling into the fireplace on cold winter days.

As Lincoln approached their home, he heard a baby crying. Martha met him at the door and announced the fact that she had a new sister. Abe turned toward Aunt Polly, who had put the tiny infant over her shoulder to ease her sobs.

"Our tenth girl arrived January fifteenth."

"Too late for a Christmas carol," remarked Abe as he poked his finger under the baby's chin.

"We have named her Caroline Thielia."

"You'll soon run out of double names."

"No, we have one left, in case our family rounds out to an even dozen."

The next day Abe went out to split rails for a new fence. It was a cold, windy day and he was tired as he turned in. He hoped that Aunt Polly had plenty of hot biscuits to-night, for he was mighty hungry. How many months of rail-splitting would it take to pay off his "national debt?" he wondered. Aroused by a movement, he looked toward the mill.

Vian! Oblivious to everything else, Vian ran like a deer to greet her mate—William Prosise. Prosise stooped down to give Vian a kiss on her forehead. Then he dismounted and embraced her with masculine firmness.

As her father stepped out of the mill, Vian stated demurely that there would be an extra guest for supper tonight.

Jauntily nonplussed, Abe said aloud, "This is the time for lovers, I see."

"Yes, Abe; William and I are getting married."

Prosise, handsome and well poised, smiled.

"You are sure carrying a precious package of spice over your threshold, William!" Abe said fervently. He quietly told Tom that he was leaving immediately to spend the night with a friend down the trail.

Camron, standing near by, noticed how deeply Abe felt, and mused as he watched Lincoln cross the bridge and disappear in the evening shadows: "Abe has a good mind. He may go far. But I leave the final choice of husbands to my daughters. I can trust their judgment in selecting 'good providers.'"

Three months later Lincoln rode out to the Rutledge farm. Ann was the best girl after all. Suddenly he was glad that his rash for Vian was over. Looking up, he saw that Rutledge was bringing out Ann's horse.

The meadows were full of purple violets. Pussy willows nodded in the breeze, and in the dark glens along the stream tall green fronds of graceful ferns swayed in the shadows. Reaching the Sangamon, Abe and Ann climbed to a high rock, with a wide view of the valley below.

"Do you remember, Ann, the first time we enjoyed a western sunset here?"

She smiled. Abe looked deeply into the expressive eyes that mirrored his own. Then he took her gently into his arms.

"I love you, Ann. Whatever our problems are, they'll work out. You are mine to love and cherish forever."

"That's true, Abe."

Looking into her eyes, Abe quietly sang:

When in death I shall calmly recline,
Oh, bear my heart to my Mistress dear,
Tell her it lived on smiles and wine,
Of brightest hue, while it lingered here.

"That's a lovely song, the way you sing it."

"Vian never thought I could carry a tune."

"Sing for me any time you wish, Abe."

"Now it's your turn to sing some Scottish ballads."

Lincoln leaned back listening to the sweet melody of Ann's words as she made love lyrics soul-thrilling. Abe felt that he could listen forever to the soft, musical rhythm of her words. Love poems can be sad, too, as if love was fleeting. One had to hold on thoughtfully, or love might fly away . . . life and death woven together by the poet.

The sun was setting over the Sangamon as Abe rode homeward. "Homeward," he mused. "I trust the time will not be too long until Ann can ride with me to our new home."

During his spring vacation at Illinois College, Bill Berry attended circuit court in Springfield, April 9 to 20. In his brief visit with Lincoln at their New Salem store, Bill told Abe that both he and David Rutledge planned to attend the summer session. Their legal training under the Yale professors was thorough.

Abe shrugged his shoulders. His "national debt" hadn't decreased any. Too few customers, with more of his notes

coming due. However, his circle of friends had grown larger. Someone would always go on his note as security.

Lincoln felt confident this warm spring day that he would win a seat in the Illinois Legislature in the August election. Then he would have more cash in hand. The day was too pleasant to stay indoors. He would ride out to the country, leaving his young friend Burner in charge of the store.

As he approached the Rutledge home, he noticed that Ann was in the riding mood too. Her father had brought up her horse, and she was stepping into her sidesaddle. Riding over to join her, Abe noticed her attractive riding habit, with miniature puffs of red silk buttons the size of the tip of her dainty fingers. Her chestnut-brown hair, so carefully rolled, glistened in the warm sunlight. How graceful she was in all her movements!

After a brisk gallop down the road, Abe slowed to a pleasant canter to enjoy the beauty of the woodlands and the plowed fields skirted with flowers.

Climbing to their favorite rock above the Sangamon, Ann playfully remarked, "When you are elected to the legislature, I plan to attend the Jacksonville Female Academy."

That evening as they rode into the Rutledge lane, Ann's father came out to ask Abe if he planned to attend Illinois College.

"The national debt still hangs heavily over my head. When I bought a horse from Watkins, Bill Berry signed as surety for \$57.86."

Ann said fervently, "I wish you could sell your store to someone coming in from the South who has plenty of money! Then you could attend college at the same time that I am at the academy. I'd like to study music. If I take piano lessons, I would learn to play love songs."

"We will work toward that, Ann," said her father. "I'd love to have you learn more of our Scotch melodies. Some day I might even be able to buy you a piano."

Abe watched the smile that played a melody across Ann's countenance. If only their dreams could come true.

At sunrise one morning Abe and Ann rode toward Bernadotte. The roadside was fragrant with the scent of wild roses and honeysuckle, and the birds were singing their gayest tunes. Ann sang several Scottish airs that pleased Abe as they followed old Indian trails through a primeval forest. The sun was getting hot ere they reached Bernadotte.

"I'm looking for Camron's deep well first, Ann. Do you remember the old oaken bucket I lifted at New Salem?"

"I'll never forget it. If only we could all live together again! Those were pleasant hours, when we crossed New Salem for our daily visits."

Aunt Polly warmly welcomed Ann and Abe. Vian, who was spending the day in Bernadotte, led Abe to the wide hammock on the vine-covered porch.

"Ann has almost persuaded me to go to college before we tie up. But I'll have to pay off my national debt first. By the way, Vian, how does Prosise endure your spice and vinegar?"

Vian laughed. "You used to enjoy it. Remember?"

"I reckon I do, especially the time I returned from the Black Hawk War. You called me a scarecrow!"

"You're not any more, with Ann's careful scrutiny."

Just then Andrew McNamor strode up the path. Abe got up and bowed deeply to Sarah, saying, "I suggest that you take my place on the hammock. Andrew might be as good holding your hand as when he held mine after a marble game. Even if I won all the marbles!"

When Camron came in, he suggested that Abe stay for several days and help with the wheat harvest.

That evening Abe watched Tom, as he slipped out quietly, mounted a horse and swiftly rode away. "Pray, what takes Tam o' Shanter so blithely riding on a moonlight night?"

Martha smiled knowingly. "A lovely blonde, Zillah. Her

father, David Emry, came in from Ohio to homestead land. Tom and Father went over to the houseraising. This lovely nymph, mounted on a fine steed, rode out of the forest to watch them. That was one time Tom wasn't interested in carpentry. He let Father do the work while he chatted with the fair maiden. Love at first sight for both of them. The dark-haired, muscular giant and the delicate, light-haired blonde."

Camron explained to Abe the special requirements of the Land Law of 1834. With the opening of a new land office in Quincy, he had gone over with others to take out the land they had homesteaded. This pre-emption law was very detailed, requiring four long papers, carefully signed, with witnesses. He had made application on June 8, 1834, as proprietor of the east half of Bernadotte. The west half of Bernadotte was purchased the same day by Charles Coleman, who gave proof that he had lived there in 1833-34, raising an acre of corn.

Robert Hughey, John Knott, Hugh Maxwell, and John R. Martin gave oath that John M. Camron had fenced and cultivated the left half of the village in 1833, had a dwelling, was growing vegetables, showing real occupancy in June, 1834. Camron gave proof that he was living in Section 19 T 5 NR 2 E of the Fourth Principal Meridian in 1833 and was still occupying his home. His first signature, John M. Camron, gave proof that he had projected a mill in 1831. He paid \$155 issued on the State Bank of Illinois and \$2.60 specie. In November he would have to return to the Quincy Land Office, with witnesses, to prove that he was still living there.

Baxter Berry, notary public, had bought land at the same time in Bernadotte Township, half of which lay in the "Great Windfall." Camron's brothers James and Thomas also received land for their service in the state militia.

Next morning when Abe went out to the wheatfield, he noticed Andrew McNamor crossing the bridge. As he drew near, Lincoln challenged him: "You have returned to look at one of the parson's brown-eyed daughters."

Andrew grinned. "You come as often as I do, if not oftener."

Camron, joining them, told the youth to shock the wheat in the lower field. As the sun grew hotter, Ann and Sarah brought out large jugs of cold water.

Andrew commented, "Sarah has such lovely dark-brown ringlets, like Martha. It just ripples when she draws a comb through it."

"You know, Andrew, I once thought that I preferred dark, curly hair. But I changed my mind. Now I like straight auburn locks the best."

"I sorta think Ann's auburn hair is pretty too. Look how it shines in the sunlight."

"The most beautiful burnished auburn hair one will ever see!"

Abe, who had been throwing great bundles over for Andrew to stack for several hours, was glad for an excuse to drop down in the shade of a red-haw tree to relax. Andrew stood with Sarah under a great elm for a few minutes before going back to bind the sheaves of grain.

At dinnertime Polly read a letter that she had just received from her brother William in McLean County. Hearing that ships had begun to bring their wares to the muddy little village of Chicago, no bigger than a fly, they had hitched up four horses to a wagon for the hundred-and-fifty-mile trip to port. They had received a fine price for flour and other farm produce. It would pay them to make the trip every year.

"You see, Aunt Polly, farmers will go a long way to a river port and buy goods direct from the ship. How can Bill and I dispose of our stale merchandise? The location of a town has much to do with sales. Curiosity for new products is the life of trade."

When Bill returned from summer school at Illinois College, he found Lincoln in tight financial straits, unable to pay his share of the notes due on the Berry-Lincoln Store. Abe owed \$645, Bill \$68. Abe honestly wished that all their

obligations could be settled before he went to Vandalia the last of November for his first session in the Illinois Legislature. Bill gave up his plans to return to Illinois College for the fall term. With the help of his father, he began to liquidate his stock of goods and pay off their notes.

On August 20, when Lincoln had been in Springfield certified as a member of the next legislature, he was questioned about one of his notes. October 11 was another blue day as Van Bergen levied on the joint and separate property of Lincoln and Berry. Watkins also appeared, demanding cash for the horse that he had sold to Abe. On November 19, 1834, the Lincoln-Berry Store completed its ill-fated business venture.

Lincoln appreciated the generosity of Bill and his father. Another friend lent Abe the needed cash to buy a suit of clothes. He would never wear his funny old outfit again. Rolling up his shirts, he rode into the country. Smiling, he handed them to Mrs. Rutledge, saying whimsically, "Maybe you can make quilt blocks out of my old clothes. If I become famous, you can tell your friends, sure, you knew the rail-splitter. 'Many pleasant evenings he sat by our fireside telling jokes while he was courting Ann.'"

Ann was pleased to see Lincoln so well dressed for his great adventure in the state legislature. Riding to their favorite rendezvous above the Sangamon, Abe told her that he would like to see the capital moved to Springfield. "Then you can come to hear one of my speeches."

"Now that you are in the legislature, I must prepare to be a senator's or a governor's wife. I plan to attend the Jacksonville Female Academy this fall."

The summer of 1835, when Lincoln was in the New Salem area he again rode with Ann to their favorite spot on a large, flat rock above the Sangamon, where there was a fine view of the surrounding country. One afternoon it was misting as they started out, and rain was falling in sheets as they reached the Sangamon. The rock was damp, and little pools of water stood all around them.

Abe promised Ann to take her home soon, but he needed the soul-refreshing moments he always experienced with his beloved. Suddenly a cough racked Ann's body. Abe lifted her and carried her back to her horse. She seemed so light and ethereal; Lincoln couldn't understand it.

When he took her into the Rutledge home, her mother noted Ann's flushed face, and with great concern in her voice said, "Ann must have the terrible fever that has been going around our community. I had hoped that we would escape this dread disease."

Rutledge left immediately to get Dr. Allen. When he examined Ann, the doctor said that Ann had a serious case of pneumonia, with complications. He feared that it would be a long, hard illness. As Ann grew worse, **James Rutledge** sent for John Camron; his long, fervent prayers might be of some avail.

Next evening, when Lincoln came in he grasped the devout minister's hand, dropped with him to their knees in prayer, then hurried to the side of Ann.

Another evening a terrible electric storm was brewing. The trees were swaying under the heavy wind. Great flashes of electricity crossed the sky. A loud crash of thunder, and a great elm cracked under the pressure. Electricity kept popping through the woodlands. Another tall tree was blasted into shreds.

The Rev. John M. Berry heard a "hello" outside and recognized the voice of Lincoln. He called out a welcome, "Come in out of the storm, Abe."

As the candlelight fell on Abe's face, Berry saw that Lincoln was greatly disturbed. "I am on the way to Ann's. Late this afternoon, her father told me that her terrible fever had not receded. I hoped to reach her home tonight."

"Why not stay with us, Abe? This storm, following a very hot afternoon, may last a long time. We will read a chapter from the Scriptures and pray for Ann's recovery."

After a sincere prayer for their friend Ann Rutledge, Berry noted a more hopeful expression on Lincoln's face. But that night Berry and his wife were deeply worried as

Abe through the long hours disconsolately walked the floor.

At dawn, the sun rose clear. Abe would not wait for food but strode away quickly to the Rutledge home. Berry told his wife Frances, "Abe feels too deeply for Ann. I fear for him, if Ann doesn't recover from this strange fever."

When Lincoln reached the Rutledges, Camron came out to speak with him. Silently he prayed for his distressed young friend. Mary Ann had breakfast ready and urged John to insist that Lincoln eat with them, as Ann had drifted off to sleep after a wakeful night. He prayed fervently for the quick recovery of the beloved Ann as he asked the blessing. But he, like Abe, sensed her grave condition and could eat little.

Sallie was awed. Lincoln paid her no heed. Not like Abe; he had always noticed her. "He didn't even see me, or ask me to sit on his lap," Sallie told her father.

Rutledge stooped over and kissed her, saying, "Poor Abe. He feels terrible, like we all do. Ann has never been so ill before. You pray for Ann too, Sallie."

Sallie sobbed and wiped tears from her eyes, saying, "I do wish I could do something to help Abe!"

Ann grew worse. Abe sat in a chair by her side, watching his beloved Ann as the hot fever flushed her face. Her mother quietly came and went, applying cold cloths to cool her feverish brow. But all was in vain. Ann slipped away to her home above.

Abe could not bear it. He rushed out of the house, his soul crushed. Why had a just God done this? Taken away forever his beloved? Camron followed him into the near-by woods. Grasping his hand, he knelt with the distraught youth, giving a poignant prayer. Then he quoted many passages from the Scriptures revealing deep hope and faith.

The Rev. John Camron preached the funeral sermon of the beloved Ann. At the graveside he took Abe's hand and quietly suggested, "Come up and see us any time you care to. Maybe Aunt Polly can help you."

This was the saddest experience John had ever known.

He felt keenly the sorrow of his Aunt Mary Ann, Uncle James, and Abe—a sorrow too deep for words. The extreme grief of Lincoln worried him. Abe had deep, hidden emotions that no man could fathom. Camron prayed fervently that Abe's love for a maiden so suddenly taken from his arms forever might in heaven above still give a gleaming light for future consecrated living—that faith might be restored to his bleeding soul. For Lincoln was the type of a man needed in America. "May God restore to Lincoln the humor and faith that mean so much to his friends!" was the hope of this sincere Presbyterian minister.

Later Lincoln mounted a horse, hardly knowing which way to turn. But at dusk he reached Bernadotte and stumbled up the steps. Aunt Polly gave him hot coffee and food. Then she said softly, "We'll sit by the fireplace and repeat together the Twenty-third Psalm."

Suddenly Caroline began to cry. Abe went over to her cradle. "Let me rock Caroline, Aunt Polly. The little girl that was almost a Christmas carol!"

Soon he began singing:

When in death I shall calmly recline,
Oh, bear my heart to my Mistress dear,
Tell her it lived on smiles and wine,
Of brightest hue, while it lingered here.

When Ann's father died on December 3, 1835, John went down to comfort his Aunt Mary Ann. That year, three of his inner circle of Cumberland Presbyterian friends and kinsmen had been called to their Father above, Bill Berry, Ann, and his companion in mill-building. . . .

One desperately cold February morning David Rutledge was sitting by the fire, studying. He would soon enter the law office of Lewis and Harvey Ross in Lewiston, to gain experience and practice new techniques in preparation for his state bar examination. Looking out the window, he saw a horseman coming up the road at a swift gallop. It was the

McNamor who had bought Father's land. Father shouldn't have sold this farm; but that was water under the bridge now.

Mrs. Rutledge, who had also seen McNamor, was terribly upset. David opened the door, invited their visitor in, and asked him to sit in a comfortable chair by the fire. He sat down. Turning to Mrs. Rutledge, brusklly he burst out: "You know renters always move out before the first of March. I'll be ready to move in on that day, so that I can get ready for the spring planting of oats."

"That's next week! Margaret is ill. We couldn't move this bitter cold weather. Where would we go?"

"You should have known that I would want my farm March first, and secured another one long before this."

Mary Ann burst into tears. What could she do?

David said quietly, "Don't worry, Mother. We should have moved to a better farm in Fulton County. . . . McNamor, we will arrange to get out as quickly as possible. With my sister ill, we may not be able to leave before March first. But we shall make every effort possible to let you have the farm soon."

"I said the first of March. That means that you must get out in February." McNamor stood up, put on his gloves, looked around the pleasant room, then marched to the door haughtily. Mounting his horse, he rode away.

Mother rarely cried. Nancy and Sallie went over and threw their arms around her, trying to soothe her. David waited until the sobs subsided. Then he spoke.

"I will leave at dawn on our fastest horse for Fulton County. Our cousin, John Camron, may know of a much better farm available. Since I will be in Lewiston studying law this summer, I can ride out to our new farm on pleasant Sundays. You are the best cook in the world!"

His mother smiled. "You make everything sound fine. But I don't see how we can locate any farm by next week."

"We have plenty of kinsmen as well as friends in Fulton County. Some arrangement can be made."

John was glad to see the prospective lawyer ride in. He had been wanting to talk to him. David reminded him very much of David's father, James Rutledge. How John missed him! His eyes misted over as he grasped David's hand.

David momentarily feared that this meant bad news, but quickly John smiled and asked, "Any problem today, David?"

When David had finished telling about McNamor's terse demands, Camron affectionately put his broad hand on David's shoulder and said, "I know of a place that your mother can rent. The house is empty and you can move in right away. Baxter Berry and I will take our wagons down and bring back all the farm implements and stock in one trip. The owner moved on West and asked me to take care of it this summer till he finds a buyer. Aunt Mary will like the house. The deep well has fine, clear water."

Within the week Mary Ann and her six children were snugly settled in the pleasant house.

The mill at Bernadotte was a busy place. Life hummed happily around the new village. But Polly told Mary Ann that she too was moving soon, as John had bought another farm.

As winter passed and sap began flowing again through the great maples, fresh hope came for Abe. He surveyed his own little oxbow tract in the deep curve on the north bank of the Sangamon. The rich alluvial soil of the forty-seven-acre tract stood on a prominence above the swamp five miles north of a timber-edged quarter section previously taken out by the Scottish minister.

Lincoln was laying out the new county seat of Mason County and decided to go over to visit Aunt Polly on Rives Prairie. She was in the garden with a little cherub in her arms. "Meet Margaret Angeline, Abe. She was born June fifteenth."

"The eleventh girl! Why not call her Peggy? The last peg in your dozen!"

V

ON A COLD, rainy day, Tom and his father studied an announcement in the newspaper:

A new prairie state is opening up across the Mississippi. The territorial legislature met at Belmont, Wisconsin, in October to define the boundaries of Iowa Territory. The first Counties organized will be Des Moines, Henry, Lee and Van Buren.

"Now that you have married Zillah, why not homestead a large farm, Tom? We'll leave at dawn Monday to explore this new Black Hawk Purchase."

As John packed heavy saddlebags, Polly asked him if Tom should move again. He had already built a fine house on a fertile, improved farm. Severe hardships had always accompanied them in their constant search for better land. She hoped Zillah wouldn't have to endure what she had.

Tom and his father crossed the Mississippi at Keokuk, where the Des Moines River joins the Father of Waters. The Indians had early christened this spot Puck-a-she-tuk, "the place at the foot of the rapids." A few years before, the American Fur Company had established a trading post; the new town was named for the wise and peaceful Indian chief, Keokuk.

As John Camron rode through the high prairie grass of the Iowa Territory, he was reminded of the long Indian trails he had followed from Kentucky into Seven Mile Prairie. Wild turkeys and prairie chickens were just as plentiful on this new frontier.

Forty miles beyond Keokuk, Tom and his father rode

around a fertile valley encircled by great maples and oaks. "Aunt Mary Ann and her sons can locate land on the southern half of this six-mile prairie. We'll stake out farms on the northern half and call our township Liberty." There was a Sac village on the creek less than two miles from where Tom blazed great maples.

On his return to Fulton County, Tom went over to tell his grandfather about their fertile six-mile prairie. But Grandfather was not impressed. "My oldest son has always had a roving foot. Full of restless energy, he is never satisfied with an improved farm. But the rest of the Camron clan, thank God, are satisfied with the Spoon River Country! Tom, you are like your father. 'Adventure' spelled with capital letters will keep you moving westward, I fear."

"You are right. I will follow Father to the setting sun."

Father was whistling as he finished packing a long prairie schooner. At the moment baby Margaret was cooing. Caroline, three, Arminda, five, and the ten-year-old twins were playing hide-and-seek behind the trees.

Polly thought their four lively teen-age daughters would keep their father in a dither on a new frontier. He was mighty particular about the men who courted his comely daughters.

Zillah's father rode in with a large basket of fruit, deeply concerned about his lovely daughter, who would have to camp out for weeks in all kinds of weather before new homes were built.

"Almost a hen party," Camron remarked as he lifted Zillah to a seat in the covered wagon. "Yet every one of my girls is precious. Think of the fine new sons coming my way!"

As their wagons crossed the Mississippi, John, ever dramatic, pointed westward. "We ride to Liberty Township, another homesite of rare beauty. Primeval forests are glowing in bright autumnal colors!"

Polly found her Sac neighbors very disconcerting. The

squaws were always moving stealthily around the trees, picking up anything that pleased their fancy. A pretty sunbonnet was dropped on a tree stump by Jane. A squaw grabbed it and disappeared behind the bushes. Her papoose "needed a sunbonnet." One day just in the nick of time Martha saw a squaw grab a sharp knife. Polly heard Martha's cry and hurried after the squaw. Indians might not understand English, but they soon learned from Polly's gestures that not even one fork could be spared to pilferers.

Although Father was tired at night from his strenuous day's work preparing logs for their new home, he always smiled at Caroline as she climbed into his lap to eat supper with him. She was tiny for three. A mass of soft brown ringlets covered her head, and her eyes sparkled as he told her about the bear he had seen roaming through the woods that day.

As spring opened, great flocks of geese and mallards drifted northward, dropping gracefully into the Des Moines River. Deer quietly slipped through the rushes.

Tom and his father had hard work breaking the heavy prairie sod for their fields of corn and rye, but on Saturday afternoons Camron came in early. At dawn he would leave for a distant settlement to hold a Presbyterian service. As each new county was formed, the horseback preacher was there to welcome the new settlers.

One Saturday the twins asked their father if they could accompany him. They had finished their new riding skirts, and Mother had designed dainty little flower hats the past week. Father looked at Sorena and Solena, his eyes shining with approval, as they gaily displayed their new spring costumes. "A fine idea. The prairies are abloom with wild flowers. You'll enjoy the woodlands we pass on the way to Purvines'."

At dawn the twins climbed into sidesaddles and rode off in high spirits. Two hours later, as they reached a cross trail, Sorena saw a tall, scholarly youth approaching on a spirited roan horse.

Camron had also noted the stranger. Liking his appearance, he reined up to speak to him. Being a minister, he welcomed every youth going through, providing he wasn't a scalawag. He could spot one a mile away.

The youth's eyes twinkled as he tipped his hat to the charming twins. He noted the tiny flower hats perched above their shoulder-length curls.

"I am the Presbyterian minister on the Iowa frontier," the Rev. Mr. Camron announced as he extended his hand.

"I hail from east Tennessee, the son of a Methodist minister, the youngest of twelve children, Baxter Newton Bonham—B.N., for short. My brother will be along ere long, B. B. Bonham, M.D. He found a lad down the trail who had scratched his big toe. That looked like an infection to him. So I bade him adieu, with the promise that he would meet me at the next clearing."

"Meet the twins, Sorena and Solena. I have eleven daughters, and each one has a brother."

"Indeed! Twenty-two children?"

"No, just a dozen even, like your father. After I had one son, Thomas, I was blest with eleven daughters."

"Here comes Benjamin Blackwell. Watch him come post haste down the trail to meet the fair virgins."

Camron watched the approaching horseman with interest. This frontier could certainly use a doctor. "How's the lad's foot?" he inquired.

"Fortunately a pot of hot water was boiling in the fireplace. After sterilizing the foot, I wrapped the lad's toe with a clean handkerchief. I will return tomorrow and examine it again."

"Will you join us for preaching service?"

"Yes, the Presbyterians have much the same spirit as we do."

The pleasant weather had brought out a large attendance. Sorena was thrilled by the beauty of Baxter's high tenor voice as they sang the songs of the faith.

While all were enjoying the fellowship of a basket din-

ner, Dr. B. B. Bonham told about their grandfather, the Rev. Benjamin Bonham, who, inspired by the famous Bishop Asbury, had preached in Virginia. Their father, also a Methodist minister, had moved to east Tennessee in 1799. He was active in the camp meetings of the Rev. James M'Gready, and there had developed between them a deep spiritual brotherhood.

"Very true. Peter Cartwright is always welcome in our home. He has recently established prayer groups in Iowa."

Dr. Bonham had completed his theological and medical courses in Washington Seminary. His brother, the Rev. Samuel Bonham, who like himself had studied for the ministry, planned to teach a summer term near Liberty Township.

"You see," broke in Baxter, who was sitting by Sorena, "we shall have further opportunity of meeting you."

"Indeed yes," urged Camron. "We are having a service next Sunday in the woodlands adjoining our home. Polly would join me in inviting you to our basket dinner. Will you deliver the sermon, Dr. Bonham?"

"After your powerful message today, I wonder if I can come up with equal inspiration."

"Certainly. The Methodists have plenty of fire too."

"Parson," suggested Baxter with a droll smile, "your members might object to our good Methodist doctrine of backsliding, then getting converted all over again."

Camron chuckled. "I would like to see a few of our brethren warmed up to the good old-time religion. M'Gready once said that the first Presbyterians believed that a certain part of the human family was forever ordained to eternal damnation, regardless of their life and character. But when the Cumberland Presbyterian Church was organized, they preached that whosoever will may be saved."

The next Sunday, when the Bonham brothers rode into Liberty Township, Polly had finished roasting deer. Her face was flushed but she was well poised as she welcomed their Tennessee friends. She introduced the younger girls first, then Martha.

Camron watched Dr. Bonham as he quietly took Martha's hand in greeting and saw the sudden glow in his deep blue eyes. Charles Purvine, from Morgan County, Illinois, also joined the circle.

The song service opened with zest, with many fine tenor and bass voices. But the Bonham brothers rang out clear, above the others. Dr. Bonham closed his inspiring message, with a song he had composed. Martha told him afterwards, "Your voice has the power of a lion and the melody of a lark as you ring out in the chorus. 'We'll strike our golden harps in heaven.'" Her eyes were shining as she told him of the joy his words had given to her.

"Your rapt attention lifted my soul too, Martha."

After the Bonham brothers rode away late that afternoon, Father told Polly, "I already have the sincere faith that I will have the finest son of all some day, Dr. Bonham."

"One must let things take their own course, John. One never knows for sure what one's destiny will be."

When a land office opened at Burlington June 13, 1838, Tom and his father entered the land they had homesteaded in Jefferson County. Samuel and John Berry entered tracts in adjoining counties.

What a busy fall! The men in Liberty Township had built a round log schoolhouse, which would serve as a church on the Sabbath. On rainy days puncheons were fashioned for seats and desks. As soon as the schoolhouse was completed, John prepared logs for Aunt Mary's new house across the line in Van Buren County. She had written that she hoped to reach Iowa before the Mississippi froze over. When Aunt Mary Ann Rutledge rode in with her six children on a chill, windy night, she was indeed glad to have her home well started.

Tom helped John Rutledge, twenty-eight, her oldest son, fashion the puncheon floors. Robert, nineteen, was handy with tools. Young William helped Tom nail in the long shelf that Robert had fashioned near the fireplace for

their precious books—*Kirkham's Grammar*, which Abe had given to Ann, Father's Bible, the blue-backed speller, and their well-worn songbooks.

The last of November, Camron and Thomas hung the heavy oak doors and fashioned oak shutters over the windows. Polly and the girls took over a well-roasted turkey and browned sweet potatoes for the family feast. Zillah soon arrived with two roast ducks.

After dinner, Mary Ann showed them the quilt that she especially cherished, made from Abe's old clothes. "Do you remember this calico shirt?" The tiny pieces were arranged in an attractive design.

Indian squaws wandered over to the Rutledge home. Polly had sent over several pumpkins, which Mary Ann had put on a shelf. One day a squaw peeked in the open door, saw the pumpkins, and crept toward the shelf. She offered a grimy piece of tobacco to Mrs. Rutledge, who shook her head. The squaw returned to the doorway and put down the dirty tobacco on the step. Then she turned back to gaze longingly at the pumpkins. Mary Ann took one down and gave it to her. The squaw grunted happily, stooped to pick up the piece of tobacco, and soon disappeared in the woods.

One afternoon, little Sallie decided to visit Caroline, a three-mile walk across the fields. Sorena took some gay pieces of calico and made the most beautiful rag doll that Sallie had ever seen. In fact, it was her first doll. Proudly Sallie carried it home. But William poked so much fun at her doll that she took it upstairs and hid it under the rafters.

One Sunday Sallie had a cold and did not go to the church service in the Camron house. She went out to the well to get a drink, and as William pulled up the great oaken bucket, a huge Indian crossed their yard.

Galvanized in terror, they saw him stop at their grindstone to sharpen a large butcher knife. Sallie and William rushed into the house and bolted the door. Watching from

the window, Sallie saw the Indian disappear in the hazelnut bushes. When the folks returned from church, Robert looked in the brush and found a deer the Indian had skinned.

Some days later as Sallie was sweeping up the hearth, she left the broom under the shelf while she went outdoors to play. When she ran back for her doll, the broom was ablaze from a smoldering spark she had picked up while sweeping. She grabbed the broom and threw it outside—just in time. Another minute, and Father's precious books would have caught fire!

One Sunday evening when Camron returned from a preaching mission, he noted a horse tied up to his rail fence. Charles Purvine, whom he had known as a lad near Jacksonville, was chatting with Mary Jane. He turned to Camron and asked him if the fertile strip of land adjoining his farm had been taken out.

"No. We would like to have you for a neighbor. We are very fortunate to have land on the new road near the mill that Troxell is building."

As Charles left, Tom noted the pleasant smile he gave Mary Jane.

Tom and his father were hunting in a distant woodland one Saturday afternoon, when Charles again rode in. He handed a big package to Mrs. Camron, remarking, "I thought you might like this soft cashmere shawl for cool days. I lost both my father and my mother while we were living near Jacksonville. You have a lovely voice and a pleasant manner, just like Mother had."

Then he gave a scarf to Jane. "Let's ride past the Indian village and look at the trees that I have blazed around my acreage."

The Indians were roasting a juicy, fat bear at their campfire.

"Smells mighty good, Mary Jane. Let's hope it isn't very long until you'll be roasting venison in our fireplace."

When Camron returned from the hunt with several fat

turkeys, Charles showed him the big maples he had recently blazed. As John entered the house, Polly was smiling, a dimple on her cheek as she showed him the cashmere shawl.

"Isn't Charles thoughtful?"

"Hm! So he has won you over too? This is mighty sudden. I am not prepared for such swift courting!"

"That's just fine, Father. He already seems like one of the family," Jane remarked.

A few days later Jane ran in glowing from another horseback ride with Purvine. "Charles and his brother have cut down great oaks for our home. In a few days he will be ready for the houseraising."

"He surely isn't wasting any time!"

"That's right. Charles needs someone to make tasty corn bread."

Camron made little protest, for Purvine was unusually energetic and progressive. He planned to specialize in fine cattle.

Thousands of wild geese were flying in wide circles over the six-mile prairie as Nancy and Solena rode down a winding path with Tom. They were bagging fowl for the church dinner on the Sabbath.

On a cross trail, an approaching horseman stopped to chat with Tom. He and his brother, Hugh Martin, were taking out land across the line in Van Buren County. Tom introduced Silas Martin to Nancy, who noted his fine saddle and high leather boots.

Silas caught her eye and smiled. "I am a saddler by trade and specialize in making fine quality boots. I thought there might be ample opportunity to ply my trade on the Iowa frontier."

Tom assured him that a leather specialist would find plenty to do in that locality. There were several fine hides drying in his barn. Nancy invited Silas to their basket dinner on the Sabbath.

"Your father is a Cumberland Presbyterian minister? We are of that faith too, and took an active part in the church near our home in Kentucky."

Polly welcomed Silas, well-pleased with his alert, intelligent conversation. Purvine and Martin became fast friends as they courted Jane and Nancy. Silas Mercer, Martin, an expert carpenter, made a very fine oak table, polishing it to a lustrous finish. He and Nancy were married on October 30, 1838.

One evening Dr. Bonham rode in with Martha as the sun was setting in all its glory behind the maples. She slipped into the kitchen to help finish the evening meal. The young doctor waited as Camron came out to take his horse.

"I am asking for Martha's hand. Our spirits have been one since the first time we met."

Her father grasped his hand. "My soul is indeed glad for this consummation! I have been watching beauty blossom forth in Martha's love like the fragrant rosebuds she often wears. Come; let's tell Mother."

Fairfield had been laid out near Liberty Township in March, 1839. One day Polly discovered that she was out of ginger, and Sarah suggested that Solena ride into town with her, as they needed thread for their new dresses. Approaching Fairfield, the girls saw Robert Rutledge in the circle around a dark-haired youth who was playing a mandolin. The musician wore a wide straw hat, and over his shoulders hung a serape, gay with bright colors. When Robert joined Sarah, he said that José Narcissus, a Spanish youth, had come up to Keokuk by boat from New Orleans, and had ridden into Fairfield yesterday.

José kept his audience enthralled by his strange Spanish songs. The whimsical, haunting melodies were lovely. Children who joined the circle clapped for more, and he played on and on. Then suddenly he turned and looked into Sarah's eyes, and with deep admiration whispered softly,

"A song for the beautiful *señorita* with eyes like dewdrops and beautiful dark hair."

Sarah was amused, yet thrilled. "What a lovely, haunting melody!"

The strange youth hearing Sarah's soft voice, turned toward her. He bowed, smiled, and said, "I am José Narcissus. I will sing another love song for the pretty *señorita*."

The audience increased as the whimsical, haunting melody ran on and on. Then Sarah noticed that the sun was setting in the West. She curtsied a "thank you" to Narcissus and hurried into the store.

As the girls turned into the woods, Sarah saw that José was following them. He smiled back, calling softly, "Going your way. You don't mind?"

Solena wondered what Father would say. As the girls turned towards the woods, Sarah saw that José was still following them. At the rustic bridge he called for Sarah to wait; he wanted to play just one more song. A great log had fallen into the stream, and José sat down, motioning for Sarah to sit near him.

A pleasant breeze rustled through the maples as the soft melody wafted through the trees. Suddenly Father crashed through the underbrush. What was going on? My, but he was angry!

"Why are you loitering here with this strange youth?"

He hustled them home and then burst out: "Never leave our farm again unaccompanied!"

Sarah turned to Tom, who had come up. "It was fun listening to the sad Spanish melodies."

"A gay troubadour," he suggested. Then he became serious. "River towns like Keokuk breed all kinds of men. Wait until a youth rides in who talks and thinks as we do."

The next evening a full moon rode high in the sky. At midnight Sarah lay watching the moon sailing through the clouds. Lovely strains of music came floating softly across the stream. A Spanish love song! Then the melody moved nearer through the trees.

"José is playing a lovely serenade," breathed Solena.

Father was snoring away in the adjoining room, exhausted from a long day's work.

"If he would only sleep on," whispered Sarah.

The music continued as José drew nearer.

"See!" exclaimed Solena. "There he is under that maple tree. A strange songbird singing in our grove of maples!"

"How lovely at midnight," whispered Sarah.

Mother turned over. Father stirred, suddenly alert. Then he shouted angrily, "Listen, Mother. That strange Spanish fellow!" He leaped out of bed, pulled on his trousers in one swift movement, and crossed the yard in long strides.

Sarah never heard what actually happened. But she never saw José again. The incident was closed.

One August afternoon Baxter Bonham rode in from a summer of teaching. As he sat on the porch with Sorena watching the sun set behind the great maples, he told her that he planned to attend Washington College, located between the Blue Ridge and the Cumberland mountains.

Dr. Samuel Doak and his sons, devout ministers, had taught Greek there for the past sixty years. Dr. Samuel Doak, Jr., had taken over the presidency after his father's death, but the memory of his father still lingers around the ivied walls. He had graduated from the Princeton Theological Seminary, while Dr. John Witherspoon was president and had entered the Cherokee Country when the British were stirring up the warriors against the Scotch-Irish. On his first trip through the Smoky Mountains, he had stopped to talk with a group of men cutting down great oaks in the dark forest. Discovering that he was a minister, they had asked for a sermon. Dr. Doak gave such a forceful message, using his saddle for a pulpit, that they urged him to stay. He established the Salem Presbyterian Church near Jonesboro, the oldest town in Tennessee.

Dr. Doak was also one of those heroic members of the Watauga Association who wrote the first constitution in the

United States. On his farm he built the first classical school in the West, called Martin Academy after Governor Martin of North Carolina, of which Tennessee was then a part.

Tomahawked by hostile Cherokees, Dr. Doak always wore a wig. An important part of Washington County Library was his personal library, which he had brought across the mountains on horseback while he walked.

He built a cabin in the woods and brought there his wife and baby. One day while Dr. Doak was away, the dog barked so fiercely that Mary was frightened, and she grabbed the sleeping infant from the cradle and fled to a secret hiding place. As she watched, the Cherokees carried out what they wanted, then set the cabin on fire. When Dr. Doak returned, he knelt in prayer, thanking God that the baby had not wakened and disclosed their hiding place.

A friend, John Sevier, with his family attended Salem Church. The British fox, Ferguson, had threatened to go deep into the mountains and burn the houses of the pioneers, and their fate hung in the balance. General Sevier invited Dr. Doak to go to Sycamore Shoals and preach to his soldiers before they started on their hazardous mission at King's Mountain. Dr. Doak used as his text "The Sword of the Lord and Gideon." He feared God so much that he feared nothing else. The patriots never forgot his prayer, which closed with the words "Be with the souls of the English, for many of them will be with Thee in Paradise tonight." Ferguson, who thought his camp on the mountain heights invulnerable, was brought low in defeat.

A delegate to the General Assembly which met in Philadelphia in 1797, Dr. Doak received a donation of books for his work in the southern mountains. He had a brilliant mind. When the Presbytery added Hebrew as a requirement to enter the ministry, he took up the study of Hebrew and science at sixty-five. The next year his students passed their examinations with honors.

"His son, the Rev. S. W. Doak, is now president. When

public-speaking classes are held on the campus, our voices will echo through the mountains," Baxter said.

The Christmas season of 1842 was the happiest one that Polly had ever experienced. William Prosise, with Vian and their son John had moved out from Illinois and bought an adjoining farm in Liberty Township.

With most of their sons-in-law living near by, there now was always a grandson to accompany Camron on his preaching mission each Sunday. Tom owned seven tracts of land surrounded by rail fences.

VI

The isle of contentment in Liberty Township was shattered with the announcement of a new Indian purchase on the upper Des Moines River. Zillah was frail, with three small sons. Why should Tom leave his fine farms near Fairfield? But Silas Martin and Charles Purvine, both ideally located, set the date for an exploring party.

The government had provided for prospectors to go in at midnight on April 30, 1843, to select their claims. The men went up two weeks in advance to look over the Indian purchase. A great native meadow spread out before them. The high prairie grass was interspersed with wild flowers in gorgeous colors. On the right were beautiful groves of drooping elms and lind trees bordered by crab apple and wild plum in full bloom. In the distance, a wolf scampered off toward one of those quiet groves. Deer poised in the bluestem grass.

Passing White Oak Point, where a giant oak stood like a sentinel, and gazing at a spot a little north of west, they saw a narrow gap between two points of timber, an ideal location for the county seat. Beyond the gap at the Narrows, the prairie again widened out, interspersed with lovely groves. Great flocks of geese drifting southward, dipped into the flower-scented marshes of Skunk River.

"Groves to the right of us and groves to the left," Silas told Polly, "as Hugh and I blazed trees near Skunk River. The trees reached out as if to clasp hands across the billowy mass of green, where the Des Moines and Skunk rivers draw close together."

The Indians had left their huts in Kiskkeekosh Village on

the bluffs above the Skunk. There were Indian skeletons in sitting posture in shallow graves; Dr. Hobbs, the Quaker physician, later helped himself to one.

When Tom and his friends returned to the New Purchase the last day of April, a large group of men were building bonfires on the border. Dr. Seth Hobbs, from Tippecanoe County, Indiana, told Tom that he had studied in Lexington and spent many hours at Ashland, for Henry Clay urged medical students to use his library. At another campfire, five McMurray brothers, Presbyterians from Illinois, were lustily singing. Samuel told Tom that they were all bachelors.

At midnight, the men gathered up stakes and torches and rode over to their claims. Government dragoons had camped west of the Narrows, ready to set the boundaries. When he returned to Liberty Township, Tom was enthusiastic over the mellow soil and the fine lind boards he had prepared for the floor of their new home.

One day Nancy came over with her three small children to say that she and Silas were moving to Mahaska County. When the Narrows was selected as the site for Oskaloosa, the county seat, Tom bought a lot on the southwest corner of the square. Here he built his home, which would also serve as one of the first stores. Using a long log, Tom built a hitching post in front of his store, with many pegs driven in, where shoppers could tie up their horses.

A young lawyer, Micajah J. Williams, was staying in Tom's home till Purvine built his Eagle Hotel. He entertained one-year-old William, Tom's fourth son.

Ann Hobbs, one of Tom's early customers, rode over to her cousin's on Phillis. The new bride, Elizabeth, wished to go shopping. Dr. Hobbs assisted her to mount a horse from a big stump. Then he gave directions for reaching the county seat.

"Now, girls, after you cross a slough, turn to the right, following blazed trees till you reach a road. Keep on that

road, going slowly over the logs placed in the creek, a bridge in dry weather.

"Then take another road through the timber a half mile, cross another creek and climb to the top of a hill, with an open prairie beyond. Just keep on riding till you come to the road on the divide. Then turn to the right and keep in the main track two miles and you will reach Oskaloosa."

Approaching the new village, Ann didn't see it at first. Then she counted fifteen small cabins almost lost in high bluestem grass!

Handsome Micajah came over to assist the young ladies alight and escort them into the Camron Store. Ann bought a pair of shoes which would be strong enough to walk over hazel stubs when she opened the first school in Mahaska County on Monday.

On Sunday, Ann accepted the invitation of Hugh Martin and his wife, her closest neighbors, to go with them to the first church service in the county. The McMurrays, who lived southeast of Oskaloosa, had just finished a hewed-log house in front of the one built the year before, and had invited everyone in the county to attend the Cumberland Presbyterian service on September 15. The Rev. John M. Berry, affectionately called Uncle Johnny whom they had known in Illinois, now living in Iowa, had been invited to deliver the morning sermon.

The ladies lifted their black silk dresses and mits out of their chests, donned their poke bonnets, even if riding on split-bottomed chairs, in a long wagon, as Ann did.

The house, the yard, and the neighboring woodlands overflowed with pioneers. Punccheon benches had been provided, with a table for the Bible and the songbook of Mr. Berry. The five McMurray brothers, gathering around the ministers, opened the service with the inspiring hymn "The Coronation," making it fairly ring. Micajah added a mellow bass. Tom told Zillah later that "Cage" was certainly a contrast to Abe, for all the young ladies, including Ann Hobbs, cast an enraptured gaze on Micajah.

Early in October, 1844, Charles Purvine began building his Eagle Inn. The large room above would have six beds to accommodate bachelors like Micajah, who had been boarding around in the overcrowded cabins.

As soon as the inn was roofed, Dr. B. B. Bonham organized the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, on November 10. He spoke with great feeling in the launching of that fine spiritual enterprise. Only the studding for the partitions was in as a group of young men sat on the carpenter's bench, with the shavings thick around their feet.

That fall the groves, with their borders of sumac and hazel, were aglow in all shades of red, green, brown, and yellow. Warm, hazy Indian-summer days lasted till the last of November, with the prairies and sloughs full of golden-rod and purple asters.

The Rev. John M. Camron, riding up from Liberty Township with a wagonload of flour and cornmeal for Tom's store, was delighted to see dozens of fine new homes going up in Oskaloosa. God was indeed smiling on this fine community, full of virile Christian homes.

Ann Hobbs later wrote:

These groves, just as God planted them, had a beauty all their own. This charming place chanced to be discovered by some of God's noblemen—brave, broad-shouldered, manly men. The wives of these men were brave too. In nearly every one of their homes was erected an altar to the living God. These families had brought their religion with them. When they gathered around their tables, they bowed their head and gave thanks. I can hardly recall a man among them who was not honest, honorable, brave, hospitable, high-souled.

Book learning and polish may be acquired, but brains, honor and courage have to be born in people. Nearly every one who first settled here was endowed with brains, courage and honor.

The first church erected in Oskaloosa was the Cum-

berland Presbyterian. The Presbyterians were more numerous than any other denomination. I was always welcome in the home of Rev. John M. Camron.

In these days of fine churches, with cushioned pews or opera chairs, carpets, pipe organs and electric lights, young people smile at the idea of holding meetings in little cabins lighted with a tallow candle or a grease lamp made in a piepan; but we who . . . helped to lay the foundation of Iowa's present greatness attended heavenly meetings, in those little cabins.

For a Methodist preacher, in those days, training in a theological school was not thought to be necessary, but to be soundly converted, feel a call to preach, and have a tolerable education were the main requirements. Some of that class found their way into the wilds of the New Purchase, and with an eloquence born of faith and earnest desire to serve God and save souls, stirred and melted the hearts of their hearers. Souls were converted and shouts of joy were heard. Prayers and old-fashioned Methodist songs and love-feast meetings, where the brethren and sisters would meet and relate their Christian experiences made Heavenly places.

There were no houses of worship except "God's first temples." Nor was there on September 1, 1844, a school-house in all this region called Mahaska County.

That August, a Quakeress, 17, came to live with her aunt. She had taught two terms of school and had studied *Kirkham's Grammar* and geography. On the sixteenth section, donated by the government for school purposes, were fine linds easy to chop and split. Men in the community took wedges, froes, augers, saws and broad axes, chopped down lind trees and two and one-half miles east of the village, that nestled in bluestem prairie grass, built a cabin of round logs.

Sorena Camron eagerly awaited the long letters of Baxter. After finishing two years of study at Washington Col-

lege in east Tennessee, he had accepted the invitation of his cousin, Nehemiah Bonham, to organize a school in Wisconsin.

Some years before, Nehemiah had invested money in the first lead mines in Galena, Illinois. Then he had moved up to Hurricane Township in Wisconsin and developed other lead mines. Nehemiah, like all the Bonhams, loved knowledge and had a fine library of books, including the best dictionaries and encyclopedias. Baxter spent his evenings studying with a cousin, who was preparing for a judgeship in Wisconsin.

The Bonhams were Puritans who early had organized churches on Cape Cod. Nehemiah owned the famous sword that their ancestor had wielded in Cromwell's fight for religious liberty. Baxter's uncle had proudly carried it in the Battle of New Orleans, a heroic struggle against the British.

Word had come across the prairies of a new college in Illinois. On his return to Iowa, Bonham spent two days in Galesburg conferring with Dr. George Washington Gale, a consecrated Presbyterian minister. Later Baxter returned to Galesburg for two years of advanced study.

Like Dr. Samuel Doak, Gale was a graduate of Princeton who had the Christian zeal to build a college in the West, where brilliant and talented youth could be trained and consecrated for the ministry. The president of Knox College, the Rev. Hiram H. Kellogg, had recently attended the World's Peace Conference in England and obtained two thousand dollars in cash and books for the college. Dr. Nehemiah Losey, the official surveyor of this ideal religious community, was a graduate of Middlebury College and professor of mathematics and natural science.

Baxter wrote to Sorena that he was "working laboriously in his profound studies."

A. G. Phillips, who took out land adjoining Oskaloosa on the east, was a Methodist song leader. He brought with him from Illinois copies of the *Methodist Harmonist* and organized a singing school as soon as the courthouse was

built. Samuel McMurray escorted Solena Camron to the courthouse on Friday nights.

Phillips preferred Stephen A. Douglas, the silver-tongued orator to Lincoln, for he had listened enraptured to his speeches in Jacksonville.

In the spring of 1845, Purvine was pleased when a man offered to exchange his valuable claim east of town for the inn. He returned to cattle-raising.

Polly watched the contented calves and sheep frolicking in the meadows of Liberty Township. The peach trees were in bloom, their fragrance delightful in the morning breeze. Yet John was putting in a crop on his farm in Mahaska County, while building their new home in Oskaloosa. Why this endless circle? For there were no buyers for their well-improved farms, when thousands of acres of virgin prairie could be bought for a song.

The town needed a notary public. Tom welcomed Baxter Berry when he came out from Bernadotte with Elizabeth to build the first brick house in Oskaloosa.

Camron's heart rejoiced that summer. Mahaska County had many fine youth devoted to the Cumberland Presbyterian faith, eager to work for the Master in a material way. Silas Martin and his brother Hugh offered to prepare the long sills for the new church from the Skunk River Timber. Wagon after wagon of carefully prepared sills, all ready to fit in, were unloaded on Lots 5 and 6, Block 36, of Oskaloosa. Under Camron's direction, other young men completed a large and well-built church, the first one in the county.

Enthusiasm grew in the inspired congregation. The fine church would not be complete without a bell to clearly ring out a welcome to all. Filling his wagon with seasoned lumber and products from their farm, Camron left for Keokuk at dawn one summer morning. With a tidy sum in his pocket, he selected a bell whose musical tones satisfied his soul. He arranged it on the wagon for his hundred-

mile return trip to Oskaloosa in such a way that it would ring out the glad news of praise to God through the gentle valleys and woodlands.

All the townspeople waved enthusiastically, as Camron rode into town from the east, running along their white picket fences. As Ann told Dr. Hobbs, "A high uplifted expression, with a smile of achievement, lit up his countenance with heavenly joy, while the church bell chimed sweetly in the breeze."

Samuel McMurray and his brothers lifted the bell out of the wagon and hung it in the belfry. Then standing on the steps they sang "The Coronation" to the assembled crowd. Camron raised his hand for all to join in the chorus. Then he gave a sincere, heartwarming prayer.

Samuel returned home with Solena. As Polly served blackberry pie, she remarked that Lincoln should be there for an extra slice.

John took a big load of potatoes and watermelons to Keokuk, returning with a new iron range for Polly. No more stooping over in the fireplace. Modern ranges made fine cakes. While in Keokuk, he had priced the fine new carriages. The dealer had pointed out how delightful it would be for his wife and daughters to ride over the verdant prairies in an open carriage, with the fringed canopy above their heads to keep off the hot rays of the sun while the pleasant breeze floated through.

"Yes," Camron had told him. "I have three lovely daughters now courted by two ministers and a fine vocalist. My three youngest daughters are also beautiful."

John made careful plans. After a few long trips to Keokuk with seasoned lumber, he returned one June afternoon with the carriage. Arminda saw her father approaching, driving a fine span of horses.

Father alighted from the carriage, alert as any young man, and called to Polly like a gallant knight. After lifting Polly to the front seat he called out, "Now my three youngest daughters in the back seat."

"How beautiful Caroline is," Camron told Polly. Her brown eyes were shining, and soft brown ringlets hung over her shoulders.

Arminda, exceedingly beautiful, was self-assured, with a dashing way of her own. She had inherited her father's strong determination to carry on, as she saw fit. Little Margaret was a sweet child, her eyes shining over Father's special surprise gift.

"We will ride over to Tom's first. When Andrew McNamor and Baxter Bonham return from Illinois, they can take their sweethearts for a moonlight ride."

How Polly enjoyed riding through town in their fine carriage, waving proudly to their friends. Father was beloved by many devout people. Arriving at Tom's, Polly found Zillah very ill and decided to stay and nurse her. Caroline offered to take William back with them.

On their return, Sorena was happily singing. She had received a letter from Baxter. After two long, hard years of studying Greek in Galesburg, he had completed his theological studies under Dr. George Washington Gale, who had consecrated him for the Presbyterian ministry.

The next afternoon, when the girls returned from a ride to the Des Moines Valley, Arminda told about a big patch of bluebells covering two acres. Sarah suggested that they make a flower nook in their garden of ferns and bluebells. Early the next morning, equipped with woven baskets, a large butcher knife, and other implements, they rode forth. Father put William in the carriage. He was worried about Zillah.

Riding through the woods, Sorena spotted a large mass of violets in a sunny spot near the edge of a stream. She soon had her basket heaped up high. In a dark glen the twins filled baskets with large ferns whose fronds nestled in the rich loam. Sorena had just lifted her basket to the path when a big rattler slid through the leaves. Solena, too frightened to pick up her basket, ran toward the carriage.

Sarah grabbed up a large limb, then stopped to listen. Horsemen were drawing near, Andrew and Baxter!

"This is our lucky day!" exclaimed Baxter. "The nymphs are awaiting us in the green, beflowered glen." He dismounted to admire the bluebells.

"Hurry. There are rattlesnakes among the ferns!"

"To the battle with the devil, may his work forever cease!"

"No!" Sorena threw herself into his arms. "One might strike you!"

"Time for a delayed kiss. It has been a long time since I held you in my arms! But I'll be around now until our marriage."

More quietly, Andrew kissed Sarah, saying, "I too have finished my theological courses and have been ordained to the Presbyterian ministry."

"Stop mooning!" said Baxter as he grasped a strong stick. "Let's make a try for rattlers."

It was a tricky business, in the lush undergrowth. Tip-toeing nearer, Baxter began the plaintive whistle of a frightened bird. The rattler held up its head almost at their feet, and Baxter made a quick swerve and crushed its head.

"Step back, while I look for the mate."

"There it is," said Sarah, "near that elm."

Baxter leaped after it in a swift movement. Soon two rattlers were hanging over a stick as Solena rescued her basket of ferns. Sorena's eyes were filled with happiness as Baxter lifted her into the carriage. He was driving back, while Sarah rode with Andrew.

The Rev. John M. Camron heartily welcomed Baxter, now a full-fledged Presbyterian minister.

"Father Camron, I'm treading on holy ground when I follow in your footsteps. I'll gladly work with you for our Master."

"'Father.' I'm glad you called me that. I am very proud to have you for a son," he replied with uncontrolled emotion.

"Lift up your hand, Sorena. Our engagement is announced, with our marriage in October."

Camron turned toward Andrew, whose eyes were full of happiness as he held Sarah's hand. "Andrew, my beloved since old New Salem days. Another great spiritual minister, whom I am proud to claim as a son."

After arranging the ferns and the bluebells in the garden, the girls hurried inside to prepare food. As Sorena lighted candles, Baxter tuned up his violin and played their favorite songs as twilight drew down.

Sarah had opened the *Missouri Harmony* to play and sing one of Abe's tunes when Mother entered and dropped sadly into a chair.

"Zillah has gone. She passed so quickly I could get no word to you. You must hurry over to Thomas, Father. This will be so hard for him."

Thus joy quickly turned into sorrow. Baxter and Sorena took Camron over and returned with the little boys.

Next morning Martha took her mother out to see the bluebells. A shower during the night made the violets and bluebells glisten in the sunlight. The ferns nestled in the heavy loam as if they had always been there. Polly took William's hand in hers. It is so hard to fathom the mysteries of life and death. Lovely Zillah, how they would miss her!

Tom was disconsolate, joy turned into sorrow, over the loss of his beautiful wife.

On July 3, 1846, the men in Mahaska County left at dawn for Fairfield, bags of silver coin carefully saved during past months in their saddlebags. On the morrow at the government land office they would complete the titles to their homesteads. Each man had a stout hickory stick to defend himself and his neighbors from the strangers coming into Iowa for the land sales.

Samuel McMurray had already built a house on his claim. While in Fairfield, he rode on to Quincy in his wagon

to buy a kitchen range. Every convenience possible had been carefully planned for his lovely bride, Solena.

Camron, who had built a house on his farm, had transferred his Oskaloosa home to the Rev. Baxter N. Bonham, who was opening a school for advanced students.

"Solena was the quietest, sweetest daughter I have," he told Polly. "Samuel is a serious young man, with the finest home in the county. Solena will enjoy baking pies and cakes for him in her new kitchen range."

There were many jolly corn huskings that fall and trips into the woodlands for hickory nuts and walnuts. Polly roasted many fat turkeys in her new oven that winter; an iron range saved many steps.

The Rev. Andrew McNamor, a quiet, devout minister, was deeply in love with Sarah. They were married on October 30, 1846, and went to housekeeping in a snug, round log cabin that had been built near her father's.

Solena was happy in her warm, snug home. Samuel had put much thought and extra time in fashioning handy shelves and other conveniences. Her twin, Sorena, and the Rev. Baxter Bonham often joined them. How much pleasure the carriage gave that fall!

Amid laughter and singing, Baxter and Samuel gathered nuts and persimmons. The crimson sumac flashed in the sunlight; feathery spokes of goldenrod swayed in the breeze. Purple chysanthemums stood out against a border of hazel bushes. Andrew and Sarah, riding behind the carriage, pointed out the grove of hard maples near the Des Moines, in all the glory of autumn. Long vines, full of wild grapes, in graceful swinging loops festooned the trees.

Passing a grove of crab apples, Sarah told Andrew that Abe, who had always enjoyed Mother's crab-apple preserves, was now running for Congress.

"Lincoln will win, too," prophesied Andrew. "My uncles in Illinois will vote for him."

John kissed Polly, feeling young again. "Eight of our lovely daughters are happily married. Bonham's voice ech-

oes like a clear bell in the distance. His prayers on the Sabbath echo the same clear tones as he speaks of Jehovah's love for the children of men."

But soon the sad news reached them that William Pro-sise had died. Polly and John went down to assist Vian in disposing of her property so that she could move with her son John to Mahaska County.

In the spring of 1847, Tom completed a new frame store building and enlarged his stock of goods. Yet like his father, he always owned a farm and put in a crop. He was thinking it would be fine for his four small sons to own pigs and have the fun of living in the country again.

The opportunity came unexpectedly. A Virginian, John Rhodes, walked into his store with cash in hand. He wished to go into business immediately and paid a good price for Tom's stock of goods. Specializing in men's clothing, Rhodes put in the first line of men's ready-to-wear in Oskaloosa. He had a unique way of attracting customers that pleased the ladies as well. He invited men to spend their evenings at his store, learning plantation songs. He played on his banjo, and others were encouraged to bring their instruments. Rhodes had a sweetheart in Virginia, who sent him the publications of a new songwriter, Stephen C. Foster, as they came off the New York press.

Solena and Sorena were pleased when their husbands came in of summer evenings whistling "Beautiful Dreamer." Bonham liked the most popular song of all, "Oh! Susannah!"

On the Sabbath, McNamor went with his father-in-law to establish the Presbyterian faith in new communities. There were revival services and many new souls were brought into the kingdom. On pleasant Sundays, Sarah would ride with Andrew to new churches he had founded, a real inspiration.

There were few doctors on the frontier, and no hospitals. Death often came suddenly when an epidemic of smallpox or black measles struck an isolated community.

The Scottish minister and his son early organized the

Masonic lodge in their community. When a man broke his leg or died of the dread lung disease, Camron secured volunteers and put in his crop, threshed the wheat, or cared for the widow and orphans. He had read widely on the cathedral-builders and the later consecration of Washington to the Masonic Order. The Masonic fraternity stressed freedom of conscience, liberty, and charity to all mankind.

In the fall of 1848, a terrible epidemic of diphtheria went through the county. Two small sons of a neighbor died. Dr. Bonham said that diphtheria came like a thief in the night. Some day a counteractant would be discovered to combat the deadly disease—an inflamed throat, the loss of breathing, sudden death.

One chill, windy night, Samuel McMurray rode over, deeply alarmed. Solena was gasping, with a terrible sore throat. Polly quickly picked up her medical kit and warm woolen strips and with John rushed to Solena's side. Dr. Bonham was working feverishly. Camron took one look at the flushed face, the listless eyes, and knelt to pray. Samuel and Polly applied remedies. All in vain.

Within three hours Solena slipped away. Both John and his wife were deeply stricken. The first of their dozen children had died. That was the saddest Christmas season the devout Presbyterian minister and his wife had ever experienced. With Samuel McMurray all felt the loss of the jolly twin whose sweet soprano voice had inspired them all.

VII

THOMAS ALLEN BROWN CAMRON'S MOST VERSATILE SON-IN-LAW

ONE WARM fall day in the late 1830's Allen Brown was carefully measuring lines for his grandfather, who was surveying another forty near Jacksonville. Since Grandfather lived on an adjoining farm, Allen often copied wise sayings from his big volumes. He liked to hear him quote long selections from Shakespeare.

Dr. Edward Beecher, president of Illinois College, loved to chat with Grandfather. He also appreciated the three-pound pat of butter that came from the farm. Allen rode into Jacksonville with his grandfather. He had a large bag of hickory nuts for David Rutledge, with whom he had talked at New Salem. Allen had also dressed three large rabbits for Dr. Beecher. He enjoyed visiting Illinois College. Grandfather's chuckle, as he chatted with different groups of serious-minded young men, always warmed your heart.

Dr. Beecher spoke very precisely. Waiting in Beecher Hall, Allen listened in awe as Grandfather opened the conversation. When Dr. Beecher turned to Allen and saw the rabbits, he was highly pleased.

David Rutledge invited Allen into his room and introduced him to his roommate, Bill Berry, who asked Allen how soon he expected to come in and study law. He replied, "I'd rather survey land."

Later in the courthouse Grandfather explained to Allen how deeds were filed in long ledgers. This made them legal so that one could buy and sell land whenever he wished.

Before leaving town, he bought a copy of the little newspaper that the whole family would peruse until the next issue came out.

Riding through the autumn woods, Grandfather remarked that hungry young men needed butter and meat as well as the fine intellectual food that Dr. Beecher so generously supplied. When Allen dismounted, he gave him the newspaper. "Your father can read it tonight and return it tomorrow."

His brother Warren was ringing the supper bell as Allen hurried into the house. His father, Elam Brown, was a hearty, hale man, proud of his sons and his small daughter, Margeline. He often read and studied with his children by candlelight as his delicate wife, Sarah, put away the supper things.

Matthew Barber, a tall youth, brought in a heavy pail of water. When he was a small child, Matthew's parents had been killed and tomahawked by the Indians near Delaware, Ohio.

After a hearty repast, Elam eagerly read the little newspaper and soon discovered a special announcement: "The Platte Purchase is being opened to settlement. It is a large tract of land that the government bought from the Foxes and the Sacs on the upper Missouri."

"Here is an opportunity, boys, to survey more land. What do you say?"

Fourteen-year-old Allen came over to read the notice over his father's shoulder. "Yes, I can help you survey. Grandfather and I have been surveying the new pasture."

Matthew smiled quietly. "I'll be glad to do my share too. I'll make the windows and doors for our new home." He had recently finished a fine wagon for the Mormon Elder Smith.

The elder Thomas Allen was sad when he learned about the challenge of the Platte Purchase. He would certainly miss the lads and their mother, Sarah, whom he highly cherished. With tears in his voice that betrayed his cheer-

ful smile, Grandfather helped them prepare the strong covered wagons for the trek across the Mississippi River. Once they were beyond the Father of Waters, there was slight chance that the lads would ever return to attend Illinois College.

As Elam and his sons felled great trees on the Platte Purchase, Indian braves glided over the forest trails. Their Sac and Fox chiefs, Appanoose and Keokuk, had signed away their birthright in the hunting grounds the year before, but they were loath to leave.

Years before Chief Tamar, father of Appanoose, had shown kindness to the palefaces and had welcomed traders of the American Fur Company. The Indians liked the colorful red and green blankets. But when they bought rum, the Sacs acquired debts they could never pay, received only a few paltry trinkets for millions of acres in the valleys of the Cedar and Missouri rivers.

With his usual good humor, Brown handled the disgruntled Sacs with diplomacy. One day Black Hawk came down the trail. Brown quietly drew out his peace pipe and sat on a log, offering Black Hawk some tobacco. Allen, who had drawn near, noticed that the old chief enjoyed his father's quick understanding and his ability to talk the Fox language.

The boys were soon as adept as their father in communicating with their Indian playmates. One little Fox lad had a pony and rode with them when they went to get game that had fallen into their traps. Little Swallow taught Allen how to snare fish. Many tasty perch and trout were baked in the hot coals. Allen learned woodcraft from Appanoose, son of Chief Tamar.

The Sacs and Foxes were very superstitious. Their brave warriors had fought fiercely against the Sioux Indians to keep their hunting grounds along the streams and across the wide prairies. It had been a bad blow when Black Hawk

and Keokuk had gone to Washington and Boston to submit to the authority of white men.

One day Little Swallow came running down the path to tell Allen that Chief Appanoose had come to visit their family and to hunt buffalo. Early the next morning Little Swallow returned with the message that Warren and Allen had been invited to their hunting lodge. They would see the colorful war dance while the venison roasted over the fire.

This was a rare treat indeed, to meet the great chief who had gone to Washington City to shake hands with the President not many moons before. The boys donned their moccasins that Red Bird, the sister of Little Swallow, had made and slipped stealthily down the trail through the dense woods.

The tents of the Sac tribe were drawn up on a hillside above the Missouri River in the shape of a crescent. Little Swallow met them and took Allen over to see Chief Appanoose, dressed in the Sac ceremonial costume, with heavy war paint. The chief gravely told Warren that the polecat tails that he wore on the calves of his legs were the sign of the great running strength of the Sacs. The small bells announced their many victories in the fierce wars of past years against the Sioux.

As they ate venison around the huge bonfire, Appanoose sensed the eagerness of Allen for the dramatic, and began telling him about their long trip to the East to see the great brothers and palefaces in Washington. But he particularly reveled in the experience he had in New England.

Appanoose had taken Governor Lancer's hand and said, "Where I live, beyond the Mississippi, my people call me a very great man. It is a great day that the sun shines upon, when two great men take each other by the hand." As Appanoose related his story, a bright gleam came into his eyes.

The mayor of Boston had given them a fine ovation, and a levee was held in Faneuil Hall. Beautiful ladies watched the Winnebago, Fox, and Sac braves as they gave the history of their tribal conflicts in colorful cadence and rhythm. How his bells had tinkled when he struck the post as he rapidly whirled!

Chief Keokuk stood up to his majestic height, saying in stately honor: "I hope the Great Father is pleased with this sight, and will keep the white and red men friends. I hope he now hears our hearts beat kindly to each other."

Keokuk's chest, shoulders, and right arm were bare, save for a necklace of bear claws. The snakeskin which encircled his arm revealed the beauty of the brocaded lining, with tinkling bells, that gave forth a pleasing melody with every graceful movement.

With many signs and guttural sounds, Chief Appanoose gave the boys a clear picture of Governor Lancer at the State House, who had told them, "Chiefs and warriors of the Sac and Fox tribes, you are welcome to our Hall of Council. You have come a long, far way from your home in the West to see our white brothers. We are called the Massachusetts. That is the name of the red men who once lived here. In former times the red man's wigwams stood in these fields; his council fires were kindled on this spot.

"Brothers, you dwell between the Mississippi and the Missouri; they are mighty streams, with mighty arms. One stretches out to the East, the other to the Rocky Mountains. But they make one river and run together to the sea.

"Brothers, you dwell in the West, we in the East; but we make one family. As you passed through the hall below, you stopped to look at the image of our father, Washington. His words have made a great print in our hearts, like the step of the buffalo on the prairie."

Traders frequently passed through the Platte Purchase on their way to St. Louis. Strange and wonderful tales were spun by bronze-faced men who stopped to spend a cold night by the warm fireplace of Elam Brown. Eating Sarah's

tasty food, they beamed on Matthew and Allen, potential pioneers into the Far West.

The most fascinating yarns concerned the Oregon Country beyond the high Rockies. But one must cross the Great Plains first, infested with tribes of roving Indians who followed the vast herds of buffalo. Their braves were well supplied with horses, descendants of those brought in by the Spanish hidalgos. French and English traders in the fur regions of the North had brought in horses too. Often herds of wild horses roamed the plains. But fierce Indian warriors preferred the better horses from the East. Hence it was wise to go in parties and guard against the sudden forays of the Plains Indians, who swept down narrow trails to steal horses. They also preferred beefsteak to buffalo meat and would often stampede the cattle.

At nineteen Allen went overland to Oregon with a party from Missouri. Marveling at snowcapped mountains that reached into the sky, Allen stood in awe of a peak that towered majestically above the rest. Enveloped in an aurora of snow, it became a part of the blue vault above. On a clear autumn day, one could scarcely glimpse where the lofty peak ended as it was lost in the clouds above.

Stopping by a stream to water his horse, he viewed the most sublime graphic scene—masses of snow seemed to flow from the sky into the high mountain valleys. An Indian youth who had joined their party related in awesome tones that no Indian had ever gone above the skyline, for their great god Spelli lived there.

The hot coffee and venison were indeed welcome that night as cold winds swept down from the high peaks.

Allen, seated on a boulder, glanced meditatively into the fire, wishing that Margeline were here to enjoy the majestic mountain peaks above, with a new moon sailing through the clouds. The mountains were as beautiful by moonlight as in sunlight. Clouds drifting across the moon, momentarily obliterated Mount Hood. Allen sighed in wonder at the beauty that surrounded him. The clouds parted;

the tiny crescent moon again floated above as if in sheer joy.

Suddenly alerted by a movement beside him, Allen saw an Indian youth about his own age who had evidently been quietly observing his reverie. Allen smiled and held out his hand. The Indian, pleased, drew nearer and told him that he was a Chinook brave who lived at the foot of the highest peak, Mount Hood.

Always intrigued by the native traditions of primitive Americans, Allen drew him out gradually. When he asked the Chinook how far up the mountain he had climbed, the reply came back quietly. "Our god Spelli lives in that great mountain. We dare not climb the icy trails, or go into that vast expanse of snow. We would anger the terrible Spelli!

"On a few occasions, our fearful God has sent his messenger down to earth to warn Indian braves of impending danger. No one dares to disobey Kadota, the messenger of Spelli.

"Years ago two of our beautiful Indian maidens were floating down the Columbia in a birchbark canoe. One of them turned toward the mountain. She saw Kadota, the terrible messenger of Spelli, coming down the trail. He was dressed in a great fur coat that completely enveloped him. He moved toward the bank of the Columbia River. As he approached the shore, Kadota called to the maidens to stop rowing and wait for him.

"Terrified, the maidens began rowing with all their might, breathless with fear. In great anger, the messenger of the great god Spelli leaped into the river. But the fur coat was so heavy it pulled him down. Try as he would, Kadota could not match the speed of the fast-rowing maidens.

"Yet spurred on by the fearful god Spelli, whose every whim must be obeyed, his messenger gave a powerful leap and swung down to grasp the frail canoe in his hands.

"As Kadota lifted the maidens from the canoe, they were turned into stones. Quickly he dropped them into the water,

saying harshly, 'For disobeying the great god Spelli, you shall always remain here to block the Columbia.'

"The river, held back by the maidens transformed into boulders, narrowed into a small stream. All at once the stream slowed down. Beautiful falls began dancing over the rocks. If you listen carefully, you will hear the Willamette Falls now."

While the Platte pioneers were cooking breakfast at The Dalles, a trapper told them that the Whitman party a few years before had built their camp near by, close to the fishing reserve of the Chinook Indians. Allen went over to watch the Indians in the dancing waterfall, darting through the spray, spearing sturgeon. A Chinook brave invited Allen to join him in the mad dash for fish. Exhilarating, but if one lost his footing there was no escape: one would be dashed against the rocks.

Heavy clouds hung above them. Great snows from the mountains were ready to press down into the valley. Intolerable cold rains engulfed them. The last days of their long overland trip were almost unbearable.

Pushing on through the cold, penetrating rain, they reached Oregon City late one evening. Francis W. Pettygrove, a hearty New Englander, welcomed them. He remarked that he had seen many a cold night like this in his home state of Maine.

He would be pleased if the men would make Oregon City their headquarters. He had come to Oregon the year before, making a handsome profit on the stock of goods he had brought around the Horn and up the Columbia River. He had just launched a profitable fur trade with the Indians and planned to build a large warehouse to store furs and grain.

Several hundred Americans had come across the plains that momentous year of 1843. He was sure it would go down in history as the first great overland trek to the Columbia River Valley. Yet they represented a mere handful of the men needed to develop the vast natural resources. Fine

opportunities lay ahead in the salmon fisheries and ocean trade with the Pacific islands. Soon the fertile plains of the Willamette Valley should have fine fields of wheat, blowing in the wind.

Allen asked about the prospect of surveying.

"You can begin on the first sunshiny day. Several new towns are springing up. I laid out Oregon City, but wish to locate another town on the Willamette, a great interior port for world trade. Your surveying tools will bring a handsome profit in town lots and land."

The next week, Dr. A. L. Lovejoy, from Massachusetts and an alumnus of Amherst College, dropped in to confer with Pettygrove. Lovejoy, the first lawyer to reach the Columbia River Valley, had arrived the year before to help Overton establish Oregon City. In the spring, he had gone with Dr. Elijah White to Washington, D. C., to seek help in opening up the vast Oregon Country. Lovejoy had just returned from the East with Dr. White and a hundred new immigrants.

That night Allen wrote to his grandfather: "Here, as on every frontier, men with brains and genius work with primitive Indians and unlettered men in the development of our great natural resources."

As the young surveyor laid out townsites, he was more and more impressed with the grandeur of the scenery—forests of fir and spruce, shimmering waterfalls, and dashing mountain streams. Great herds of elk roamed from The Dalles to the sea.

In the spring Allen found many lovely camping sites near snow-covered mountains, and he spent several weeks near the Cascades. What fun to watch the agile Chinooks spear salmon with native bone spears as thousands of shining fish darted through the falls! The forests rang with their weird melodies as they sang of their daring prowess in snaring the gleaming salmon.

The Canoe Indians had a special celebration in which the first fish caught went to their Creator. In their solemn

religious rites they lustily sang "Oh-ah-we-ah." Often across the river came high-prowed cedar canoes full of Indians singing a shrill, piercing melody, "Oh-ah-we-ah!" the exciting song of the catch, as they speared thousands of shimmering salmon, and cries of triumph to the Indians on shore, who had built great campfires, blazing red, in the evening glow of sunset.

The squaws made nets of native grasses and cedar. Not far away, their braves were carefully arranging the weights on their nets to catch a great mass of struggling salmon. There were two canoes. One group of Indians held the nets while the Indians in the other boat skillfully snared the fish.

After the Canoe Indians made a good catch, they put the salmon on rocks to dry, and great fires were placed under the rocks to smoke the fish. During the rainy season they smoked them in their wooden houses. The Canoe Indians traded surplus fish with the Nez Percés farther east for needed supplies.

Living among hunters and Indians, day after day, was terribly lonesome. No lovely maidens, only crude Indian squaws who looked at him with their oblique eyes as he sat beside their campfires.

One day Pettygrove asked Allen to go with him to Fort Vancouver to get supplies. Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, on his three thousand acres had an abundant supply of grain. His mills turned out flour for Alaska and lumber for Hawaii.

On a warm, sunshiny morning there was a pleasant trip by canoe down the broad Columbia six miles from the mouth of the Willamette. As evening approached, they drew up to the fort 750 feet long and 500 feet wide that stood out in all its medieval fastness, made of massive logs and two stories high. Dozens of Indians were slowly going in from the fields as the massive bells tolled, proclaiming the end of the long day's work.

As Allen entered the wide gates of the fort, Pettygrove

took him by way of the large visitors' hall, hung with bright-colored Indian blankets, mounted elk heads, and reed baskets. When he stepped into the imposing dining room, the fiddlers were tuning up.

John McLoughlin was indeed impressive as he strode into the hall. The "White Eagle," six feet four inches tall, with a white plume of hair above his forehead, immediately recognized Pettygrove among the dozen or more traders who were standing at attention. He motioned for him to sit on his right with his young guest.

Tall candles on each side of the White Eagle's plate flickered, as the light played against the huge rafters. McLoughlin loved bagpipes, and there was merry music that night as the fiddlers joined in to play his favorite melodies. McLoughlin proudly told about his fleet of ships that carried grain to posts far away. The Russians insisted that his goods be carried to Sitka only in Russian boats. The first steamer on the Pacific, the *Beaver*, had left London in 1835 as a sailing ship, and had rounded the Horn to his fort the next year.

The weeks that followed were busy ones for Allen as he surveyed land south of the Columbia. One morning when he was getting out his tools, a Chinook youth appeared bearing a message on bark, to which was attached a pelican feather. It was an invitation to be the guest of his chief. An Indian canoe, hollowed out from a huge forest tree, had been provided. His Chinook guide was expert in handling the craft, which darted swiftly up the stream.

The trip was exciting, but Allen's clothes were soaked by the rain and spray. A cold wind, with sleet, was penetrating, and Allen was glad when his Indian guide drew up to shore. Evening was settling down dark and dreary.

Just then two braves came toward him with pine torches and guided them to the chief's cedar house that stood on a hill overlooking the Columbia. As Allen entered and received the strange welcome of the old chief, he noted that the floor was sunk deep into the earth. The walls were

made of cedar planks, the roof of poles still covered with bark. Around the walls, wide platforms of cedar logs had been built as sleeping quarters.

An Indian slave was building a fire in the center of the long room. Another Indian pushed back a pole in the roof so that the smoke would flow out to the skies above.

To see the firelight playing into the deep shadows of the long room filled with dark-faced braves was a unique experience. Alert Chinooks were watching his every movement, although seemingly indifferent.

Next morning Allen gave the Indian chieftain a couple of his brightest coins and expressed by gestures and signs his appreciation of the hearty breakfast of salmon and little cakes.

Not many nights later Allen sat by his crude campfire wishing with all his heart that he had never seen Oregon. Cold rains went on forever. His clothes were always damp from fog, and he often had an exasperating sore throat. Though he was seated on several layers of deerskin, a deep chill penetrated every pore of his body. Extra bearhides were drawn up around him, but still he shivered. He hated the smelly bear pelts. All the land that he had accumulated seemed worthless now.

Sixteen thousand Chinook Indians along the Columbia. White men were still a mere dot on the surface of this new outpost on the Pacific.

When he awoke from a troubled sleep at early dawn, he was hot and feverish. Why spend another night in this God-forsaken region? If he packed at once, he could get to Oregon City by nightfall. Then he would be buying food for a return trip to Missouri.

The canoe trip down the river was hard and laborious against an icy wind. Exhausted, he dropped into the post.

As Pettygrove handed Allen a letter, he casually said, "By the way, Brown, come back in the morning. I want to talk to you about a new job."

"I've decided to return East and not take any more surveying chores."

"Better not waste your time going back. I tried that, and I almost lost my life on the plains. This is the biggest thing you will ever do. Come in early so that we will have plenty of time to talk."

Next morning, when Allen joined Pettygrove, he saw Lovejoy sitting by the fire, seemingly in a very happy mood. He rose briskly to give Allen's hand a hearty clasp. Pettygrove opened the conversation.

"I was popping full to tell you the great news last night. But when I looked into your face, I knew you would turn me down on any proposition. Now you are fit and ready to go, from the looks of you."

"A good night's rest, plus an encouraging letter from Father, helped."

"One lovely day in November as Overton and I came down the river from Vancouver, we talked of all our great potentialities for a vast world trade. Ere long the United States flag will be floating over Oregon. We should have our new seaport well launched, an interior port that will draw on all the resources of a fast-growing state. I have been exploring on the Willamette. Riding down the river one day with Overton, we discovered one spot where the water is deep enough to launch great sea-going vessels. Overton sold his claim to our good friend Dr. Lovejoy. We went down last week to look it over and complete plans for laying out the first section of our town on Front Street. Here great ships can unload their silks from China and all the luxuries of the Orient, in exchange for lumber, grain, and furs. It is only twelve miles from Oregon City, and we can co-ordinate the industries we have already launched."

Lovejoy drew his chair closer to the fire as the winds blew wildly against the house. "Now this weather reminds me of Boston. Many a fine day, as a lad, I went down to the wharves to watch ships unload their cargoes of silk and spices. I'd like to see another Boston on the west coast

of America that would develop a profitable trade with the Orient."

Pettygrove broke in. "Our new town should be called Portland, since our town will become the head of steam-boat navigation, the chief 'port' to 'land' all freight sent to the Valley of the Willamette." He produced a copper that he had brought with him around the Horn. It was decided to toss the coin to decide the name. Portland won.

"Winter, with its heavy fogs and rain, is no time to survey," said Lovejoy. "That brings us to a more important matter. Our children are wild and untaught. The men have agreed to throw up a cedar schoolhouse. We are asking you to teach the winter term."

Allen was flabbergasted. "Why, I have no college education, as you have. I grew up on the frontier, where the only schools I knew were the ones I read about in books."

"You have mastered the three R's. Your reports and surveys are well written. My wife will round up all the books in Oregon City. If you teach literature and the three R's, that will suit us fine."

With children of all ages and with all degrees of lack in fundamentals, Allen Brown had a busy winter. By the time warm spring days arrived, he had at least started many youths in a wide field of knowledge.

No cabins had been built near the site on the Willamette where Brown was laying out Portland. He bought a tent and the equipment necessary for camping out all summer. Indians went down with him from Oregon City to carry his supplies. Knowing full well how damp and rainy it was near the rivers of Oregon, he staked his tent deep down into the sand; he didn't want to be blown away when great storms lashed the shores.

Brown had carefully drawn the plat for the first survey. Sixteen blocks were included in the original townsite of Portland. He surveyed Water, or Front, Street parallel to the Willamette. The lots were fifty feet wide and one hundred feet deep.

As the weeks went by, the great silence of the vast outdoors pressed down upon him. The Indians who dropped by to watch him were silent companions. He was thankful for his knowledge of Indian lore, for the natives brought him fish when he was too busy to snatch the salmon from the river. Like little children, they piled up great piles of driftwood for his campfire.

One night he wrote a long letter to Warren. He described the great spruce forests, the countless water birds of brilliant hue. An elk stood on the distant shore. Indian canoes were beached not far away. Yet this was a lonesome land. There was no friendly smoke from settlers' cabins. Alone in the deep serenity of the vast outdoors, he needed a companion for the long nights under the heavily vaulted skies. He certainly wished that Warren would join him.

Before the week was over, his clothes were again soaked with fog and rain. What a vast emptiness! How foolish to be surveying in this wilderness, cut off from the rest of the world. News of Polk's election had not reached Oregon until six months after he had been inaugurated.

Some Canoe Indians were camped near by, dirty and unkempt. He heard a sound. Looking into the semi-darkness, he saw an Indian girl who had tried to talk to him by the river. A dirty squaw whom he had been too absorbed to notice was nudging her toward him.

No, this wouldn't do. He grabbed a huge limb and many twigs to throw on his dying fire. He gathered dry pine needles from a protected nook. Soon he had a blazing fire.

Then he sat under a projecting rock and drew out of his pocket the picture of his mother at sixteen. Not knowing whether she would live to see him again, Sarah had given it to Allen when he had kissed her good-by. Her cheeks a soft pink; her silk blouse, trimmed in fine lace, matched the blue of her eyes, that reflected a joyous serenity. Some day a girl like his mother would cross the mountains.

When Allen looked up, the Indian squaw and the maiden were slipping away.

A mile away was a cabin where hunters infrequently stopped, the only habitation for miles. Portland was still a ghost town. The streets and lots that he had laid out were flanked by spruce forests.

Canoe Indians were singing their doleful songs again tonight. Why hadn't his supplies been sent?

Hungry and worn, Allen leaned against a great fir. He fell asleep, soon to awake with a start. Dr. Lovejoy was shaking his shoulder, and Mrs. Lovejoy stood beside him. Brown jumped up solicitously, and she smiled wryly.

"I am a bit curious as to the site the doctor has chosen for our new home. After getting nicely settled in Oregon City, he insists that we move down to his new trading center and world metropolis!"

As Lovejoy directed the Indians with the supplies, Allen asked if he were putting up a tent.

"No, we are staying at the cabin a couple of days while you finish your survey. Here's a letter that came in yesterday."

Just then a new moon came through the clouds. Allen pointed out the beauty of the great forests near the Willamette as the tall spruce glistened in the moonlight.

"A wonderful scene," agreed Mrs. Lovejoy. "When your empty lots are dotted with homes, Portland will have a lovely vista down the wide river. Your letter is heavy. We trust that it brings good news."

As Mrs. Lovejoy and her husband left for the cabin in the woods, Allen piled the brush high and soon had a big pot of coffee boiling. With some of those figs that had come from the Orient and the cake that Mrs. Lovejoy had brought, he would have a feast while he read the "round robin" from Missouri.

But as he read Father's letter, his eyes misted with tears. His mother had died of pneumonia. Yes, the first night that he had felt her presence so near. A divine hand had stretched across the distance, with her last message, "Wait for the girl of your dreams."

Allen read Warren's letter over the second time. A new

significance was attached to all their messages. Warren wouldn't be coming to Oregon after all!

Father was interested in Spanish California. He thought Oregon, with its fogs and heavy rains, less desirable. He had been told that the valleys east of San Francisco Bay were protected from coastal storms by the Contra Costa Range of mountains. The Spanish hidalgos had fine orchards. The heavy tule grass furnished free pasture for vast herds of horned cattle. He planned to take one hundred and twenty cattle across the plains. He'd buy a rancho and stock it with the finest horses. There was only one American there, Dr. John Marsh, the cattle king, who had acquired a large Spanish grant. Father planned to be the second American.

Margeline's comment was a wistful sigh, Allen thought. "It would be fun if we did come to Oregon instead. My, what big flapjacks I would bake for you! Camping out in the open, along the lovely Columbia, I believe you could eat a dozen of mine!"

"I certainly could." Allen jumped up and made a big batch. Then he opened a jug of molasses. Moonlight was dancing along the Willamette as Allen lifted up the flap of his tent. California's warmer climate might reduce the number of wagon trains to Oregon.

After completing the survey of Portland, Allen returned to Oregon City to teach school. On long, rainy evenings he studied law.

The months rolled by. There were gambling, robbery, a murder. Wild, rough men had drifted in by boat. Allen was called in to settle disputes. He handled all types of men so well, meting out justice whenever needed, that his friends asked him to run for sheriff.

One day a ship sailed up the Columbia with supplies. Allen went over to welcome the captain as he came ashore, asking him where he hailed from.

"From Hawaii, but I stopped in California to unload a

shipment of lumber for M. G. Vallejo, the Spanish commandant of northern California. He exchanges thousands of beef hides for luxuries from the Orient, fine silks and shawls for his wife and daughters."

"You don't by chance have a letter from Elam Brown?"

"Sure thing. Brown had just unloaded a big load of lumber in San Francisco that he had whipsawed in the California redwoods. When he heard that I was bound for Oregon, he gave me a letter. Here it is, but it is addressed in a feminine hand." The captain's eyes twinkled. "Extra heavy with love poems, I'd wager. Fifty cents."

"It's worth that. Margeline is a jewel. Her letters are always heavy with news." She wrote:

Father rounded up fourteen wagons and we left the Platte Valley for California on the fourteenth of May.

Several times he had successfully handled small groups of marauding Indians and thought it safe to push ahead, only two miles to Fort Laramie, with Matthew, to get some blacksmith work done.

But as he rode over the hill, there was a sudden war whoop. Looking back, he saw a tall Indian waving his blanket to three hundred Warriors. For miles they had been trailing us in an adjoining canyon, waiting for just this opportunity to stampede our livestock.

Matthew hurried back to help his friends with the cattle, while father rode toward the Indian Chief. When within twenty-five feet of the fierce warrior, with outward serenity, father raised his hand, as a signal. The Chief dismounted and for several minutes walked back and forth in front of his warriors.

Father advanced and shook hands with the Chief, and with eleven other leading warriors, as they wordlessly stepped forth. Then he got out his peace pipe and sat down on the ground, with a signal to the Indian Chief to do likewise. He promised to prepare a feast in the morning for the warriors, with barbecued beef.

One group of Indians had already stampeded his finest cattle and run off a large number. With a heavy heart, the wives of the wagon men prepared a feast, sacrificing more of their fine cattle. But life was more important than cattle. Father had lost 120 head of cattle, 62 of which were oxen.

Innumerable difficulties continued to harass us. Three weeks later, while crossing a ravine, in a deeply wooded country, a hundred or more wild, barbaric Indians burst upon us.

Hideous with red and black tattoos, grotesquely painted, the braves pointed their sharp arrows at the women and children. We expected momentarily to be dashed to pieces or to be tomahawked.

Father, motioning for the wagons to stop, looked toward the wild-eyed Chief. Calm as a cucumber, he got out his peace pipe and in a casual manner approached the Apache Chief and began talking to him in a dialect the Apache understood.

After hesitating a moment, the fierce Apache lowered his menacing weapon and accepted the Peace Pipe. Indians respect courage.

Father told the Warrior that the Great Father above was leading him far to the West, carefully directing his foot prints.

The Stanley twins drew near, curiously watching the great Chief. Almost a smile crossed the face of the Apache, as he put out his hand to shake hands with the five-year-old boys, who grinned from ear to ear, highly pleased.

Realizing this was an opportune moment, father gave a signal to the Apache Chief that his wagon train must pass on.

Those warriors had been so close, they breathed into our faces. When they abruptly stepped back and our wagons rolled on, we realized how miraculously we had escaped the encirclement of threatening Apaches.

We moved on quickly, many miles by starlight, before making camp at a spring in a peaceful valley, where elk quietly grazed.

Breathing freely for the first time, one youth expressed the thoughts of all. "Mr. Brown, I certainly believed that we were all doomed to terrible massacre. It was only the grace of God and your cool handling of the desperate situation that evoked our escape."

Father replied: "No matter who the savage is, he has one tiny spark of divinity. I prayed to find it, and we were delivered."

We are living in a very primitive, but a beautiful country. Santa Clara Valley, called the Valley of Heart's Delight, is indeed a Fairy Land.

In this valley, on the Plain of Oaks, Morago established the Pueblo of San José in November, 1777, the same month that Washington went into Winter Quarters at Valley Forge. At a distance the great adobes, with their red tile roofs are lovely. Indians gather oranges and limes from Vallejo's orchard.

Father wrote:

We entered California October tenth, pressing on, as fast as we could, to Sutter's Fort. As we were buying supplies, Sutter warned us that we had arrived at a very dangerous time. Frémont had antagonized the Spanish Californians, by the use of military force, while raising the Bear Flag at Sonoma.

Pio Pico, recent Governor, and his brother, General Andrew Pico, are fire-eaters against Frémont, who lingered with his troops near Monterey. When Frémont rode into the neighboring hills and raised the American Flag, Pico declared that "he had sure whipped Frémont."

But the Rancheros are anxious to win their freedom from distant Mexico. Their first step, the secularization

of the Missions, was successful. We Americans can wisely lead them in accepting the liberal government of Uncle Sam.

Why not come down for an early spring in the Santa Clara Valley?

A deep yearning breathed through all their letters that Allen should join them soon. It had been four long years since he had seen his father.

He had more land and city lots in ghost towns than he would ever sell. Lassen, a Swede who had acquired a large Spanish grant above Sutter's, had recently come to Oregon to direct Frémont and his men by a shorter route into California. He would follow that trail.

Allen's last stop, before reaching the lumber camp in the redwoods, was at the adobe of Don Joaquín Castro. Just four years before the Castros and the Sotos had settled in the foothills of the Contra Costa Range to exchange quantities of tallow and hides with the Boston traders in a secret harbor near San Francisco, thus avoiding the heavy duties of distant Mexico. These Mexican hidalgos had fanciful business ideas. Yet bewildered and smiling, they praised Elam Brown and his friends for opening up the San Antonio redwoods. Vallejo had imported his lumber from Hawaii.

Elam welcomed his son with great joy. He told Allen about the role that he and his friends, known as the Long Riflemen, had played in the Battle of Santa Clara, or the Battle of the Mustard Stalks. The uniformed Mexican officers couldn't hit a thing! Sanchez never planned to be caught. When the battle got too hot, he shot his gun in the air and quickly retreated with his men to a mountain hide-out.

Twenty *vaqueros* who had received large Spanish grants enjoyed primitive living on their vast estates, far distant from Mexico. These Spanish Californians, who secularized

the missions, had added thousands of acres and the vast herds of the padres. José Vallejo also secured another vast grant, the Rancho Alameda.

Larkin, the American consul at Monterey, who spoke Spanish fluently, had encouraged the trade of the Boston Yankees. Trade restrictions of faraway Mexico had long been ignored. When the Mexican War opened, American officers were quick to raise their flag on California soil. On July 7, 1845, Commodore John Drake Stout had raised the flag in Monterey. Montgomery unfurled the flag at San Francisco.

The Long Riflemen, alert to the attitude of the hidalgos, supported them in the overthrow of the Mexican bandit soldiers. The opportunity came quickly when San José became the center of the revolt against old Mexico.

Elam was riding with Lieutenant Joseph W. Revere, who had told him at the campfire the night before that he was the grandson of the famous Revolutionary hero, Paul Revere. Their company was facing a different type of men from the Redcoats in 1776. These revolutionists carried an odd assortment of sabers, knives, and pistols. Their cavalry officers loved to display their gay-colored serapes. Brightly colored handkerchiefs fluttered in the breeze like multi-colored flags. Instead of facing a real battle, they rode off into the distance.

The colorful Cavalier Francisco Sanchez rode against San José with a small company, demanding its surrender. Pinckney refused. As Sanchez rode off, he was followed by Captain Aram. Sanchez and his men, fearing that they might get hit at close range by the Long Riflemen, galloped out of the closing pincers into the mountains and quietly disbanded. Thus had ended the Battle of the Mustard Stalks!

The morning after Allen's arrival, as Margeline and he were riding in Santa Clara Valley, a horseman joined them. Margeline smiled and introduced her friend, Napoleon B. Smith. Smith was keenly intelligent, with a sense of humor.

He pointed out a fine herd of elk in the distance, asking Allen what better scenery he could boast of in Oregon. After Napoleon rode away, Allen lightly kissed the blushing Margeline, telling her that she knew how to choose the right man.

Some days later Allen rode into San Francisco and found that the *Marine Intelligencer* was leaving shortly for Oregon. He decided to return at once. After his pleasant trip through the blue Pacific and up the Columbia, the beauty of the tall spruce forests again stirred his soul.

On a warm July afternoon in 1848, Allen was in Portland, when the brig *Honolulu* sailed up the river. He went over to greet the captain, who had come up from San Francisco "to buy extra shovels, now needed in California."

After his purchases had been loaded, the captain smiled at the men standing near. Then he took a bag out of his pocket and began pouring gold dust into his hand. How it glittered in the sunlight!

"Many rich deposits have been discovered in California. Large gold nuggets, too!"

Allen had never witnessed such great excitement. Men begged for passage on the *Honolulu*. He decided to sell all his land and town lots and take the next boat. He sold valuable lots for a song. Only three men were left in Portland, which a short time before had been active in the development of the salmon industry.

The boat on which Allen took passage was overcrowded. Terrific gales in great fury hit the small craft. As it was engulfed by huge waves and hit with heavy sheets of icy water, Allen feared that the ship would sink. All on board were seasick as fierce gales lashed their craft in ceaseless fury. At last, days late, the boat limped into port. Allen bought a horse and took the shortest road to his father's *Pinole Rancho*.

After a day of rest and good food, Warren suggested that they ride over to the adobe of José Amador, an odd fellow who had early gone to the gold mines and made a

lucky strike. José, with three of his friends, large rancheros, and over seventy of their Indian servants, had taken a mule train of supplies. On the American River, Indians dug their gold, averaging twenty-two ounces a day per man. José soon got tired and returned to his rancho with three mules heavily loaded with precious gold nuggets.

"What use did I have for gold, with thousands of cattle on my rancho, orchards loaded with fruit, and grain fields that supply all the needs of our Indians? One day as I sat in my orchard, I unloaded all my packs, giving away gold by cupfuls!"

Amador showed Allen the wounds he had received when the Digger Indians had driven off one hundred head of his best cattle a few years before. A friend had removed four flint arrows from his body.

Between the old Mission of San José and the redwoods of *Rancho Antonio*, the Sotos, the Amadors, and the Castros lived in feudal splendor. These Spanish Californians trusted Brown and asked him to serve as *alcalde*—mayor, administrator, and clerk of official documents. Settlers coming across the plains, through Panama, and around the Horn believed that they had the right to homestead the vacant land of the vast old ranchos. Allen was also appointed *alcalde* by the governor.

As one of thirty-seven delegates of the Constitutional Convention that opened at Monterey on September 4, 1849, Elam played a leading role. With his sons he organized Contra Costa County seven miles east of San Francisco between the Golden Gate and the San Joaquin Valley, with a waterfront on upper San Francisco Bay. Allen surveyed one hundred twenty acres on the west side of Arroyo del Hombre and laid out Martinez across from Benicia. He built a house with a wide veranda where his brother-in-law, N. P. Smith, and Warren opened the first store. Here the first court was organized, as well as the first school.

VIII

FORTY-WAGON TRAIN TO CALIFORNIA

SUDDENLY THE news flashed across the mountains and the plains—gold discovered! One March evening as Camron was telling the story of David and Goliath to five-year-old William, there was a knock on the door.

Tom welcomed the trader, shivering in the cold night air. As he drew up to the fire he remarked, "There is no freezing weather like this in the fertile Alhambra Valley, which nestles behind the Coastal Range east of San Francisco. Spanish Californians have thousands of fine cattle roaming through the high tule grass that never have to be fed. Pleasant valleys, free from insects, make living a paradise. Just two Americans own ranches east of San Francisco Bay, Dr. John Marsh, who employs many Indians in his orchards and vineyards, and Elam Brown, who recently bought a section of the old *Pinole Rancho*."

"Both friends of our New Salem days!" exclaimed Tom.

"Vallejo exchanged beef hides for lumber from Hawaii, the great forests silent, until Elam Brown and his friends began whipsawing lumber in the San Antonio redwoods."

"How about gold?" inquired Tom.

"Still plentiful near Long Bar."

The Rev. Baxter N. Bonham was the first to catch the fire of missionary zeal. He felt that with so many ministers in Iowa, the Cumberland Presbyterians should carry the flame of faith westward. The Puritan Bonhams had brought their enthusiasm and zeal to Cape Cod on the Atlantic: he would take the gospel message to the Pacific.

The Rev. John M. Camron was the lodestar to whom all turned, as he organized a forty-wagon train to California. On Sunday he spoke fervently: The Golden West was calling, the last frontier! Hazardous? Yes, as dangerous as the wide ocean, which the Camrons had crossed in a small sailing vessel. He lifted Tom's eight-year-old son Alvah up, saying, "Son, we are facing Indians, deserts, great thirst, possibly death for some of us. But God works in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform. Some day, Alvah, you will own a ranch near the wide Pacific!"

As Camron faced his large congregation, his magnetism held all spellbound, when he spoke of the great adventure. "When our long train of forty wagons pulls out for the vast unknown, only the Father above will understand the anguish that may befall his children. Yet, as God rules, there will be a triumph.

"After months of hardship, we will reach our goal. Gold! We hope for our share of that—to build homes and churches. More precious than gold is the cross we carry to benighted souls. We leave Oskaloosa to establish other happy communities near the Pacific."

Young men sold their farms to buy a California outfit, often going together to buy three yoke of oxen, a prairie schooner, coffee, and supplies for six months. What was a quarter section in Iowa, compared to bags of gold? In a day one might get as many gold nuggets as he could earn in a year's hard labor. James and Thomas McMurray, Rollo Smith, tall and straight as an arrow, and Dr. Sampsell, a brilliant young physician, were packing prairie schooners.

Polly looked longingly at the fine carriage in which she had enjoyed many pleasant trips across Iowa. Would there be any possibility of getting their carriage across the plains? Thomas thought they could start with it. There would be many strong men to carry it across rock streams, while the girls rode over on horseback. Caroline urged Father to consider it. On hot days, open to the breeze, the carriage would be cooler; on rainy days, the tight curtains would

keep out the chill winds. Father, proud of his lovely daughters, yielded.

Charles Purvine was taking one hundred fine cattle.

When Camron made his last trip to Van Buren County, he ate dinner with his Aunt Mary Ann. He told her that he wished that more honest men like Lincoln served in Congress.

"Vian always laughed at the queer outfits he wore. But I am mighty proud of the quilt that I made from Abe's old clothes," she said.

"More men of Lincoln's character are needed in Washington. His heart is in the right place, and he should go far. Lincoln developed a deeper religious feeling in those years that we were closely associated with him."

Sarah Rutledge, Mary Ann's youngest daughter, had a sweetheart, John Saunders, who dropped by to tell Camron that if California proved to be a good farming country, Sarah and he might try living there some day.

"I hope you do. Almost all my members in the Oskaloosa church are going West, except for the few who lack the spirit of adventure and daring that has always possessed my soul."

Samuel Berry rode back with Camron the next morning. Sixty-nine and the oldest member of the wagon train leaving soon for California, he could not persuade Baxter to pull up his stakes in Mahaska County. But Samuel declared that, sure, he planned to dig gold. He'd come back to his prairie farm if his strike played out.

Sarah, who also returned with them, spent a day in Oskaloosa carefully packing dried fruit, beans, and jars of honey for Polly in their schooner. Then she rode out to her brother Robert's west of town. His wife caught her enthusiasm and baked a dozen rhubarb pies ready for the forty-niners the next night.

Tom had married a widow, Mrs. Cynthia Hill, who seemed a good mother for his sons. But little William preferred spending many days with the lovely Caroline.

Dr. B. B. Bonham had moved to Missouri, carrying the Presbyterian faith to that frontier.

Vian had married a widower, Henry Lyster, who was a cabinetmaker. Ten years older than Vian, with married children, he thought it was folly to risk such an uncertain adventure. He owned valuable property and didn't think it wise to sell out at that time.

Polly was glad that several of her daughters had sensible husbands who looked before leaping. All her precious daughters were there to wish them a safe trip across the plains, with the hope that all would be united again in California. Baxter and Sorena were in the first wagon, as the long forty-wagon train pulled out of Oskaloosa May 1, 1849. Tuning up his violin, he gave the signal for all to join in singing "Oh! Susannah!" as they started moving. Gaily Bonham sang:

I came to Alabama wid my fiddle on my knee.
I'm g'wan to California, my true love for to see.
It rain'd all night de day I left. De weather it was dry.
De sun so hot I froze to death; Susannah, don't you cry.

Oh! Susannah! Oh, don't you cry for me,
For I'm going to California, wid my fiddle on my knee.

We soon will be in California, and den I'll look around,
And when I find rich gold, I'll fall upon de ground;
And if I do not find it, dis parson will surely die
And when I'm dead and buried, Sorena, don't you cry!

The song, picked up by strong bass and tenor voices, was carried down the long line of wagons. Then more softly, "Beautiful Dreamer" floated on the breeze for half a mile, everyone hoping that he would find his treasured dream at the end of the rainbow.

The carriage, with a fine span of horses, had left ten minutes in advance of the wagons, with their slow oxen.

Arriving at Robert Rutledge's in the early afternoon, Polly told Sarah that this was probably the last time that she would enjoy a long visit on an Iowa farm—no telling where John would locate next time. Caroline, Arminda, and Margaret, with Alvah and William, had ridden in the carriage that first day. Tomorrow Jane and her children would have the pleasure of viewing hundreds of acres of wild flowers. Campfires were started, and Polly had prepared a feast for the four Camron wagons when they rode in at sunset.

For a few days of pushing west the weather was ideal, with only brief showers. But after crossing the Missouri, they were in "no-man's land" among wild Indians. The plains were hot and dry.

Millions of stars made the sky luminous one evening as members of the forty-wagon train sat by huge campfires on the rolling plains beyond Independence. There was a pleasant aroma in the evening breeze from the barbecued buffalo.

Indians on Spanish ponies lurked near by on hidden trails. Baxter sensed their presence, as a group of musicians played plantation songs. Far down the trail, voices of youth carried the deep bass and tenor. Baxter told Polly that their music should "charm the savage breast." Purvine retorted that although it was a pleasant thought, he didn't figure on giving the Pawnees any opportunity to steal his cattle while he had the night watch.

Their last songs were always hymns, followed by sincere prayers. Tonight they sang Caroline's favorite, "The Lily of the Valley":

I've found a friend in Jesus, he's everything to me,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.
He's the Lily of the Valley
The bright and Morning Star.

As Camron led the group in a devout prayer, Samuel Berry, an exhorter, and Bonham held other services far

down the trail. Every morning on their six months' travel westward brief prayer services were held.

Prayer is the key for the bending knee
To open the morn's first hours;
See the incense rise to the starry skies,
Like perfume from the flow'rs.
When the shadows fall,
And the vesper call
Is sobbing its low refrain,
'Tis a garland sweet
To the toil-dent feet,
And an antidote for pain.

The Golden Key

The heavy iron range proved a great problem, for it took too long to cool off. Because of its great weight, it had to be lifted into the front of the wagon. Often they were delayed. One day as the women baked bread and washed, Tom and his father cut down a hickory tree and built stronger tongues for several schooners that revealed the strain of prolonged travel over rocky terrain.

After many hot, dusty days, it was pleasant to camp one evening by a clear, crystal stream fed by a beautiful cataract from the high ledge above. A spring rippled near by from overhanging rocks.

But as they crossed the alkali flats and long stretches of hot deserts, there was much sickness. The children were feverish and fretful. The carriage horses died from drinking poisoned water. Polly was sad when they had to leave their carriage. Covered with dust and worn from the hard trip, it had lost all the beauty of Iowa days.

Passing new graves, with crude warnings that a wife or children had died of cholera, made life more fearful. But the forty-wagon train reached the Salt Lake settlements of the Mormons without one casualty, and for that all were deeply thankful. The extreme heat by day and the severe chill at night had weakened their morale. The members of

thirty-six wagons declared that their exhausting, trying experiences made them fearful of going further till spring.

But Camron had noted a couple of old men eying his beautiful daughters. He saw red. His daughters would never be a part of their harems! He asked Purvine, Bonham, and Tom to join him at the campfire. Polly had never seen Father so wrought up as he firmly stood on his feet, his broad shoulders extended.

"God being our guide, our four wagons are pulling out at sunrise. We determined to go to California this momentous year of 1849. Why stay longer in this God-forsaken place? Others think they should wait till spring to cross the high Sierras, but nothing will stop me!"

Purvine protested. "What about the hundreds of warlike Indians that always lurk near the trail? How can we keep four hundred braves from tomahawking all of us?"

"I am well aware of the grave dangers ahead. But if the divine hand has brought all forty wagons thus far safely, I will trust Him till the end of our long journey."

Tom looked at the salt marshes beyond: no fat cows browsing on tall prairie grass. He shuddered. "A winter here would be terrible!"

The weeks that followed were heartbreaking indeed. Once passing through heavy sand, Baxter saw at the side of the road a man who had been tomahawked by Indians and left near bright bits of clothing and broken dishes. Tom quickly dug a grave and buried the unfortunate man as Father watched. In the distance was the smoke of Indian campfires. Quickly they turned their wagons down another trail.

That night around their council fire there was a serious conference, with sincere, devout prayers. Thomas suggested that Arminda be chosen to represent the Camron clan in case the men were wiped out by the Indians. A Masonic service was held on the knoll above a mountain stream. Arminda, with her dark hair hanging over her shoulders, was beautiful. As the moon came through the clouds, the

impressive ceremony was carried through with deep and sincere solemnity. The lovely girl was crowned queen and honorary member of the Masonic Lodge.

Many Indians were gathered around their council fire in an adjoining canyon. The plan had been to surprise this four-wagon train and carry off the women and children after tomahawking the men. On a mountain ledge, an Indian sentinel watched. He would give the signal to the braves below.

Then he noticed the circle of men, women, and children, all praying. A lovely girl with soft hair falling over her shoulders held her arms upward in prayer. Deeply touched by the scene below, with lonely wanderers praying to the Great Father above, the Indian waited. Softly the group began singing "Walk in the Light."

Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene and bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

This music had the power of the lion and the melody of the lark as it echoed through the canyon.

The lone scout, who stood erect and somber on the ledge, was joined by another brave. Fiercely he indicated with Indian signs: "Time to claim our scalps! We are ready to attack!"

The scout lifted his hand. "Listen, the birds of heaven bring a message from our Great Father. These pilgrims must not be touched. Back to the tepees! Wait till another time, when those who love not the Great Father come!"

The Indians slipped back to their campfires in the adjoining canyon.

Baxter sang fervently "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the others joining in. A falling star dropped near by as Arminda lifted her hands in prayer. Her father sincerely prayed for guidance, then took Arminda's hand and lifted her down.

Polly, exhausted, had fallen to sleep.

"The danger is past," breathed Father. "Now there will be peace." Bonham felt the divine presence near in that chill mountain vastness. His arms encircled Sorena as he dropped off to sleep.

It was very cold at dawn as the girls threw great branches on the coals. As the sun rose, all joined in fervent prayer. The day passed without further incident, and many miles were covered by their wagon train, reaching a fine camp that night.

From the head of the Humboldt, the trail was hard, irregular, and full of deep chasms. They pushed their tired oxen through a pass, and the wagons drew up at the foot of Goose Lake, where the Oregon Trail turned upward and the California downward.

Margaret and Caroline were intrigued by various messages that had been fastened to the great trees of the forest. Tom went over to read one posted by Lieutenant R. S. Williamson: "A true account of the distances and difficulties from this point to Lassen's Rancho, or Fandango Pass. Not as difficult as Carson's route over the mountains, but there are desert stretches after leaving the Humboldt, and rugged terrain beyond Goose Lake."

A hunter coming through warned Purvine not to take this shorter route, as the mountains were too precipitous. One had to head downward too suddenly in sundry places. The steep mountain descents were almost impossible to take with wagons. A horse could get through, where a wagon would crash down on your head in sudden fury.

Father warned, "It is getting late. We dare not risk longer delays in this high mountain country. We have strong men."

On another tree he read: "You follow the Pitt River sixty miles into the Big Valley Bluff Road. At Horse Creek Canyon at the lower outlet you will have to lift the immigrant wagons over a stiff ledge to the trail below." That sounded dangerous—a mountain trail full of hazards.

Tom read another description: "Lassen's Trail from the

Humboldt to Lassen's Rancho on Deer Creek, where it enters the Sacramento. Above Horse Canyon, at the lower outlet, ropes must be used to let the wagons down, following the left bank of the Pitt to the Crossing."

Bonham asked a man who rode up about this new road. "Lassen, the Dane, who worked for Sutter awhile, secured a large Spanish grant a few years ago, and spends most of his time searching for a better route through the high Sierras. Last year, when he came back from St. Louis with a party, he opened up this shorter route to his Ranch on Deer Creek. Lassen's road is very treacherous in several places, but any trail through the high Sierras is. The terrain is very rocky, with deep sand near the streams. But it is a much shorter route. You would be wise to get through before heavy snows pile up in the mountain passes."

Purvine decided that they should try it. He wanted to reach the gold diggings as quickly as possible, as their supplies were getting low.

"Yes," agreed Camron. "We must push on over the shortest route. God willing, we'll get through."

The days that followed were full of extreme hardships, appalling at times: such terrible cold weather on the mountains, so many rocky, dangerous curves on an unbroken course, as their wagons were among the first to take this new Lassen's Road.

When they reached the high ridge where the wagons would have to be lifted over the precipice, Purvine went down a narrow path with the women and children to locate their campsite and be ready to guide the wagons downward. This wasn't the first time the children had followed a narrow path over the rocks to ease the load for the oxen. Today most of them gathered wood for a great campfire. The air was chill and dusk falling early. The high flames would aid the men.

The iron range went down first, so that Polly could get a fire started for baking. In the high altitudes fires burned slowly.

Arminda stayed above to balance the wagons. She was adept in an emergency. Two wagons, handled with the greatest care, safely reached the valley below.

But as Tom started the third wagon downward, the strongest rope broke. As the rope snapped, the wagon went down with a great crash. Worn thin by months of travel, the wagon collapsed in a mass of broken bits.

Tom called to his mother that they would have to leave behind the heaviest chest, hoping to get the last wagon down safely. The high flames helped as with arduous, exhausting labor the last precious wagon was handed down. One wheel was crushed, but fortunately Alvah found one wheel that had rolled off to a tree trunk from the demolished wagon. That night they added strong leather thongs to strengthen their wobbly wagons for the last, hard miles through the mountains.

Suddenly their flour gave out. William moved into his grandfather's arms while he knelt in earnest prayer by the campfire. When he got up from his knees, he drew William closer and told him the story of David. A smile flickered on the child's face as he dropped into troubled sleep. Cameron fell asleep with a heavy heart, wondering how God could provide for them now. Would they perish in the Sierra Nevadas?

How cold the nights were! How difficult to find dry limbs to burn! The men knelt to pray fervently. After a brief meal of mountain sheep that had been dressed the night before and left in the coals, they pressed on. Polly and Sorena had a real chore in preparing breakfast in zero-to-twenty-degree temperature, with a chill wind blowing through the canyon.

Hunger stalked them that day as the three wagons rattled down the mountain slopes. When they made camp that night, unable to find big game, Purvine snared three squirrels. As Polly cut them up and dropped them in the big kettle for soup, she sighed wearily. The children would be cold and hungry again tonight.

As Father prayed, despair entered his soul. Polly looked

so thin and frail. In Mahaska County food went to waste; he should have stayed in the land of plenty. He should never have brought his loved ones across the hot plains and into the icy-cold mountain heights, where there was no food.

Tom had to break through ice to get water for breakfast. He was ravishingly hungry. How could his oldest son, Henry, endure this? He was not as rugged as the others. As the children pushed in closer to the fire with icy hands, Tom thought how hard it was to provide for women and children in the high Sierras!

Purvine swung briskly around in forced cheerfulness. There should be some place down the trail, possibly a small trading post, where provisions could be secured.

Bonham turned his pocket book inside out. It was empty. "How much can I buy? I am the poorest person you ever saw!"

After wearily riding for hours, they rounded a cliff. Margaret pointed out a cloud of dust in the distance. Fear struck their hearts. Would Indians fall upon them in this desolate spot? Wondering, they waited. How could they resist an onslaught?

Bonham in the first wagon stood up and shouted back, "These horsemen are friends, I hope."

As the group of men drew nearer, Sorena saw sacks of flour behind their saddles. The first rider, Frank Weeks, hearing the children crying hungrily, called out, "Have no fear. We heard that pioneers were coming across the high Sierras, almost starving and enduring great hazards. So we raised a relief party. . . . What a lively bunch of boys—future ranchers and lawyers, I'll warrant."

"Preachers, too," spoke up Alvah. "Don't forget them!"

Weeks smiled back as he handed a sack of flour to Bonham.

Accepting the flour with his usual banter, Baxter said, "We are like birds in the wilderness. We didn't realize what a long, long stretch it was from Iowa to California!"

"I have followed the long trails too that seemed end-

less. You'll soon be in a land that God smiles on all around the year."

Polly invited the men to stay for biscuits. The old iron cookstove soon had a hot fire roaring in it. Sorena stirred up a big batch of cookies for the children. While Henry and Alvah snared trout in a mountain stream, two youths dressed a young fawn and hung it over their campfire to roast. One man had a big bag of potatoes and put many of them in the coals to bake.

Caroline opened their last jar of honey, generously covering biscuits that she handed to one of the youths. Camron suddenly noticed how dark he was. "Must be part Indian and part Spanish. Casting admiring eyes on Caroline, too!"

The youth moved over to where Baxter was playing "Hail, Columbia, Happy Land" and introduced himself. "My name is Benito Gómez. I'd like to learn that tune." Camron was suddenly suspicious. He looked at Baxter, who paid no heed. In fact, he liked the quiet enthusiasm of this young chap.

The day was cold and clear as Tom pulled silver trout from a mountain stream that shone like silver in the sunlight. Silver spruce and cedars grew heavenward. Indians were again making signals on the heights above.

"Yes," Benito replied, "the Digger Indians, who dig up worms for their acorn bread, keep lookouts on the heights above to tell them when Americans are coming through with fine cattle or horses. Indians drop by your camps during the day to beg food, and return by night to steal horses. The Indian lookouts, standing on an eminence, gather handfuls of dry sage leaves, ignite them with fire sticks, throw on dry grass or leaves, causing smoke to ascend in a slender spindle of white smoke. By throwing on green grass, the signals are black."

Benito removed a stick from his own quiver to show how the Digger Indians made bright-blue smoke signals. He laid on the ground a square stick, inserting the end of a round stick in one of the conical holes, dropped in a few

grains of fine sand and crumbs of dry, rotten wood. Then he rapidly whirled the cylindrical stick around in his hands. He handed Baxter some one- to ten-inch fire sticks, a three-inch square stick drilled full of conical holes one fourth of an inch wide and two inches deep, a cylindrical stick eighteen inches long and three-fourths of an inch in diameter, pointed at each end.

"Now see if you can make the same signals as the tall Indian on the eminence above."

Behold the great peaks:

Majestic,

Silent,

Superior

And aloof;

They flirt with the high sky,

They commune with the clouds,

They breathe the air of God—

Clean, undisturbed, divine.

I envy them;

I worship them;

I smile at them

And lift my head,

Knowing

That mountain peaks

Are common ground

That dared

To reach for the sky!

(VIRGIL A. KRAFT)

Polly glanced up at the tall peaks, whose snow-crowned tops faded into the heavens above. The spruce and cedar in the high valleys were lovely. Her soul filled with wonder at the grandeur that pressed them in.

John, noticing the serene expression on Polly's face, drew her into the prayer circle near the hot coals. It was a prayer of thankfulness for the divine hand that had suc-

cored them in the great hour of need and again had saved them for a special purpose of helping others.

Tom had brought in half a dozen teal. Caroline pulled off the soft feathers. Then she opened a pillow flattened by the long journey and filled it with feathers. Sleeping would be more comfortable tonight.

An eagle was flying through the clouds above. Blue lakes nestled in the valleys below. Turning to Arminda, Caroline remarked, "I am falling in love with California."

"I am falling in love with some dashing personality. Mr. Weeks said that in the gold country there are a hundred men to every young lady."

"Oh, Arminda, be careful. Just one youth, the right one, will suit me."

"A Spanish musician?"

"He was nice. But my man will be tall and fine like Father."

Next evening their wagons again stopped at a crystal stream flanked with tall spruce. A French trader with a harem of Shoshone squaws, big, ugly, and dirty, disgusted Camron as they came over to their camp, offering Indian moccasins for sale. One squaw, very talkative, with grunts and gestures insisted that Arminda buy a pair.

Tom led her away. He noticed that the trader was comparing the three Shoshones, with his lovely sisters. "What a whale of a difference!" Tom told his mother.

Baxter, amused at the antics of the Shoshones, got out his fiddle and began playing songs of the Forty-Niners like "Zip Coon," and other tunes. Indians came down from the canyon above and squatted near the campfire. The trapper got out a bugle and accompanied the fiddle very well. As more Indians gathered near, Polly took her daughters into the wagon, away from the motley crowd.

Arminda was thrilled at the woodland scene—a full moon shining through the great cedars, antelopes poised, listening, strange naked Indians in feathers and paint. Camron soon called a halt, suggesting that Baxter switch to "In

the Hour of Trial." As they knelt near the campfire, the Indians slipped away.

Baxter refused to take the evening too seriously. "Those Indian braves won't attack us now. We can go safely on our way to Deer Creek."

Another chilly night as their wagons stopped near a mountain stream Baxter noticed the great roaring fires of a large camp not far away. He suggested that Arminda and Caroline go with him and Sorena to toast their cold toes.

The officer in charge, Lieutenant Captain J. G. Bruff, was a striking man whose coarse, jet-black hair fell over his shoulders. His hazel eyes, with long black lashes, flashed with merriment as he welcomed the forty-niners. He told them that he was a draftsman with the Bureau of Topographical Engineers, from Washington, D. C. Recently he had made maps from all of Frémont's reports as they came in from the West Coast. Senator Benton had asked him to prepare maps and detailed facts for both the House and the Senate.

"The *New York Daily Tribune* announced on January thirtieth that forty-nine ships, brigs, barks, and steamers had sailed that day for California. When the *Washington Globe* reported that a man found twelve thousand dollars' worth of gold in a single day, young men in Alexandria and Georgetown asked me to form a company of light infantry for the trip.

"A committee met at my home and made out a contract to purchase fourteen wagons and fourteen large tents for our company; also uniforms—gray frock coats with gilt eagle buttons, and gray pantaloons with black stripe and felt hats. My company paraded with a fine band on Lafayette Square opposite the White House. We were presented to old Zach Taylor on April second. Sixty men reached St. Louis two weeks later. We were able to buy the first odometer, that measures mileage, from a St. Louis firm. On our strenuous overland trip, we have averaged seventeen and one-tenth miles a day."

Baxter was amazed at his fine temperature charts, giving daily reports. Bruff was well equipped with many fine instruments.

"I was born in Washington, D. C., the son of a devout Methodist dentist and physician. Our ancestor came from Bruff, Ireland, with Captain John Smith on his second voyage. I was appointed to West Point at sixteen, later traveled in Europe and South America. I served in the Navy Yard at Norfolk, Virginia."

A week later, as the three-wagon train reached a knoll at dusk all were exhausted. It seemed as if they would never reach the rancho on Deer Creek. As a cold wind blew through the canyon, it was extremely difficult to build campfires. Polly, thin and weak, had never seen John so disheartened as he knelt by the fire.

Soon there were sounds of horsemen coming from the opposite direction. A small group of men stopped on the adjoining knoll to make camp. Peter Lassen, out surveying a less hazardous route through the high Sierras, noticed with interest the dark-haired maidens as they hovered near their campfire. He asked one of his men to take over a sack of beans, while he approached the devout minister, giving him the Masonic handclasp.

Camron smiled warmly, saying, "You, too, are a Mason?"

"Yes, on our return from St. Louis last year we carried our Masonic Lodge Charter. You will join us, I hope."

"Wherever we locate in California, Tom and I expect to organize a chapter. The fraternity organized by the cathedral-builders centuries ago has always stressed human liberty and charity. Like the father of our country, George Washington, we will carry on their ideals."

Soon Lassen returned from his campfire to chat with the Presbyterian ministers. He had some well-cooked venison that his men had prepared the night before and had now just lifted from the hot coals.

Lassen had been born in Copenhagen August 7, 1800, and had come to America by way of Boston. Later remov-

ing to Missouri, he had crossed to Oregon with twelve men in 1839. Two years later he bought land near Santa Cruz and built a sawmill. He sold the mill for a hundred mules and went up to work for Sutter, who paid him with additional livestock.

"Horse thieves are too plentiful here. When I went out to recapture some of Sutter's stolen horses, I discovered this fine country above Deer Creek and applied to the Spanish governor in Monterey for this large grant.

"Just five years ago last February I built the first civilized home north of Maryville. In the spring of 1846, I was sent to Oregon in search of the Pathfinder. I overtook Frémont on the bank of Klamath Lake and directed him back to California.

"The gold diggings are forty miles beyond my home, but the roads are now impassable. It is one hundred and fifteen miles to Sacramento after you reach my rancho."

Lassen glanced at the beautiful Camron lassies with flashing dark eyes and soft brown hair. "Caroline is the most beautiful, unaware of her real charm." He turned to Polly. "We need fine ladies more than anything else in California. That is the reason why I have spent so many long, hard days of labor each year to locate shorter and better passes through the high Sierras. Hearty, honest Americans are a necessary asset in the development of our vast natural resources."

He turned back to Camron. "You have brought greater treasure across the plains than you will find in California—your lovely daughters." Camron smiled, agreeing heartily.

Purvine inquired about the roads from Lassen Rancho to Long Bar.

"Cut up badly. If heavy fall rains come, you can scarcely get through with your wagons."

The next morning as Mother baked bread Margaret looked down from the little valley in the heights to a winding creek, silver in the sunlight. Willows swayed near by. The grass was emerald green. Naked Indians were steering

a crude craft in the stream on the right. A herd of antelopes loped in the high tule grass. In the distance blue smoke was curling upward from a bonfire. Bonham pointed out smoke signals that the Indians on the heights above were making.

"Purvine, the Indians are doubtless telling other braves that they wish beefsteaks from your herd."

"I expect to prevent that. That long stretch without water certainly thinned them out."

The last forty miles to Lassen's rancho was over a very rough ridge road with a beautiful forest on each side. Then a hard descent of five hundred feet to the spring, where they made camp.

The short wagon train reached Lassen's rancho weary and disheartened. The men at the rancho said that the bottom of the road to the gold diggings was out. After prayers at dawn for guidance, Tom and his father went over to Deer Creek, where it joins the Sacramento.

Tom was enthusiastic. "Let's buy lumber at the sawmill and begin building a boat! With expert carpenters, we can finish it before the week is out."

"Yes, it will be much easier by water, and a great relief to get farther away from the Indians. We'll build a cabin too, a dry, warm place when the rains deluge us—a temporary shelter at the gold diggings."

They worked rapidly, and the boat was soon completed.

Flour was selling at the rancho at fifty dollars a hundred pounds. Purvine only got one hundred dollars a head for his fine Iowa cattle. To think that after six months of hard work, each cow had the value of only two hundred pounds of flour!

Tom directed their boat to Long Bar. When they arrived at the gold diggings, Purvine went into the hills to locate a cabin for his family. He was more fortunate than the others, for he was able to buy a small but comfortable one near a spring. The owner was pulling out for San Francisco in the morning.

Bonham decided to buy a tent and put it up near Purvine's cabin. With food so expensive, he would have to start immediately to search out a gold deposit. Tom couldn't locate a suitable place for his four boys.

That night drunks howled around their boat. Their vile oaths alarmed Polly. Their lewd remarks about his lovely daughters angered Father.

Next morning there was a conference. Camron declared that Long Bar was no place for women. As soon as the others unloaded their chests he was taking his boat down to Sacramento. Hang Town was no place for Polly and the girls to live. He would surely find something better in Sacramento. Tom found a temporary place to stay and unloaded his possessions.

Arminda helped her father direct the boat as they pushed off for Sacramento. After the long trip down the river, their problems increased. For as Camron pulled up the boat to a landing place on American River, below Fort Sutter, there was a general movement of hundreds of bearded men and young blades to observe the marvel of attractive young ladies.

Preparing to land, Camron looked around thoughtfully and was more than pleased to see approaching a young man more to his liking. He looked familiar too.

"Allen Brown!"

"You used to stop at my grandfather's near Jacksonville, if I am not mistaken," Allen said.

"Bless your soul! Am I glad to see you! In all this motley of bearded men, I feel overwhelmed. It is shocking. I never dreamed that Sacramento would be swarming with godless men, just like the gold diggings."

"Yes, they come in by every kind of craft as well as the new steamships. After the long trip around South America, or through the jungles of Panama, they are very hilarious. But there are a few sober ones, too, from Missouri."

Caroline, her eyes dancing with excitement at this strange city of tents, moved over to grasp her father's arm. Father, pleased, introduced her to Allen, who thought her

very young at first, for she was small, with lovely soft brown curls hanging over her shoulders. At fifteen she was very beautiful.

Camron was quick to notice Allen's pleasant abstraction, for ever keenly alert in the protection of the gentlefolk in his keeping, he especially needed advice now. He introduced his wife and other daughters with the pride of a devoted father.

"Perhaps you can help me solve a perplexing problem, Allen. There was such a gang of wild-eyed men at the gold diggings that I thought it safer to find a house in Sacramento where Polly and the girls can stay this winter while I am at the mines."

"Very true, but houses are almost impossible to find, with adventurers arriving daily from all over the globe."

"We must have a home, no matter how small, high up on the hill, for the protection of our daughters."

Brown smiled into Caroline's eyes as he recalled a man with whom he had been talking an hour ago. "There is just one possibility. I know a man who is moving down the river in the morning. He told me that his house is small but it is high on the hill, with a fine view of the harbor below."

"Any house that is far distant from the wharf will be all right for us. Can you take me to see him?"

On their way to find the man, Camron asked Allen about his father.

"He is a very busy man. We had a round-up of our cattle on August twenty-second, counting 143 domestic cattle, 1,084 wild cattle, 3,106 scattered cattle, or a total of 4,376. Our duties as *alcaldes* are numerous. The Spanish Californians have a hard time adjusting to homesteaders, who settle on the vacant lands of their old grants. We have made many deeds for bewildered *vaqueros*.

"Father is now active in planning the organization of Contra Costa County, east of San Francisco Bay, as well as the state government. In September, he was one of the

thirty-seven delegates who convened the Constitutional Convention. In December he will serve in the first California Legislature.

"In the convention Father worked with a young lawyer, F. M. Warmcastle, the first one admitted to the Missouri bar. After serving a short time in the legislature there, he joined the Mounted Volunteers as lieutenant and took the overland trip to Oregon, in 1846, and reached California this year. Father hopes he will serve as our first county judge."

Camron and Brown had scarcely moved out of sight when a mob of men again pushed toward the boat. A careless drunk was lurching too near. Polly was alarmed. Then she noticed an officer coming down from Fort Sutter.

In no uncertain tones Captain Hiram Fogg ordered the motley crowd of glaring men back, out of range. Then he approached the boat and introduced himself to Mrs. Camron. He glanced at the tall and beautiful Arminda and smiled. Very sedately, but pleased, Arminda returned the smile.

Fogg told Mrs. Camron that he was commissioned to recruit soldiers, but in the wild excitement of the gold rush no one enlisted. Sutter's Fort, built as a protection against the Indians, was exactly on the line of the overland immigration. He had built a fine new house on his rancho, with 4,200 cattle and thousands of other livestock. He made handsome profits in selling grain and mules to the miners, but he needed a police guard at Sacramento. His twelve pieces of artillery, acquired a few years ago when the Russians pulled out of northern California for Sitka, should cast awe into the hearts of lawless men, with forty men in uniform.

Camron wasn't pleased, on his return, when the officer genially introduced himself: "Captain Hiram Fogg, and you are a minister, I judge."

After thanking Captain Fogg for dispersing the crowd, Camron told him that his services were no longer needed.

"An old officer twice Arminda's age," he decided, not liking the bow and smile he had given Arminda as he turned away.

John told Polly that he had acquired the cabin, the smallest, most undesirable one he had ever seen. But it was high on the hill, far from the tent city of mules and men.

The Sacramento, river of gold, was full of all kinds of boats, some tied to trees on the banks. The young ladies were talking about the mysteries of faraway places suggested by the smoke from the new steamers. "Look, Father," called Margaret excitedly, "at that fine new steamship!"

The last Sunday in October, Camron took Polly and the girls to a Presbyterian service in Sacramento. The pastor told him that four missionaries, three of them Presbyterians sent out by their mission boards in New York, had arrived in San Francisco on February 28 on the steamer *California*. Now the *Senator* made regular runs between Sacramento and San Francisco, giving missionaries free passage. Since the Rev. Dwight Hunt, a Presbyterian minister from Honolulu, was serving in San Francisco, Dr. S. W. Woodbridge of Connecticut had accepted the invitation of Dr. Robert Semple to establish a church and an academy on upper San Francisco Bay. Dr. Semple, member of the Bear Flag Expedition, had founded Benicia just two years before on the northern shore of Carquinez Straits.

M. G. Vallejo had given five miles along the Sacramento from his 84,000-acre Suscol Grant, provided that city lots were laid out and a ferry established.

That evening there was a sudden crash on the door, and two drunks leered in at the window, swearing loudly. Father quickly moved out, giving one drunk a thrust with his arm that felled him. Just then Captain Fogg arrived with another officer, who handcuffed the offenders and took them back to Fort Sutter.

Arminda, hearing Captain Fogg's voice, unlatched the door, while Caroline, a candle in her hand, peered out to

evaluate the sudden stillness. The captain politely bowed to Arminda and said firmly, "This will not happen again. Hereafter there will be an evening patrol on this street. Men rarely see such great beauty, and are hungry for 'a look,' especially when there is a trio of lovely maidens."

Polly thanked Captain Fogg for his gracious assistance and closed the door. Hiram, with a polite bow and a smile into Arminda's eyes, well pleased, strode back to the fort. But not Camron; he did not wish to be obligated in any way to *that* officer!

At dawn the next morning Arminda saw her father nailing boards across the windows, leaving only a skylight above. While eating breakfast, he told Polly to limit the men invited to their home to youths of the caliber of Allen Brown. Quickly Father told them good-by and hurried to his boat below.

Arminda arranged a chest to stand on. The miniature boats on the river were charming, in the distance, but a heavy mist from the Sacramento blurred the view.

Tom and his father dug in a gulch for several days without finding any gold dust, then moved their tent to another location which looked more promising. Soon it began to rain and digging gold on the Yuba River became more difficult. Their boots mired in the mud, and there was very little shining gold for their strenuous labor.

Unscrupulous adventurers were a constant menace. This was a dangerous, precarious experience that Camron hoped would soon be over. As soon as he acquired enough gold, he was going to buy a ranch and go back to normal living again.

Orientalists were numerous at the mines. Hawaii was only twelve days' sailing from Monterey, and during Spanish California days many had come in. Chinese and even turbaned Hindus were a contrast to the red-shirted miners.

Baxter and Sorena moved their tent over to a long ravine whose blue clay had a rich vein of gold carried down

by torrents of water during the rainy season. It was rather colorful at times, when it joined the red clay, but here the banks of the river were very steep and digging for gold was extremely difficult.

The ever-present threat was robbers, who might in one night steal all the gold secured by a month's labor. One day after acquiring a fine collection of gold nuggets, Baxter asked Sorena to put them in a small pillowcase in the chest under the baby's clothes. In his bag he put one- and two-cent pieces with small stones. Weary after his long, hard day of climbing up and down the cliff, he was just dropping off to sleep when he heard the jingling coins. Sorena, frightened by the creeping noise of the robber as he had lifted the tent flap, had given Baxter a heavy punch that startled him wide awake.

Leaping up, he pushed the robber's leg so violently that he slipped and fell as he jumped outside. Baxter gave the robber a violent shake, wondering if he had stolen other bags on his rounds. A bag of gold dust rolled out of his shirt. Baxter in a strong, terrifying voice demanded it, determined to return it to the rightful owner.

Standing near the cliff, Baxter told the robber to go or he would throw him off. Frightened, the man ran for his life.

At dawn, Tom walked in, greatly worried. A robber had stolen his bag of gold dust during the night, all the gold that he and his father had secured in weeks of labor.

Baxter handed over the bag that he had just acquired. "Look familiar?"

"That's ours, all right!"

Just then Camron arrived. After hearing Baxter's account, he suggested that the gold should be taken to San Francisco in their boat immediately.

Polly's cupboard was indeed bare. The soup diet of the last three days had sapped her energy. The girls were wan and pale, cooped up in the tiny house during recent rains.

Hundreds of men had already scooped up most of the gold, she feared. What if John didn't locate any?

A knock at the door. Caroline opened it. Allen handed her a big basket of large red and purple grapes. His brother, Warren, gave a heavy ham and a sack of flour to Arminda and her mother. Then Allen began pulling oranges and limes from the bag over his shoulder for Margaret.

"I thought you folks might be getting a bit short of food, while it is going to waste on our rancho near Martinez. Caroline, when your father returns from the mines, persuade him to come down to Contra Costa County and buy a rancho with his gold nuggets. Napoleon B. Smith, who married my sister Margeline, just purchased a lovely rancho in Alhambra Valley."

"How I would love to walk through your orchards and vineyards! These grapes are wonderful!"

Polly invited the youth to stay for dinner. In a jiffy, she would have biscuits in the oven while Caroline fried generous slices of ham.

Allen was pleased. "It has been a long time since breakfast. We took the ferry across the Sacramento to Benicia and then the *Senator*, a new steamship that makes the round-trip run to San Francisco."

As they ate dinner, Allen talked about his new town of Martinez. He had surveyed hundreds of lots this year and sold some at a fine price, reserving choice ones. He hoped that when their father returned from Long Bar he would buy lots and build a home in Martinez. Tom could find a rancho near town and stock it with sleek cattle from Dr. Marsh's fine herds.

After the Brown brothers left, Arminda said that she certainly hoped that Father would bring back bags of gold dust. Her limited wardrobe was worn thin from the long overland trip. "Such lovely silks from the Orient are in the shops here. We all need new dresses."

Next morning the sun shone through their skylight. Polly

was in a gay mood too as she remarked, "We have only a few large pennies left; that will not buy a thing. But we can stroll through the shops and select articles we might be able to buy later, if Father does make a lucky strike."

"Yes," agreed Caroline. "I'd love to look at the bright satins. Then perhaps by next month I could make you a fine gown, Mother."

The girls, walking through the shops, were breathless with excitement, delighted with the colorful shawls, umbrellas, high combs, and oriental oddities. The shopkeepers were pleased too. These young ladies, with their becoming hats and gracious manners, were attracting other customers, who were buying in quantity. Later Arminda, a tall, graceful young lady, the lovely Caroline, and Margaret would come back to buy too, when their father returned from the mines.

Polly as well as the girls marveled at the bolts of Chinese silks in beautiful patterns.

Walking out of the last little shop, Arminda was pleased as she saw Captain Hiram Fogg approaching. She demurely held her mother's arm, gracefully waiting. Captain Fogg bowed pleasantly to Polly, suggesting that this was just the right time to escort her and her daughters through the fort.

Still in the holiday mood, Polly accepted his invitation. Fort Sutter looked very forbidding from the exterior. Inside, as she knew from one she had seen on the overland trip, many varied activities were going on. There was a gruesome sight at the main gate of the fort, the skull of an Indian with long black hair dangling from one of the gateposts. Large cannon stood on either side of the entrance. Inside the walls stood a two-story adobe building, its door guarded by guns mounted on wheels and pointing their cold muzzles at all who entered.

After showing them through the fort, Fogg invited them to stay for dinner and try some of the strange Spanish foods that their cooks provided. While they ate, Hiram

told Mrs. Camron that his mother had died when he was five, his father in 1812. He had worked in a pianoforte manufacturing company in Bangor, Maine, and had married. After his wife's death, he had gone down to Boston in 1840. In November, 1846, he had enlisted in Company D of the First Massachusetts Volunteers. In March, 1847, he had sailed with his ship, *Baring Brothers*, to Mexico. That fall he had returned to Boston with injuries received in hard riding through the mountains in Mexico. After forty days he went down to Washington and received his commission as first lieutenant. Later with his cousin George Scribner he had sailed for California.

That night Father pulled his boat up to the Sacramento shore of the American River, wondering how his girls had endured their long wait. When he reached the cabin, the odor of ham and biscuits struck him pleasantly. Margaret, who opened the door, was startled by the strange, bronzed man with long hair. Quickly recovering, she called out, "Father has come! But, my, he is a sight!" But not for long. After Mother prepared the hot bath, he was a transformed man, looking like a minister again. The girls smothered him with kisses.

"You overpower me," he cajoled. Then he noticed the basket of fruit on the table as Polly told him about the ham that the Brown brothers had brought.

"Allen, God bless his soul! Do you remember the ham his father Elam Brown, brought to our church dinner at New Salem?" Polly did remember, for Mr. Brown had left a large portion with her afterward.

Father told the girls that he had just sold his gold dust for more than three thousand dollars. "I am giving each of you one hundred dollars. But I warn you that it would buy ten times as much in Iowa."

Thirty-six inches of rain fell from October 28 to March 22. The mountain streams overflowed their banks and the

floods came. Camron made good use of his boat, when San Francisco was half submerged, by his rescue work, saving those in flooded sections and ill in the city, after he had aided the stricken at the gold diggings. All family accounts tell of extreme hardships endured that winter.

IX

THE FLOODS had opened new pockets of gold. Tom and his father acquired several thousand dollars' worth of the precious dust. But with oranges selling at one dollar each, sweet potatoes a dollar a pound, and eggs five dollars a dozen, they knew they should return to farming.

Tom, with his wife and four sons, went in the boat with his father to Martinez. John was happy as he assisted Polly and his daughters onto the boat, glad to leave Sacramento for real living again in a fertile valley. When he saw Captain Fogg approaching, he frowned. If there were only some way of disposing of the captain as well . . .

Fogg ignored the frown as he reached over and heartily gave the Rev. John M. Camron the Masonic handclasp. "I plan to leave Fort Sutter and go into business."

Camron, a bit flabbergasted, said nothing. He caught the smile that Arminda gave Hiram and quickly pushed the boat into the Sacramento for the trip downstream.

Caroline was excited by the beauty of the long-necked cranes and herons floating in the stream. Margaret pointed out a male golden pheasant with gorgeous plumage. Thousands of fish flashed in the sunshine, leaping through the Sacramento. At noon, the boat was drawn up to an island and the men caught salmon.

While they were enjoying the crisp, tasty salmon, Father turned to Arminda and said seriously, "Daughter, during past weeks you have become too well acquainted with the captain. I trust that when we locate in Martinez, you will find a younger, more suitable man."

"Captain Fogg is going into civilian life very soon, buying land near Benicia."

Camron felt defeated, but he hadn't given up the hope that Arminda would wake up before it was too late.

That evening as Tom and his father pulled their boat to shore, Allen Brown was leaving his new survey on El Hambre Creek. He told Tom that he had plenty of work in this new five-hundred-acre addition to Martinez, which the Welch heirs had hired him to lay out in city lots.

Allen invited the ladies to his near-by home. There were many comfortable chairs on the wide veranda. His place was the center of business in Martinez. Official meetings for the town as well as for Contra Costa County were held here, until a courthouse could be built. Warren and Napoleon were doing a brisk business. Gold scales were on the counter, as miners often paid for their purchases in gold dust.

Allen showed Caroline the first book of surveys for Contra Costa County, compiled by his father. On the first page she read: "Elam Brown, *Alcalde* of Contra Costa County. April 1, 1849."

Then Allen gave Caroline the book in which he filed the description and location of lots he sold. One lot, sold on August 6, 1849, was "land situated on the Bay of San Francisco, Block 25 . . . signed THOMAS ALLEN BROWN, *Alcalde*; ELAM BROWN, *Alcalde*." Both men signed these deeds.

Tom was intrigued by the fine new steamships from New York, quite different from the flat-bottomed stern-wheeler, the *Lady Washington*, that Sutter had launched for the sixty-mile run up the Feather River to Maryville. Allen told him that the first ship to steam up the Sacramento had been the *Sitka*, in 1847. Not speedy. Men had timed it on the return trip from Sacramento, and the *Sitka* had reached Benicia four days after an ox team that had started at the same time over bad roads.

Tom bought land some miles from Martinez. As he rode with his father through a picturesque valley to their new ranch, a buck elk with large horns led four hundred elk leaping over the hills. Great water birds in bright colors

dropped into the stream. A majestic eagle flew above the heights of the Contra Costa Range.

Suddenly all the beauty of the scenery paled as a group of hard-riding bandits dashed into a neighboring canyon. A cloud seemed to go over the sun as they watched naked Digger Indians camped on the stream that crossed the back of their ranch.

Charles Purvine, who had secured considerable gold in his last lucky strike, leased a ranch near Tom's. At sunrise, Tom with his father and Purvine left by boat for the Los Meganos Rancho of Dr. Marsh at the base of Monte Diablo, or Devil's Mountain. He had built a fine wharf and made vast profits on grain and meat he had sold to miners.

Dr. Marsh welcomed the Iowa pioneers and told them that he had paid only five hundred dollars for his Spanish grant of seventy thousand acres, nine miles wide and twelve miles long. As a medicine man he had doctored hundreds of wild Indians for malaria, thus securing their services in planting great orchards and vineyards near the grain fields.

In October, 1833, five years before Sutter had built his fort on the American River against warlike Indians, M. G. Vallejo had been commissioned by the Mexican government as commander of the North to build an outpost against the Russians at Bodega Bay. The next year he received the Petaluma Grant of 44,380 acres, soon followed by two still larger grants. Vallejo gave Marsh his first thousand cattle, driving them down fifty miles to Los Meganos Rancho.

Marsh told Camron that the high intelligence of many Indian tribes in the East was in vast contrast to the hairy race that inhabited Contra Costa County, who reminded him of Turks; with their thick lips, extremely low foreheads, and short noses, they were neither easy to look at nor pleasant to work with. "I was able to locate a few from various tribes as overseers, who are animated and agreeable only as long as everything goes their way."

That night Marsh put on a real feast, with huge beefsteaks. Tom and Charles bought sheep, horses, and cattle very reasonably and rode their stock off the next morning. Marsh loaded Camron's boat with meats and fine fruits for Polly. "You are a minister of the gospel on this new frontier, where more of your kind are needed."

The Rev. John M. Camron always spoke well of Dr. Marsh. When the doctor was murdered a few years later by some of his own godless employees who stole his reserves of gold, Camron served in the Contra Costa County Court for weeks as a witness in the settlement of his estate. On account of his wealth, Dr. Marsh had ruthless enemies. Family records mention the fact that Marsh had spent a night in their New Salem home. The files in Contra Costa County reveal how generously the Rev. John M. Camron gave of his time to secure justice in the settlement of his estate.

Mountain lions roared in the hills above Tom's crude cabin. Henry, his oldest son, was very ill. The heavy rains at Long Bar had affected his lungs. Henry reminded him very much of Zillah, and his death was a great blow to Tom.

Purvine lived a few miles away, with six children. Jane did not like the primitive living and kept telling Charles that they should return to God's country in Iowa, where everyone was honest and trustworthy.

On May 13, 1850, Judge E. M. Warmcastle held the first court in Contra Costa County, with Allen Brown as county clerk and Edward G. Guest associate justice.

Jesse C. Thompson arrived at Placerville July 26, 1850. He had started out from Missouri with his brother Samuel, who had died of cholera en route. Since Jesse found little gold, he sold his oxen and took a steamer down to Benicia, which he had heard was a port of entry for California and a busy shipping center, where steamers of the Pacific mail made landings. When he reached Benicia he was welcomed by Tom and his father, whose boat was drawn up to shore.

Camron suggested that Jesse return with them to Martinez, as tomorrow was the Sabbath.

After the Presbyterian service in Allen's home the next day, Elam told Jesse that he needed a cowboy on his ranch. While working for him, he could locate the land he wanted to buy.

At public auction October 26, 1850, John M. Camron bought lots 1 and 2, Block 326, at the corner of Las Juntas and Green streets in Martinez, a part of the old Welch Rancho, as recorded by Allen Brown, for two hundred dollars. That fall Camron built the finest house that Polly had ever lived in, two stories of brick. Grates were placed in the upstairs bedrooms, making them very pleasant for his daughters.

Caroline was engaged to the most prominent citizen in Contra Costa County. The courtship of Allen and Caroline was like that of Dr. B. B. Bonham and Martha in Liberty Township, a deep affection inspired by the love of earth and heaven combined.

The Rev. Baxter N. Bonham had lived in Sacramento for several months, teaching school through the week and preaching on Sunday. He felt great concern over lads who had grown wild during Gold Rush days. There were too many youths who could not read or write. Bonham felt that his first and greatest mission was to establish schools; only then could the fine literature of the Bible be interpreted into Christian living. He wrote to his brother on the Missouri frontier, Dr. B. B. Bonham, that the challenge of California must be met, and urging Benjamin to join him in establishing schools.

Baxter went down to Martinez with Sorena for a visit in her father's new brick house. One morning, with Father Camron, Bonham rode over to Benicia to confer with the Presbyterian minister, Dr. S. W. Woodbridge.

After Caroline married Judge Brown, she attended the Benicia Presbyterian Church. Every Sunday she rode in a carriage by ferry, taking friends and members of her family.

M. G. Vallejo, who served in the California Legislature with Elam Brown, talked with the Presbyterian ministers. He said that he had recently given a Methodist minister, the Rev. Lorenzo Waugh, one hundred sixty acres from his Petaluma Grant. He believed that ministers and teachers were the greatest asset on the frontier.

He hoped that his new town, Vallejo, would become the center of world commerce. With his wife in her chair saddle, he rode across his eighty-four-thousand-acre Suscol Grant to a high eminence to get a wide view. Looking down, he noted the lovely hills, the waters of Carquinez Strait, and below them Mare Island, where he had found his favorite white horse, lost on his first exploring trip.

In his recent speech before the state legislature on choosing a state capital he had told them that Vallejo was only two hours' steaming from San Francisco and three days from Oregon. He had promised liberal grants of land for the governor's mansion, schools, and public buildings, with a thousand dollars for schoolbooks. His offer had been accepted on April 2 that year, and he had ordered lumber from Hawaii for the new Capitol. But the legislators had arrived before a hotel had been built for their accommodation or other buildings well started.

"In a huff they moved up to Benicia, where our good friend Dr. Woodbridge had been chaplain. Sacramento is pulling wires to get the capital permanently; but my interest in schools and libraries remains, and I will co-operate with the ministers who organize new schools and churches.

"When the first steamships came to California, I said that within a few years there would be more steamships on the Sacramento than soldiers in our state. Already my prophecy has come true."

One afternoon Hiram Fogg dropped into Martinez and told Allen that he would like to go into business. Brown suggested that he work in their store. Warren wished to sell his partnership with Smith, as he spent most of his time

surveying farms and town lots with his father. "If you get acquainted with the voters in the county, you might get elected to an office in the next election," he said.

A few mornings later, Hiram saw Tom and his father pulling away from shore for Benicia. Allen, standing near by, said that Tom had been having trouble with bandits. Digger Indians had stolen two of his best cows, hanging large chunks of jerked beef on the trees.

Hiram had a sudden inspiration. This was too fine a day to stay indoors. He suggested that Allen round up gentle horses to take Caroline and Arminda on an exploring trip through the Alhambra Valley and beyond.

"The very thing! Victor Martinez has fine horses that the *señoritas* can ride on. We'll drop by Las Juntas Street and tell Caroline and Arminda to be ready within an hour."

Martinez had been built at the mouth of Alhambra Creek. The picturesque valley, five miles long, was encircled by oak-covered hills, and dwarf evergreens grew to the tops of the highest ridges. Caroline and Arminda, riding through the Alhambra Valley with their broad-shouldered friends, marveled at the long-necked purple herons. Arminda pointed out pink flamingos and white swans floating gracefully in the Alhambra, a birds' paradise, with scarlet tanagers singing above.

The Contra Costa Range is a succession of beautiful peaks, grand heights, deep, dark canyons, and the Alhambra Valley, with its mineral springs, was a favorite resort of Spanish-Americans. A group were passing by in a crude *cartilla* coach with immense wooden wheels, merely cross sections sawed from a redwood giant, with holes cut in the center for the axletree. The tongue, lashed to the axle with rawhide thongs, supported a twelve-foot frame on which was stretched an awning, with thongs woven around the sides to keep children from falling out. In this slow *cartilla* people often rode thirty miles to a friend's rancho, taking hours for a trip.

As the riders returned through the Richmond Hills, a great eagle flew above them toward a high crag of the Contra Costa Range.

Camron was not pleased that Fogg had imposed on Allen's hospitality and taken Arminda on the unusual trip. Her bright, laughing eyes gave full evidence that Hiram had made progress in courting the beautiful girl.

Caroline told her father that Allen had stopped at one of his lots above the El Hambre, where he planned to build their new brick house in the spring. There would be a fine view of the mountains above.

Father told about his trip into Sonoma County. "A few miles below Martinez we entered San Pablo Bay and steered up Petaluma Creek. 'Petaluma' is an Indian name meaning 'Little Hills.' Near the head of the creek is El Palacio, or the old adobe of M. J. Vallejo, who had received the large Petaluma Grant." In June, 1835, Vallejo had received another large grant of four square leagues, 67,000 acres, that included the pueblo of Sonoma. He was now building a modern house near Sonoma, with imported marble and a fine water system for his lovely gardens.

His old adobe, built by Indians of hand-hewed redwood beams four to six feet thick and bound together by rawhide, had wide balconies. Near by, pits had been built for musketeers in case of an Indian uprising. Vallejo had never used them, for he had won the friendship of Chief Salona, a six-foot-seven-inch giant. With him he had organized bear-and-bull fights on the plain near the adobe. Zampay, a warlike chieftain, was captured and signed a treaty whereby he would receive six steers and two cows each week if he captured and delivered in chains two large bears to battle to the death huge wild bulls. It was no easy task to attach a chain to a foreleg of a ferocious wild bear. On the plain near the old adobe there had been monthly bear-and-bull fights. Often the bear came out the victor.

"The great plague in Constantinople had been carried into northern California by Orientals coming to San Fran-

cisco by boat. Cholera first, then smallpox, took off seventy thousand Indians. Only a few remain in the valleys of Sonoma County.

"Near the Head of Petaluma Creek, we directed our boat into a stream which winds around sixteen miles into Bodega Bay, where the Russians launched their craft some years ago. On both banks of the streams are impenetrable forests of California laurel, black and white oak, and red-woods.

"With the coming of the first Americans into Sonoma County, the large Spanish grant of Juan Miranda, which includes the small trading post of Petaluma, was after his death ordered sold in 1850 by the probate court so that homesteaders can secure clear titles."

Captain Juan Castañada, born in Texas, had acquired the great Cotate Rancho of 17,238 acres in 1844. The land lies between Santa Rosa and Petaluma and extends into Vallejo Township. Stephen Smith had raised the first American flag in Bodega Township, driving the flagstaff into solid rock in the old Russian cemetery.

Tom was intrigued by his new steam flourmill.

One morning John told Polly that he felt strangely distressed. Tom had been having so much trouble with Mexican bandits that he feared for his life. As he knelt to pray, Camron again felt an urgency pressing him to go to Tom, as if he were in dire danger. He quickly rose from his knees and told Polly that he was leaving at once for their ranch. Polly well knew John's moods. His spiritual sight was very keen at times.

Baxter Bonham, visiting Purvine on his ranch, pointed out bandits dashing down the trail. Horses they were riding looked like Tom's. "We'd better go over and see what has happened!"

Quickly riding toward the canyon, they found Tom lying on the ground, tightly bound, looking strangely lifeless. Dismounting, Baxter untied the bonds and discovered

that Tom had been slashed with a dagger, and there was also a gunshot wound.

Fortunately there was a spring close at hand. With a clean handkerchief Purvine carefully washed out the wounds. Tom opened his eyes for a moment, then dropped off to unconsciousness again.

Reaching the rancho, Camron asked David about his father. "He rode toward the canyon some time ago, fearing that the bandits he saw in the valley below were up to some mischief."

"Mount your pony quick, David, and we'll join them."

As Bonham dashed water in Tom's face, he was glad to see David and his grandfather approaching. Tom had only one chance to live; they must move him very carefully.

Camron could not have been a Mason all those years and not know the fine art of healing. He had saved the life of more than one man by words of encouragement while he applied his hands to careful nursing. Praying fervently, he and Bonham lifted Tom up to his horse and carefully supported him as they rode slowly home.

For days Tom seemed to hang between life and death. David was the messenger boy who went to Martinez with the sad news. Allen filled his saddlebags with medical supplies and food, and Mother Camron returned to help with the nursing.

As soon as Tom was sufficiently recovered, he was moved into Martinez. Allen said that he would find a buyer for their ranch.

Purvine had decided to return to Iowa with his family via Panama, going back to "civilization" again.

On a pleasant January day Father Camron and Baxter Bonham moved their boat into San Pablo Bay. Tom, recuperating from his wounds and lying on a wide cot, had a fine view of the mountains beyond. The spires of the Coastal Range of blue mountains glowed in the warm sunlight.

Bonham's missionary zeal, aflame to establish schools as well as churches in this last frontier where the Spanish and Russians had held sway a few short years before, was one with the Scottish dominie's. Both men were true lovers of nature in its varied moods. Over the years both had ridden long distances, their saddlebags heavy with books on Christian faith. Hymnbooks always provided an inspirational service, especially when weather permitted meetings to be held under the great trees. In Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, and Iowa, and now near the great redwoods the songs of the faith rang through the forests.

Salmon were dancing in the bay. The men drew up to shore and made a big catch. Tom fried them at the camp-fire.

Bonham took one look at the jolly face of the man coming down the path from his thatched cabin above and lifted a big fish to a plate. Heartily Ole Johnson, "the first yachtsman in San Pablo Bay," introduced himself as he accepted the salmon. He sat on a rock to spin an interesting yarn of his troubles landing a leaky boat in San Pablo Bay.

"In 1844, I left Sweden in a windjammer bound for the waters of the North Pacific for whale oil. When we stopped at the port of Acapulco for fresh water and supplies, I discovered that the consul from my country had an attractive daughter. I proposed and her father agreed to our marriage. We took our wedding trip up the coast to San Francisco. With a sudden romantic interest in Spanish California, we decided to 'jump ship' and make our own destiny.

"Being a seaman, I decided to build a boat. We started in it across San Francisco Bay. But the redwood lumber was new and not well calked. Our boat soon began to leak. While my bride feverishly bailed out the water, I worked at the tiller. The wind began to blow fiercely. The water got higher and higher in my boat. Finally reaching the mouth of San Pablo Bay, I beached the ship on the sandy shore. Ebb tide left our boat high and dry. Taking off the sails, we made a tent and had a feast of mussels and salmon.

Next morning we found ripe berries in the valley. For days we lived in a Garden of Eden. Now Vallejo is laying out his new town on our bluff."

Tom located a tract of four hundred eighty-two acres, part of an old Spanish rancho five miles west of Petaluma.

X

That dear beloved man whom oft we heard,
And every truly gracious soul revered,
That man of God we often saw
In his great Master's name proclaim his law.

Sweet invitation dwelt upon his tongue.
A mind informed, a sacred eloquence,
Warm, enthusiastic heavenly love,
To souls below and his great Lord above.

On every frontier from Elbert County, Georgia, to Sonoma County, California, the fervent, inspired Scot, John Miller Camron, influenced youth. A carpenter like the Master, he built houses in many counties for others to enjoy. His wife Polly planted fruit trees, always hoping that "this time" she could remain in that pleasant valley forever. But John always heard the call—"on beyond!" Thus for years together the devout Cumberland Presbyterian minister and his wife had faced the sunrise with a prayer for further guidance in the Master's service.

Early in 1851 he built the "first house with plaster" in Petaluma. He was also active in organizing the Pacific Cumberland Presbytery April 4, 1851. On May 20 seventeen-year-old Caroline Camron married the future superior judge of Contra Costa County and member of the California Legislature, Thomas A. Brown.

Camron built another house on his farm in Green Valley. Here on the hill above the plain, before Sebastopol was surveyed, on October 2, 1851, the Rev. John M. Camron established the Bodega Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

His chapel, eight miles west of Santa Rosa, was between that town and Green Valley. Sebastopol became the center of his religious activities. His son-in-law, the Rev. Andrew McNamor, who arrived the next autumn, built his home on an adjoining farm. These devout ministers then often went together on missionary trips throughout the valleys of northern California.

The Cumberland Presbyterians were among the first pioneers in the great new western states. Their actual importance can be measured not in numerical strength but in their deep sincerity and spiritual faith. Alert Bible students aflame with religious zeal, they made their influence intensely felt as young people established Christian homes on the frontier. They believed in a dynamic, forceful personal religion, their faith based on a study of the Holy Scriptures and with genuine sincerity in Christian living. Camron led the vanguard into Sonoma County. With seven virile sons-in-law, three ministers and four laymen, he laid the foundations for the Presbyterian Church in 1851-54.

Jesse Thompson had frequently visited the Camron home. One evening when he was chatting with Margaret, he called her father over and asked him, "Will you go with me on an exploring trip into Napa Valley? As soon as I build a home, I wish to marry Margaret."

Camron was pleased. He had become fond of the jolly, business-like Jesse. His youngest daughter had chosen well. Grasping Jesse's hand heartily, he said, "I am fortunate in having so many fine Presbyterian sons-in-law. I hope that many of them will soon be living in an idyllic valley surrounded by lovely hills."

A few days later the men rode eastward into Sonoma Valley, which the Indians had christened the Valley of the Moon. At night when the horn of the moon rested on Napa Hills, with its arc to the north, its chord to the south, and its west point where a spur of the Coastal Range meets San Pablo Bay, there was the illusion of the moon rising seven times.

They stopped briefly in Sonoma, the pueblo and Spanish frontier post where the last of the Franciscan missions had been established in northern California on July 4, 1823. Camron told Jesse that the great bell swinging from a cross-beam at the mission reminded him of the manner in which he had kept the bell ringing for the first church in Mahaska County, Iowa, not many years before. His Presbyterian bell had rung for a hundred miles as he crossed the wide prairies.

On the Sonoma square, Lieutenant Revere, grandson of Paul Revere, had replaced the Bear Flag with the United States flag in July, 1846.

Sonoma Valley is separated from Napa Valley only by highlands. Napa Lake shone under the blue skies. The men rode to the small settlement on an inlet at the head of navigation of Napa River. In the distance, Mount Helena stood out in all its beauty.

George C. Youst, an old trapper, invited them to spend the night with him. He had come to California in 1835 to catch otter. On his Spanish grant of two square leagues in the heart of the Napa Valley he had built the first log house with a chimney in California. The room below was eighteen feet square, the one above twenty-two, with port-holes, as he was living alone among thousands of wild Indians. He had been born in North Carolina the same year that Camron had been born in Georgia. At eighteen he had gone on an exploring tour with Boone; then with trappers he went to Colorado and soon into the Far West.

"On this vast rancho there were five hundred and six Indian families, but I made friends with *all* of them. My nearest neighbors were at the Hudson's Bay Company!"

Jesse Thompson and Margaret Camron were married in 1852 and settled on a ranch near Napa, where he raised sheep and cattle.

Polly was pleased when she received a letter from Jane stating that Charles Purvine was captain of their second

wagon train to California. Riding mules across fever-infested Panama with children had been no joke. After a long ride by steamer up the Mississippi River, they had finally reached Silas Martin's farm in Mahaska County just as a terrible blizzard broke. After Charles helped to dig out a twelve-foot snowdrift to get to the barn, he began talking about California's warmer climate.

"Silas will be our lieutenant, Baxter Berry clerk of supplies and Rev. Andrew McNamor spiritual leader. Several young men wish to join our train. No heavy iron stove this time, waiting for it to cool off to put in the front of the wagon. The men bought sheet-iron stoves that can be put in the last thing. Coming with horses, instead of oxen, we plan to get through a month sooner."

As a missionary pastor through the pleasant valleys of northern California, Camron had discovered the shortest roads. Filling his saddlebags with fruit, he went to meet his daughters in the high Sierras.

At sunset he reached a spring on the California border. As he took off his saddlebags and staked the horse out to graze, he had a long view of the majestic mountains surrounding him. What a change God had wrought in the lovely valleys below in three short years! Stalwart Christian men from beyond the mountains were laying foundations for finer living. His sons-in-law would carry on the flame of the Cumberland Presbyterian faith. In another three years there would be schools as well as churches.

Suddenly he heard the neighing of horses. Turning in hope and anticipation, he saw the long caravan moving toward him along the mountain trail. Joyously he ran with outstretched arms toward Sarah and Andrew, who on seeing Father had leaped out of the first wagon to embrace him. Tears of happiness ran down his cheeks as each of his grandchildren gave him a generous hug.

Quickly Purvine and Martin built huge campfires. Stars shone brightly above them as a new moon floated above the mountain peaks, tall spruce and cedar forests fragrant

like incense in the chill evening air as the Scots sat around the campfire.

Jane told her father that they had heard of Indians attacking trains behind and in front of theirs and they were lucky not to have had serious trouble. Jane had driven a fine span of brood mares to their carriage most of the way with little Josephine in her arms. Once Indians had stampeded their cattle. The next day Martin and Purvine rode out and retrieved all but six that the Indians had killed for food.

However, some Indians had scared their sons out of their wits, forcing them to ride the gauntlet. Two youths had been left in charge of the camp while the older men went out to hunt. The boys had slipped away on the sly and boldly rode into an Indian camp on the hill. The chief let them ride around the camp; then suddenly twenty Indian braves drew up in a close circle, hitting the ponies hard with sticks as they went by.

The ponies, frightened by the suddenness of the attack, tried to escape, but there was no escape for boys or ponies. The Indians kept the ponies running in a circle, round and round, becoming more frightened every time around.

Finally the Indians opened the circle. The ponies rushed back to their camp. The ponies had been hard to hold, but the boys were plucky, hanging on with all their might. They had run the gauntlet. A quieter bunch of boys you never saw that night. The boys never again were curious about investigating an Indian camp.

"Another day, after baking, I returned to our tent to change my dress. Suddenly I heard oaths. One of the reckless youths who had asked to join our wagon train told Bill in sudden fury, 'I'm going to kill you.' I rushed out, grabbed the tent pole, and held it over them, telling Jack to put away his gun or I would hit him. 'For shame! There are small children playing near. You might kill one of them!' They sobered up quickly and apologized. That night Andrew held a longer prayer service, singing spiritual songs

that touched all of us. Jack was deeply moved and later thanked me for my quick action."

Two weeks after they had reached the high Sierras, Polly welcomed four daughters and their families in the California sunshine. The Rev. Andrew McNamor bought an adjoining farm and soon completed a redwood house for Sarah. On September 19, 1852, a week after his arrival, Baxter Berry leased land five miles west of Sebastopol, which he later purchased. He held some township offices and was active in his community. In the county history he is referred to as the "grand old pioneer." He with his wife Elizabeth and members of their family were buried in the cemetery on the hill above Sebastopol. Here also were buried the Rev. Baxter Bonham and Sorena and the Rev. John M. Camron and his wife.

There were thousands of acres of vacant land west of Petaluma, part of the original Spanish grant of Laguna de San Antonio, three miles long and two miles wide. The old adobe by the spring was the only dwelling for miles. Thousands of elk, wild cattle, and horses roamed through the high tule grass.

The cornerstone of the Rancho Dos Pedros, or Two Rocks, was a landmark on the plain. Camron told Purvine that six fine ranches could be surveyed, with Two Rocks as the cornerstone. Here Purvine and Martin acquired ranches eight miles west of Petaluma. Redwood houses across from each other were built without a nail. Martin, an expert saddlemaker, well knew the uses of leather; their houses and barns were put together with elkhide thongs.

They moved into their new homes at Two Rocks in February, 1853, before redwood fences had been built. Jane could not see cattle staked out half a mile away, on account of the high tule grass, soon aflame with wild flowers. Blue and pink lupines were the most beautiful. Since they had no neighbors, a Presbyterian church service was held each Sunday in one house or the other. Often Sarah rode out with Andrew as he came to give a fine

inspirational message. On other Sundays Father Camron preached and held a song service, in which their children took an active part. A schoolhouse was also built and Iowa District organized by Charles Purvine.

Among the first settlers, Polly and her daughters enjoyed a veritable paradise, as there were few insects. Above them, the blue peaks of the Coastal Range skirted the ocean in chains twenty to forty miles wide parallel to the Sierras. The valleys between were always a verdant green, with dwarfed fir and cedar to the heights and Mount Helena always an inspiration. In the streams golden and rainbow trout, white sea bass, and king salmon flashed in the sunlight. Ringtailed cats, panthers, and bighorned sheep roamed through the tall grass. Douglas firs, golden oaks, mountain birch on the hills, with pink azaleas, arbutus, and various strange, exotic California flowers brought wonder and surprise.

On Petaluma Creek, Polly watched a water ouzel dashing through the spray as it built a nest. Orchards near picturesque old adobe houses enhanced the beauty of the countryside. John was planting apple trees that had taken months to bring around the Horn. In Green Valley she would have the orchard she had dreamed about for so long.

The Rev. Baxter N. Bonham first lived in Petaluma, organizing schools in that area, which included Two Rocks. Very soon he moved into other valleys to establish schools.

He decided to establish a Presbyterian church in Russian Valley. Here Alexander Kuskof, agent of the Russian Fur Company, had built Fort Ross on Salmon Creek in 1809, arriving with forty Russian men, twenty women, and one hundred fifty Alaskan Indians. The Russians bought the land from the Sonoma Indians for two axes, three hoes, three blankets, and three pair of breeches. Indians built their fort six miles inland on Salmon Creek. On the west was a high, rocky bluff above the ocean, on the north and south ravines two hundred to three hundred feet deep.

The Russians had laid out orchards, vineyards, and large fields of grain to supply food to their outpost at Sitka. The governor had brought tapestry, Persian carpets, crystal, and silverware from his castle in Siberia by sleds to Alaska and down the coast to Fort Ross.

Vallejo told Bonham that some years before, the count had sent him a special invitation to attend an elaborate house party given in honor of Princess Helene when the high mountain peak was christened. Count Alexander Rotcheff, governor-general of Siberia and the Russian colonies in Alaska and California, had in June, 1841, led a party with great ceremony from Fort Ross to the lofty peak that stands 4,500 feet above the sea. Its slopes, fringed with forests, glowed with cinnabar.

In a moment of destiny, a Swiss trader cleverly bought out the Russians, with the international situation changing quickly during the gold rush.

Camron went with Bonham and Sorena to the old Russian fort situated on a high cliff. Sutter had moved the laurel furniture and the brass guns to his fort on the American River a few years before.

Russian Valley was beautiful that summer, with wild roses covering the landmarks of the Romanoffs. Blue and purple lupines, colorful wild pansies, and bright-yellow buttercups glistened in the sunlight. On the slopes above were spruce and cedar planted by the Master's hand, and in the valley great oaks with long, drooping, widespread branches grew in graceful clusters near tall birch trees.

The log houses of the governor and his staff had been strongly built. An Indian youth told Baxter that as a small boy he had seen a Russian behead an Indian who was trying to escape over the wall. Another time, a couple of Indians were caught near the river above and thrown headlong in the stream to drown after hard blows over the head.

Bonham told the youth that the divine pattern had revealed how fierce and cold-hearted Russians should be

replaced, on this last American frontier, with men of faith. Soon the forests at the foot of Fitch Mountain would be ringing with the songs of religious leaders in camp meetings as, half a century before, their voices had rung through the mountains of east Tennessee and Kentucky, led by M'Gready and other Cumberland Presbyterian ministers.

Then Bishop Asbury, on his long tours across the mountains to conduct his annual Conference had attended the dynamic camp meetings. He had witnessed the transformation of the lives of many youths. Methodist ministers, like Dr. Bonham's father, the Rev. Benjamin Bonham, had also played an active role. Five of his sons, Methodist and Presbyterian ministers, later carried the gospel message into new frontiers.

Although few printed records have been discovered, as the first camp meetings were held before the tiny newspapers of the day had scarcely been started, rare books and manuscript material do give intimate accounts. No doubt the Rev. John M. Camron and his minister sons-in-law attended the first camp meeting in the deep woodlands near the base of Fitch Mountain in 1854. A Californian who attended wrote:

Camron had a fine native talent and a good common education, and he felt it his duty to preach. He was licensed and ordained in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and became a very efficient preacher on the frontiers, where his work was needed.

I heard him once in a Camp Meeting near Healdsburg, twenty-five years ago. His exhortations were powerful. In the hands of the Holy Spirit he wielded a sledge hammer that broke in pieces the flinty heart of many a sinner.

At the close of one of these exhortations, his son-in-law, Dr. Bonham, broke out into a song that has rung upon my ear oftentimes with great force and beauty. It was about the songs and harps of heaven. His voice

with the power of the lion and the melody of the lark reaching its culmination, as it rang out upon the chorus: "We'll strike our golden harps in heaven."

I am denied the gift of song, but that singing created a melody in my heart that has often been ringing in my soul these many years.

With several services a day and long night sessions, these devout Presbyterian ministers were active in the camp meetings, alternating with Methodist leaders in exhortation, preaching, and directing the great spiritual songs of faith and consecration. This song was found among Dr. Bonham's manuscripts:

And shall we meet this last decline,
With hope's glad star ascending?
And cheerfully this life resign
With angel bands attending.

Wait, trusting the Master's call;
His goodness has no ending;
Resting in him thou can not fail;
Thou'rt safe in his defending.

When Dr. B. B. Bonham and Martha had reached California with their family, they lived for a while in Santa Rosa. Immediately, with his brother, he began organizing schools throughout the county, in every town and hamlet.

On an exploring trip into Russian Valley they bought land, some of which lay in neighboring Dry Creek Valley. One morning they selected the best site for a Cumberland Presbyterian church. The men stopped at the clapboard cabin of Harmon Heald, an early settler, near the foot of Fitch Mountain, now on the west side of the plaza of Healdsburg.

As they ate tasty venison, the old pioneer spun many tales of Count Nicholai Resanoff, chamberlain of the Alas-

kan region who had founded Sitka, which was soon starving for lack of fruit and grain. The count had been sent to the Spanish *presidio* in northern California to get facts on their fortifications. Happily surprised that the governor's daughter was beautiful, though the fortifications were worthless, the count spent many weeks sitting with the lovely *señorita* in a beautiful garden and enjoying exotic fruits. Her father insisted on the Pope's sanction to their marriage, as well as that of the king of Spain. This was a two-year assignment. Destiny intervened, and the count, pressing in haste toward Moscow, fell from a spirited horse and was killed. Thus the Spanish and the Russian diplomats were never united, and an American raised his flag in the Russian graveyard.

Dr. B. B. Bonham was a physician whose services were greatly needed on the frontier. As soon as schools were well organized, he built in Healdsburg a house which included his doctor's office. When time permitted, he continued his ministry, as he was often called upon to deliver addresses or was given executive posts in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

The Rev. Baxter Bonham directed the schools in Healdsburg during the week and preached the Cumberland Presbyterian faith on Sunday. When a new settler built a log cabin near the forests of mountain laurel, he could be assured that ere long one of these devout men of God would stop by to pray with him.

The Rev. Andrew McNamor, who as a lad played marbles with Abe Lincoln at New Salem, watched with deep interest the development of Lincoln's personality as a Christian statesman.

Land-transfer records at Santa Rosa include this: "Oct. 23, 1864—Andrew McNamor of Petaluma Township, Sonoma County, sells to Jesse C. Thompson for \$1,700, a tract of land . . . Rancho Laguna . . . granted by Mexican government to Bartolomeo Bojorques."

Not many years before the Rev. John M. Camron built

his home in Sonoma County, the Russians had sailed into Bodega Bay with cannon for Fort Ross. Through God's providence, the governor, disillusioned by life in northern California, soon sold out the Russian interests to Sutter, who promised to furnish the Sitka outpost with grain. The Greek triune cross, under the double-headed eagle of the Romanoffs, had only briefly cast its shadow on the wind-swept cliffs at Fort Ross.

Fitch Mountain, crowned with forests of fir and spruce, stood above the hamlet of Healdsburg. Here, as in the Smoky Mountains of east Tennessee, the Bonham brothers deeply felt an inspiration and a benediction, a nearness to God. The Rev. B. N. Bonham organized the first school district and taught the first school in Healdsburg. With his brother, he built the first church in 1854. T. L. Thompson, in *History of Sonoma County* (1877), wrote: "For the year 1854-55: Dr. B. B. Bonham, First County Superintendent of Schools, reports 1,203 children between the ages of 4 and 18; 23 schools, 31 teachers and 8 districts." A majority of the twenty-three schools were organized on this new frontier by seven of Polly's sons-in-law. The same men also built the first Presbyterian chapels in Sonoma County and served as elders and ministers.

Tom had invested heavily in a reconditioned steamship, the *Secretary*. The initial trip from San Pablo Bay to San Francisco on April 15, 1854, included a number of children. His wife Cynthia had given birth to a daughter, Emily, just six days before and planned to go on a later trip. As the *Secretary* moved out into San Pablo Bay, Tom noticed that something was the matter with the engine. He had heard about bad accidents that had occurred on the Sacramento when an engine got too hot and exploded. He called to Alvah to get all the women and children quickly to the other end of the boat.

However, despite all of Tom's efforts to cool the boiler, it suddenly exploded. Tom was blown off into a deep hole

in the bay. There were no other casualties. Another craft took the women and children to shore. Men searched long and in vain for Tom. Nine days later his body floated to shore but could be identified only by the clothing.

John and Polly were crushed by the loss of their only son, who had shared all their hazards in pioneer life. Cynthia, with a small son of twenty months and a baby girl, was bewildered and grieved.

When Aunt Caroline and Uncle Allen came over, young William, ten, threw his arms around Caroline's neck in a spasm of grief. She looked across to Allen to speak first, to give William the dream that had been in his heart. Allen smiled and asked William if he would like to come over to Martinez and live with them. He now had a small son, but he would like an older one too. "If you live with us, I will train you to be a lawyer."

William had never been close to his stepmother, and he had always admired his uncle Allen. Caroline's brown eyes smiled a hearty welcome, the tears glistening. William threw his arms about her impulsively, saying, "I am so glad to have you for my mother!" Father Camron, standing near, was highly pleased. Allen would be a real father to him and would be thorough in providing his education and training.

Before the week was out, Allen had installed young William as secretary. Wise to the ways of youth, Brown realized that if William was handling his large ledgers in the county clerk's office and was busy searching out facts in big lawbooks, he would be laying a good foundation for his later study of law.

The sorrow of Polly and John was deeper than words could express. Then another great tragedy came into their lives. The beloved Andrew McNamor, who had built his home near theirs in Green Valley, and Sarah had a son Thomas, who was two years old. One rainy morning Sarah, very ill, went over to her mother's, hoping that her nursing would cure her. But Sarah developed double pneumonia,

with a raging fever. Everything possible was done to break her fever, but in vain; she died May 7, 1854.

Andrew's grief was deep as he kept repeating, "How I wish I could have done something to save Sarah's life!" Nancy, who lived at Two Rocks a few miles away, told Andrew that she would take little Thomas home with her.

Andrew never remarried, never wished to put anyone in Sarah's place. There was always a hearty welcome at Silas Martin's, and Andrew visited his son frequently until Tom was old enough to live with him. Andrew was powerful in prayer and exhortation, never demonstrative like Dr. B. B. Bonham, but deeply sincere.

Arminda liked to visit her sister Caroline Brown in Martinez. Father Camron realized that the impulsive Arminda was love-struck with Captain Hiram Fogg and regretted that there was little he could do about it. The first *Marriage Book* in Contra Costa County records:

"Hiram Fogg and Miss Eliza Arminda Camron were married by F. M. Warmcastle, County Judge, December 11, 1852."

Fogg bought an equal interest in the store with Napoleon B. Smith on Lot 7, Block 20, and dissolved the partnership February, 1853. He also served as postmaster till elected county treasurer. He died in office February 19, 1861.

Camron gave Arminda the brick house* in Martinez:

Know that we John M. Camron and Mary Camron his wife of the County of Sonoma . . . in consequence of the sum of one dollar paid by Eliza Arminda Fogg and

* On a trip some years ago, the author visited in the home of a spry little lady past ninety, in Martinez, whose father had bought this two-story brick house when she was a child. She had a picture of it.

The house was destroyed in the San Francisco earthquake. On account of its fine location, a supermarket was later built on that corner.

in consideration of the extreme love and affection we have, give quitclaim unto the said Eliza A. Fogg to a parcel of land in Martinez, known as the Reserve, formerly on the Rancho of the heirs of Wm. Welch deceased.

Lots 1 and 2 of Block Number 326, with improvements thereon. Oct. 4, 1854.

John M. Camron and his wife personally appeared and signed as witnesses.

Camron served as a missionary pastor in Sonoma County with great spiritual power.

Polly was delighted in later years when Vian wrote that at long last she was coming to California with her son, Byron, a youth of fifteen. Her husband, Henry Lyster, was busy with his linseed-oil mill in Oskaloosa. Over the years, Vian had watched Lincoln's political advancement. When he was elected President, she again praised his fine qualities as she told her sons that Abe, as an awkward youth, had proposed to her in New Salem.

When her oldest son, John Prosise, had enlisted, he suggested that little Byron, nine, a natural musician, should go along as a drummer boy. Vian had agreed. She would like to do all she could for her old friend Abe. Byron was the youngest drummer boy to survive the Civil War.

In Petaluma Byron attended school and was soon organizing a band. Although he had never had a music lesson, he taught all the musical instruments and played the piano with skill.

Henry Lyster sold out his interests in Iowa and bought a ranch in California.

Byron later paid four hundred dollars for twenty acres of present-day Burnett, of which he later sold ten acres for ten thousand dollars. With this money he built a modern house for the celebration of his mother's birthday, December 30, 1905, which was headlined in the newspapers:

MRS. VIAN LYSTER IS NINETY YEARS OLD TODAY

She is celebrating the occasion at the fine new home recently erected by her son on the slope of Signal Hill at Burnett—Interesting story of her acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln and the pranks he played

The day had been planned for months, since Vian had been a girl friend of Abe and took great pleasure in recounting events in which both had been involved. The article reported:

Five sisters are still living: Mrs. Lyster, Mrs. Margaret Thompson of Westminster, Mrs. Caroline Brown of Martinez, Mrs. Sorena Bonham of San Francisco and Mrs. Elizabeth Berry.

Vian's conversation concerning the days when Lincoln lived in their home is most interesting. She remembers well the love of Lincoln for Ann, whose death was a severe blow to Lincoln.

She told about the pranks that Lincoln played. He gave her the nickname of Quinine, because of her quick answer to his questions. He called her brother 'Tam o' Shanter.

Her sister, Eliza A. Camron Mundell, whom Lincoln called "John," presided over the preparations of the big dinner. One hundred fifty guests included Rutledge and Orendorff kinsmen. She received lovely and costly gifts, some came from a great distance.

Her son, Byron, led twenty couples in a quadrille, they had danced thirty years before.

One of the foremost men of New Salem was Mrs. Lyster's father, who preached in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday and turned a shrewd eye to business during the week. Indeed he bought the first grammar for Lincoln.

The following appeared in the *Long Beach Times* in 1924:

SEVENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY OF BYRON J. LYSTER

. . . Two score of the City's real pioneers gathered around the Camp Fire in his garden at 815 Walnut Avenue and talked about old times.

More than sixty years ago, Vian Lyster, a sweet-faced woman, watched her nine-year-old boy march away to war, bravely beating his little drum. The Civil War had taken her oldest son, but the father sent the little boy along to aid in the cause of their friend, Abe.

Martha C. Camron wrote:

The five years from 1831-1836 cover one of the most interesting periods of Lincoln's early life, when he learned the lessons of love and death. It was then he courted my beautiful cousin, Ann Rutledge.

A right merry crowd was in our home, when the future President was one of us. He was always playing pranks and poking fun at the girls—a great awkward, joking fellow. My sister Betsy, now of Burnett, was nicknamed Queen Isabella.

Lincoln became as one of our family, calling mother "Aunt Polly," and often referred to by him in after years with great affection.

Lincoln had a sincere, clean life, a true reverence for genuine religion and aspirations.

A report of a Presbyterian meeting:

Among the ministers present, we noticed Rev. John M. Camron, familiarly styled Father Camron.

He is nearly eighty-two years of age. He was one of the Illinois Pioneers, and the immortal Lincoln stud-

ied grammar under Father Camron's roof on the Banks of the Sangamon.

Mother Camron, a fine spiritual companion of this devoted minister, died near Sebastopol in 1875 at the age of eighty-one. Her obituary, by a personal friend, said:

Mother Camron served the Cumberland Presbyterian Church faithfully fifty-seven years. Her life on the frontier always evinced, to the world and all around her, gentleness and meekness, with a sincerity that showed that the religion she professed was no fable.

Thus together, the Rev. John M. Camron and his wife, in their own dynamic way, made a special contribution to the American way of life. His youngest daughter, Margaret Thompson, cared for the devout minister in his last illness, fully assured that in the heavenly kingdom her father would be among the blest.

KEY SOURCES

MRS. Z. W. COPELAND, Elbert County, Georgia, historian: "Lord George Gordan brought a Colony of Scots to Lands within the boundaries of Elbert Co.

"A LAND COURT was held in Dartmouth from Sept. 1773 to June 1775, for the purpose of the Ceded Lands.

"Many Camrons and Rutledges are listed in land records before 1800. A James Camron was Justice of the Peace in Elbert Co., 1790-1805.

"Early Land Laws of Ga. gave a Head Right, or a Grant of fifty Acres, to the wife and each child. A single man was entitled to 100 Acres. The first land records are listed in Wilkes Co., before Elbert Co. was organized. A partial list in *First Deed Books*, Historical Collection of the Ga. Chapters, D.A.R., Vol. III:

"James Rutledge, Sr., March 17, 1787, bought 325 Acres on Long Creek from Glen and Dorothy Owen. Rutledge sold 260 Acres to Thomas Dukes.

"James Rutledge, Sr., and James Camron buy 275 Acres from James Cook. Folio 90, p. 154.

"Thomas Camron, Sr., bought 1,850 Acres on Beaverdam Creek from James Albriton. Folio 104.

"Thomas and James Camron apply for letters of administration for Robert McClary, decd. Granted Jan. 22, 1792. John Hawthorn and John Camron are the Appraisers."

REV. E. RAY CAMERON, First Presbyterian Church, Missoula, Montana, a great-nephew of Rev. John M. Camron, gives his line from Bible records:

Thomas Camron, Sr., July, 1765—July 15, 1845, m. Nancy Miller, 1767—Nov. 11, 1852.

James Camron, Feb. 14, 1804—Dec. 27, 1892, m. Elizabeth Harrell, 1809—Aug. 1, 1872.

Thomas Officer Camron, Feb. 18, 1828—March 2, 1900, m. Mary Catherine Ellis, Jan. 27, 1831—June 29, 1891.

ARMINDA wrote: "I am a descendant of Sir Roderick Camron and Princess Elizabeth von Mueller of Prussia. Captain Fogg was at Sutter's Fort, with his Regiment, when we arrived in California and fell in love with me. Shortly after we were married, he became Treasurer of Contra Costa Co.

"My father bought the future Emancipator his first grammar and taught him surveying."

MARY CAMRON HAWTHORN, sister of Thomas Camron (1765–1845) was born in Scotland in 1759. On June 3, 1783, she married Robert Hawthorn, who had served in the South Carolina troops. Robert Hawthorn was born in county Monaghan, Ireland, March 5, 1753. With three brothers he joined the Camrons in Georgia and moved with them to Henderson County, Kentucky, and later to Illinois, dying near Enfield July 7, 1834. His wife, Mary Camron, applied for a pension, receiving \$79 annually until her death September 5, 1851. A keen-minded old lady, she told many interesting stories of their background in Scotland and pioneer hardships in America.

MRS. CHALON LAND, Enfield, Illinois, chatted with the descendants of these Scottish settlers and examined the first church records. She said that when the Hopewell Presbyterian Church was organized in 1819, Robert and Mary Hawthorn joined. James Rutledge, elder, with his brother Thomas and brother-in-law, Peter Miller, stayed with Sharon.

One Hundred Years of Donnellson Presbyterian Church, by Olive F. Kauns (1939), founded by Rev. John M. Ber-

ry's kinsmen, gives facts on the second church established in Illinois.

MISS ESTELLA T. WEEKS, Archivist and Statistician, Washington, D. C., has examined many of the census records for these people. In 1810, Henderson County, Kentucky, Thomas Camron is listed. In Mahaska County, Iowa, 1850: Robert Rutledge, thirty-one, born in Illinois. Son James, age one. Property valuation, \$1,000 (farm). John Prosis, fourteen, born in Illinois, etc.

Miss Weeks also examined many land patents. Just one is included here:

"John Miller Camron, as First Proprietor of the East Half of Bernadotte, signed several documents in the Quincy Land Office, later filed in Washington, D. C. One document bore the official mill sign for a projected mill in 1831. In June, 1834, he completed his title for the farm he had homesteaded in 1832, to meet the requirements of the new Land Law.

"John M. Camron signed an affidavit that he had fenced and cultivated this NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 9 T 5 NR 2 E of the Fourth Principal Meridian in the year A.D. 1833 and had a dwelling house, now occupied and had possession on the 19th of June, 1834. . . . Payment in Full, \$187.60. Patent Issued to John M. Camron."

Ann's grandmother, JANE OFFICER RUTLEDGE, died in White Co. Oct., 1834, in her eighty-fifth year. A charming old lady, for whom many descendants were named.

HAROLD BOZELL, a president of A.T.T. and a descendant of James Mayes, owned his old Bible.

MRS. W. R. WATERS, next-to-youngest granddaughter, wrote: "My mother [Margaret Thompson] took care of Grandpa in his last days and had the enlarged pictures, which I now have.

"There are only four of us left and I think we are the

last of the first cousins of the Camron family. The Bonham brothers died before I was big enough to remember them. We called them Uncle Baxter and Uncle Doctor.

"Mother told many stories of the six months' crossing [the plains]. The children walked most of the way.

"Mother often heard her older sisters tell about Lincoln and how he would get a pillow and put under his knees, during grandfather's long prayers. He wanted to marry my Aunt Vian.

"I was in the Hawaiian Islands, when the article was published, 'Death Recalls Pioneer Day,' *Ontario California Daily Report*, Jan. 24, 1922":

"RECALLING A TRIP ACROSS THE PLAINS IN 1852

"Mrs. Martha Ann Collins, age 82, died at her Cucamonga Ranch home, widow of the late Germain A. Collins, marks the passing of one of California's real pioneers.

"It was in April, 1852, that Mrs. Collins, then a girl of 12, with her parents, left Mahaska County, Iowa, for California. It took five months, making only twelve to twenty miles a day. Her father, Silas Martin, was first lieutenant.

"In the Platte Valley several succumbed of cholera and were buried along the trail. The route of travel was over the right of way, where the first railroad was later built by way of Pike's Peak.

"On the summit of the Sierra Nevadas their party was met by her grandfather, Rev. John M. Camron. From that point it took two weeks to reach their destination near Santa Rosa. Mrs. Collins' father settled near Petaluma, where the homestead still stands. . . .

"Mr. Collins and his brother Hayden were the first farmers on the old Chinco Rancho. With Richard Guard they established the dairy business."

The record books of the Masonic Order were destroyed in the San Francisco Earthquake, as well as Camron Bibles, etc., of members of the family then living in that area.

Spears and Barton, *Berry and Lincoln, Frontier Merchants* (Stratford House, Inc., 1947).

"Cherokee Guide and Cutoff to the Lassen Trail," in *Captain J. Goldsborough Bruff, Gold Rush: The Journals, Drawings and Other Papers of Washington City and California Mining Association, April 2, 1849—July 2, 1851*, ed. Georgia W. Read and Ruth Gains, Vol. I: *Washington City to Bruff's Camp* (Columbia University Press, New York, 1944. By permission).

CLIFFORD M. DRUARY, "A Chronology of Protestant Beginnings in California," *Historical Society Quarterly*, Vol. XXVI, No. 2 (June, 1947).

A. T. NORTON, *History of the Presbyterian Church in Illinois*, Vol. I (W. S. Bryant, St. Louis, 1879).

S. A. PHILIPS, *Proud Mahaska, 1843-1900* (Herald Print, Oskaloosa, Iowa, 1900).

R. A. THOMPSON, *History of Sonoma County, California*.

U. S. Census records, land patents, etc.

H. E. BARR, *Washington College* (E. B. Newman & Co., Knoxville, Tenn., 1935).

White County, Illinois, Record Book: "We hereby certify that a correct copy of the above Schedule signed by the said Jesse C. Lockwood has been set at James Rutledge's Mill. One of the most suitable Places in White Co., 1822."

MRS. CHALON T. LAND, Endfield, Illinois: "The Rutledge Mill was on Section 22, Sharon Church on Section 21."

Church History: "Dr. B. B. Bonham was born Jan. 1, 1814. When quite young he graduated from Dr. Doak's Theological Seminary, Greene Co., Tenn. He was licensed to preach while yet almost a youth, preaching four years in Tenn. He removed to Illinois, thence to Wisconsin, thence to Iowa. His preaching was accompanied by the power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit. He had many revivals and established several Churches."

Pen Pictures of the Garden of the World: History of Sonoma County, California (Lewis Publishing Co., Chicago,

1889): "Rev. B. N. Bonham born in Blount Co., Tenn., in 1819, the youngest son of Rev. Benjamin Bonham. At 19 he entered Doak's College, where he was soundly converted.

"After a visit at home, he went to Fairfield, Iowa, where he met Sorena Camron, whom he later married. Being conscious of a call to the ministry and ambitious for riper preparation he went to Galesburg, Illinois, where he spent two years in laborious study in what is now Knox College. Here he joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and entered her ministry. . . . In 1849 he joined the emigrant train of his father-in-law, Rev. John M. Camron, stopping in Sacramento and Martinez, before going to Sonoma Co.

"In 1854 he moved to Healdsburg and taught the first school, which he organized. That year he was installed pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, assuming the work of that Church in the whole County. With the assistance of his brother, Dr. B. B. Bonham, he built the first Presbyterian church in Healdsburg."

MARTHA CAMRON wrote in a letter of May 1, 1890: "My grandfather, Thomas Camron, was born at Edinburgh, Scotland. He married Nancy Miller, who was born at the same place. Both came to America with their parents, when small children. They stopped en route six months in Ireland. My uncle, James Camron, is still living in Smithfield, Fulton County, aged 86 years.

"My mother's name was Orendorff, a noble, high-minded, wealthy people. All her brothers were tall and fine-looking, who worshipped their own kin. A noble race they were. All had good homes and lived independent."

Los Angeles Times:

"LINCOLN'S GIRL FRIEND

"PASSING IN OCEAN PARK OF ONE WHO KNEW HIM
"OCEAN PARK, March 27, 1905.—Mrs. Martha J. McQuis-
tion, who died last night at the home of her daughter, Mrs.

Theresa Martin, on Lake Street, knew Abraham Lincoln intimately, during the first years of his life in Illinois.

"She was one of the little girls of his acquaintance, while he resided at New Salem and felt 'the poverty that pinched.' At this time, the raw youth of 'quaint and pleasant speech,' was splitting the rails that made him famous. She knew him as a surveyor and grocery merchant and in the course of her lifetime recited many reminiscences illustrating the character of the man.

"It was about this period in his life that Lincoln was suffering from a severe attack of chills and fever. . . . One day after she got cold water for him several times, he said to her, 'Please get me another, and when I'm President of the United States, I'll see that you are not forgotten.'

"Her father, Rev. John M. Camron, a Presbyterian minister and a devout man, officiated at the funeral of Ann Rutledge.

"To California pioneers she will be remembered as the wife of Dr. B. B. Bonham. They lived many years at Healdsburg and later in Orange County. Some years after his death she married Rev. Noah McQuiston, who preceded her to the grave.

"She was 81 years of age." [Actually, she would have been eighty-three years old in three months—July 16.]

The Twelve Children of John M. Camron

(From Bible Records, County Marriage Files, and
Letters From Family Historians)

Thomas Porter Camron, b. Feb. 25, 1814; m. (1) Zillah Em(e)ry (1816-46), daughter of David Emry, mother of four sons; m. (2) Cynthia Hills, mother of Oliver and Emily; d. April 15, 1854.

John Henry, 1837-50.

David Emry, b. Sept. 5, 1839.

Alvah Orendore, b. March 6, 1841.

William Walker, b. Aug. 26, 1843.

Oliver, b. Aug. 15, 1852.

Emily, b. April 9, 1854.

Elizabeth Preston Camron, b. Jan. 24, 1815; m. Baxter Berry Oct. 2, 1832. Berry b. Oct. 25, 1807, Franklin County, Tenn.; d. Dec. 17, 1891.

Vienna (Vian) Mitchel Camron, b. Dec. 30, 1815; m. (1) William Prosise (d. 1846) 1835; m. (2) Henry Lyster (1805-74) 1848; d. April 11, 1906, Signal Hill, Burnett, Cal.

John Prosise, b. 1836.

Byron J. Lyster, b. 1852.

Nancy Miller Camron, b. Jan. 7, 1818; m. Silas Mercer Martin Oct. 30, 1838, in Birmingham, Iowa; d. Jan., 1890. Martin b. Jan., 1816, Muhlenberg County, Ky., oldest child of Samuel and Elizabeth M. Martin; d. Feb., 1894. Celebrated golden wedding anniversary Oct. 30, 1888, at California home; both buried in Two Rock Valley Presbyterian Church cemetery. Six children: three born 1840-43 in Van Burn County, Iowa; three born 1844-48 in Mahaska County, Iowa.

Mary Jane Camron, b. Jan. 20, 1820, Sangamon County, Ill.; m. Charles Purvine Jan. 16, 1839; lived as widow on Two Rocks ranch till d. Jan. 28, 1898. Purvine b. 1815, Chattanooga, Tenn.; 1869.

John Camron Purvine (oldest son), b. March 27, 1840, Jefferson County, Iowa.

Josephine Purvine.

Martha Camron, b. July 16, 1822, at Springfield, Ill.; m. (1) Dr. B. B. Bonham 1839; m. (2) John Thompson; (3) Rev. Noah McQuistion; d. March 26, 1905. Bonham b. Jan. 1, 1814; d. Feb. 19, 1884.

Sarah Camron, b. May 31, 1824; m. Rev. Andrew McNamor (McNamar) Oct. 30, 1846, in Iowa; d. May 7, 1854. McNamor b. June 20, 1819, in New York; had moved with father to Ohio, then to Sangamon Valley; d. 1891.

Thomas Baxter McNamor, b. Oct. 5, 1851; d. Nov. 14, 1928.

The author examined a letter written by Andrew's uncle, John McNamor, Sr., to his son John and headed "Menard County, Illinois, Nov. 18, 1860": ". . . the Telegraph wires have flashed across the continent the cheering News that Lincoln is triumphantly Elected President of the United States. All the free states except New Jersey have given large majorities for Lincoln. In that state the combination of Belle and Douglas Men carried.

"Of course we have not yet heard from the Pacific states California and Oregon but we know that he has received Electoral votes Enough to Elect him without them. Tell Uncle John Camron that I think he Should be proud that one of his old Salem Boys Should have become Worthy of such a distinguished Station."

Solena Camron (twin of Sorena), 1827-48; m. Samuel McMurray in Mahaska County, Iowa. McMurrays, a Presbyterian family, had moved to Iowa from Illinois in 1843.

Sorena Camron (twin of Solena), 1827-1915; m. Rev. Baxter Newton Bonham. Bonham b. Oct. 6, 1819, in Tennessee; d. Feb. 15, 1889, at Santa Clara, Cal.

Eliza Arminda Camron, 1832-1916; m. (1) Capt. Hiram Fogg Dec. 11, 1852; m. (2) Mr. Mundell. Pension records reveal that Fogg (d. Feb. 19, 1861) was a "black sheep" from Boston who had deserted a wife and two children.

Caroline Thielia Camron, b. Jan. 15, 1834, Bernadotte, Ill.; m. Judge Thomas Allen Brown May 20, 1851. Brown b. Oct. 16, 1823, in Greene County, Ill.; went to Platte County, Mo., in 1837; to Oregon in 1843; to Contra Costa Valley in 1848; d. Aug. 5, 1889.

Elam Brown (oldest son).

Margaret Angeline Camron, b. June 15, 1836, near Canton, Ill.; m. Jesse C. Thompson, 1852; d. May 15, 1928. Thompson, prominent resident of Westminster, b. Feb. 17, 1829, Clay County, Mo., son of John B. and Hannah (Clark) Thompson, natives of North Carolina who had

moved to Missouri in 1825; started to California in March, 1850, with his brother Samuel, who died en route July 26. Margaret was one and a half years old when her parents moved to Iowa. "Mr. and Mrs. [Jesse C.] Thompson and all of their children are members of the Presbyterian Church, in which Mr. Thompson has been elder for twenty-six years."—*Illustrated History of Southern California* (Orange County, 1890, pp. 877-78). Olive Thompson, m. W. R. Waters; celebrated golden wedding anniversary June 15, 1945. A son, d. autumn, 1945, age 82.

Amy Marsh Cameron, of Santa Barbara, California, who has been a correspondent of the author since 1944, wrote: "My father's name was William Walker *Camron*. He *never* put the 'e' in his name. His father was killed in the explosion of the *Secretary*."

"His uncle, Judge T. A. Brown, took him into his home as a son. He lived with him, until he was 28, at which time he married my mother, Alice Marsh, only daughter of Dr. John Marsh, California Cattle Baron, who came to California in Jan. 1836."

Mabel R. Gillis, California State Librarian, sent many records from the *California Bluebook*, newspapers, etc., about Silas M. Martin, who served in the California Legislature, 17th and 25th sessions, about T. A. Brown, 17th session, and about others.

